

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY^{N.S.E.}

FEBRUARY
25 CENTS

RUTH
CHATTERTON

Earl
Christy

EXPOSING
RONALD
COLMAN

WHAT 30 STARS
SAY ABOUT
LONG SKIRTS

STRANGE
TALKIE
TRICKS

I didn't know she had *red* hair



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EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); The PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bordoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National);

SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).



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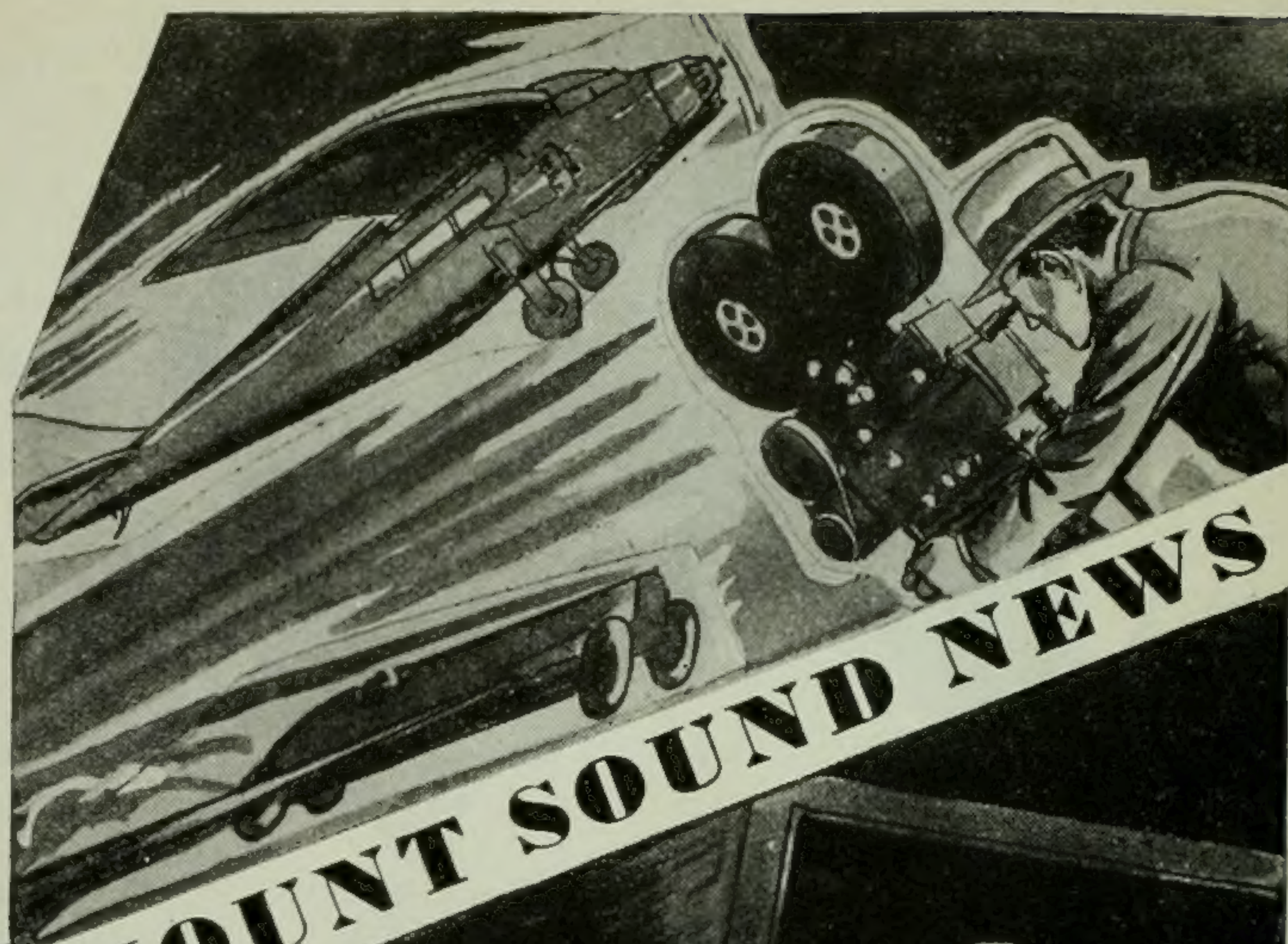
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PHOTOPLAY

LEONARD HALL
MANAGING EDITOR

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1930

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JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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The Girl on the Cover

IRIS MARCH in "The Green Hat" was more than a lady with the correct quirk of her finger over a teacup. *Iris March* was a gallant soul.

Ruth Chatterton, who has played *Iris March* on the stage, is all of that. She is small, and as fragile as a Dresden China shepherdess, but she is brave.

She has had a brilliant career in the theater, but the most unusual thing is that she has had so many careers.

She was only eighteen when she blossomed into stardom in "Daddy-Long-Legs."

She was a comedienne in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Then that wistful Barrie play, "Mary Rose," in which Ruth gave promise of a great dramatic art, that was fulfilled later in "La Tendresse," "The Man with a Load of Mischief," "The Green Hat" and "The Devil's Plum Tree."

She was the first stage star to triumph on the talking screen.

The silver sheet is seeing a greater Ruth Chatterton than the stage ever saw. It sees a ripened, mature art, but those who know Ruth see something else. I asked her about it.

"Perhaps it is because I am older," she said. "We learn things from life, of course. But it is more than just that. I feel things more deeply. I rely less on technique than I once did."

That must be the secret. In some of her stage plays the Chatterton technique was perfect, but obvious to those who knew the theater. No one paused to think of technique when Ruth played in "Madame X" for the screen, and the play is creaking, a relic of another day. Soul has been added to technique, and that is truly great art.

Today Ruth Chatterton is one of the most interesting figures of the film world. She has found a new and numerous audience in the smaller towns—points she never visited when she was a stage star—points where Ruth Chatterton was just a name.

Her introduction to the talking screen has been fortunate. Her rôles have carried deep sympathy, the human emotions that everyone can understand.

RUTH'S skill in acting, her poised beauty on the stage and screen, are less interesting to those who know her than the gallant Ruth of real life. There has been a persistent report about Hollywood that she is "high hat." Not an unusual charge. It has probably been said of Farina. Crowds frighten her. At big parties she tries to find a corner. In public she is shy. In her home she is intensely social. She loves to give small dinner parties.

It was in Los Angeles that Chatterton gave a superb performance as *Iris* in "The Green Hat." An evidence of the Chatterton gallantry. She was very ill, but she would not hear of closing the play. She had a trained nurse backstage with her all the time. Between every act she had to lie down.

It was while she was playing in "The Devil's Plum Tree" that she received her offer from Paramount. Emil Jannings, sitting in the audience, determined that she should play the rôle of the wife in "Sins of the Fathers."

"Jannings meant a great deal to my screen career. He was wonderful in help-



RUTH CHATTERTON

Last Minute News and Reviews

"So This Is Paris Green"—Paramount-Christie. — Another grand short subject—Apache life in a Paris sewer. Louise Fazenda plays *Little Mimma*, the husband poisoner.

"Night Hostess"—M-G-M. — Blanche Sweet returns to the screen in a shoddy story of night club life. Capable acting does not lift the picture from mediocrity.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. — A gritty tale of three desert bandits who sacrifice themselves for an ideal. Humorous, sophisticated and intensely dramatic.

"Hot Dog"—M-G-M. — An all talking dog picture with the human voice doubled in. A distinct novelty.

Clara Bow was so ill that filming on "The Humming Bird" was held up eight weeks. When she finishes that she will make a comedy called "True to the Navy."

Walter Huston will play the rôle of *Lincoln* in D. W. Griffith's first talking picture.

Hal Skelly and Paramount did not get together on a new contract, and the co-star of "The Dance of Life" will probably return to the stage.

"Follow Thru," musical comedy smash, will be filmed by Paramount, with Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers and Zelma O'Neal.

ing me. I hated seeing him go back to Germany, but I think he will return. The screen needs Jannings. He was just like a child. One day he had a heart attack at the studio. Everyone was trying to get him to take a little brandy. He waved them all away.

"Finally I went over to him, and said, pleadingly, 'Won't you take a little brandy for Ruth?' He waved me away. Then I said, 'This nonsense has got to stop. You take this right now.' And he took it without another word."

RUTH CHATTERTON has not been afraid of life. In fact, life has given her about what she wants. She didn't want to do publicity pictures when she signed her contract with Paramount. Well, she hasn't done them. The day we lunched in the commissary at the studio she was called back to her set before coffee arrived. She waited for the coffee and was fifteen minutes late. Scared assistants rushed about, their hair standing on end. It had cost \$600 for Ruth to have her coffee.

"If anyone gets blamed for this, I'll shoulder the responsibility," said Ruth.

But she is tractable on the set. I watched her in a scene from "Sarah and Son." It was one of those apparently simple, but extremely difficult sequences. The scene had been taken and retaken. At last it seemed right. Ruth played with deep emotion. The stage was as silent as a tomb. And then, at the most emotional point, someone coughed. It must have blown out six tubes.

With tears still in her eyes, Ruth smiled at the offender. Not a word of blame. She lit a cigarette and waited for a new set-up.

Ruth's stage career is too well known to bear repetition. Her star was in the ascendancy in the days when "the road" meant something. She has played in theaters all over the country. Most of her plays went on tour. She was a prime favorite always. In Los Angeles she shares honors with Pauline Frederick as an ace drawing-card in the legitimate playhouses.

She is the first member of her family to choose the stage as a profession. At fourteen, on a Christmas holiday, she visited an aunt in Washington. On a dare she took a job in the chorus.

Her family, instead of putting vain obstacles in her path, helped her. She considers that her most valuable training came in a stock engagement in which Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric were the other players.

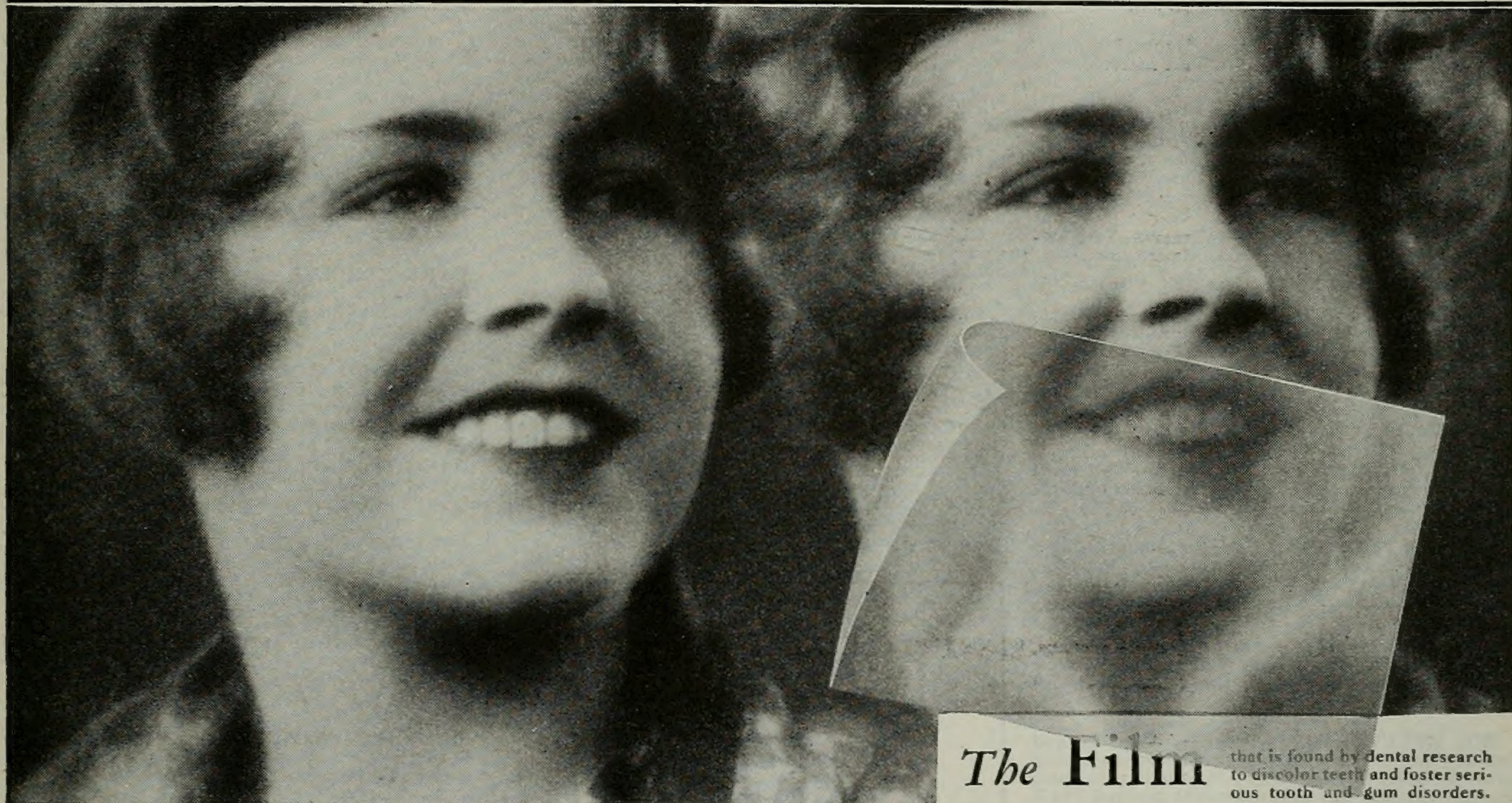
FOR four generations the Chattertons have lived in New York. Yet Ruth is the most ardent Californian in California.

Ruth and her husband, Ralph Forbes, have a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, and a cottage at Malibu Beach. She likes the long, lazy days.

"Isn't it a terrible confession for a New Yorker?" she asked. "I've just returned from New York. I was so glad to get back here! It was all such a rush! You hurry to get to lunch, and you hurry to do some shopping. Out here I have time for tennis and swimming. I never want to live anywhere else. I have no desire to return to the stage."

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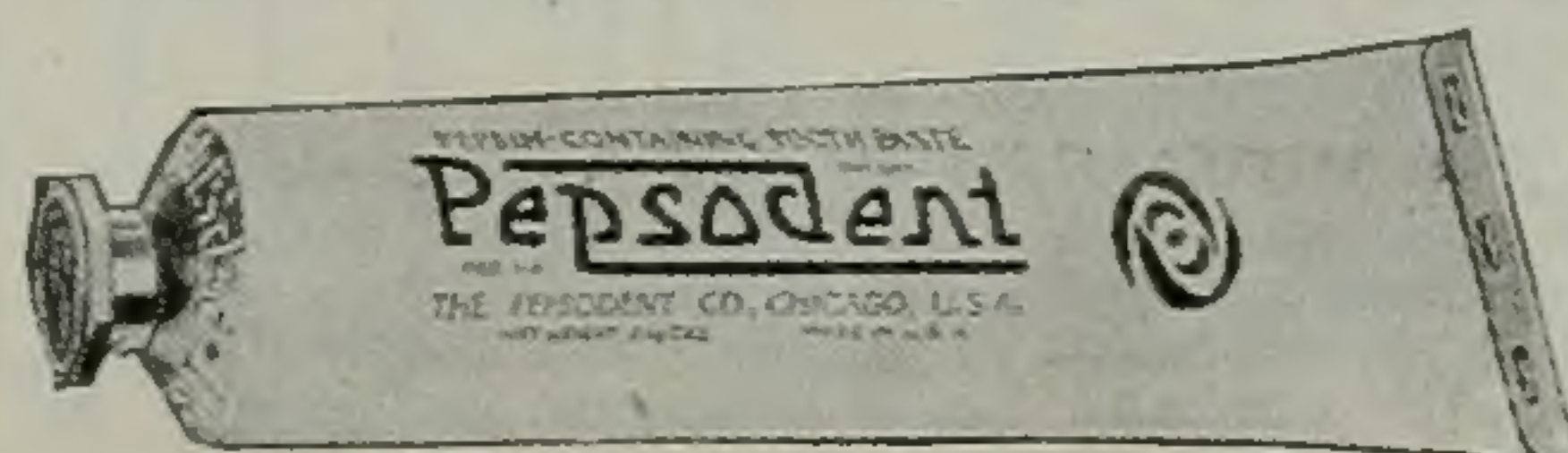
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. All Talkie. (Jan.)

ALOHA HAWAII—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **ARGYLE CASE, THE**—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

BACHELOR GIRL, THE—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

BIG NEWS—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BIG REVUE, THE—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

BLACK MAGIC—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art-World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All Talkie. (Dec.)

BLACK WATCH, THE—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **BROADWAY**—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

BROADWAY BABIES—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of Love Behind the Scenes—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. All Talkie. (Jan.)

CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

CAMPUS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

CAREERS—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHARMING SINNERS—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. All Talkie. (Jan.)

CHASING THROUGH EUROPE—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error!) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

COCOANUTS, THE—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"

"Rio Rita"

"Sunny Side Up"

"The Taming of the Shrew"

"Condemned"

"The Virginian"

"Paris"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

COLLEGE LOVE—Universal.—"The Collegians" elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. All Talkie. (Jan.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DARK SKIES—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

DARK STREETS—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DARKENED ROOMS—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O. Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rod LaRocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DRAKE CASE, THE—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

▢ **EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **EVANGELINE**—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug.)

▢ **EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FALL OF EVE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FAR CALL, THE—Fox.—Piracy in the Bering Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

WILLIAM FOX presents

Janet Gaynor	Dixie Lee
Charles Farrell	Sharon Lynn
Warner Baxter	George MacFarlane
Victor McLaglen	J. Harold Murray
Edmund Lowe	George Olsen
Will Rogers	Paul Page
Frank Albertson	Tom Patricola
El Brendel	Ann Pennington
Walter Catlett	Frank Richardson
William Collier	David Rollins
James J. Corbett	"Whispering" Jack Smith
Richard Keene	Marjorie White

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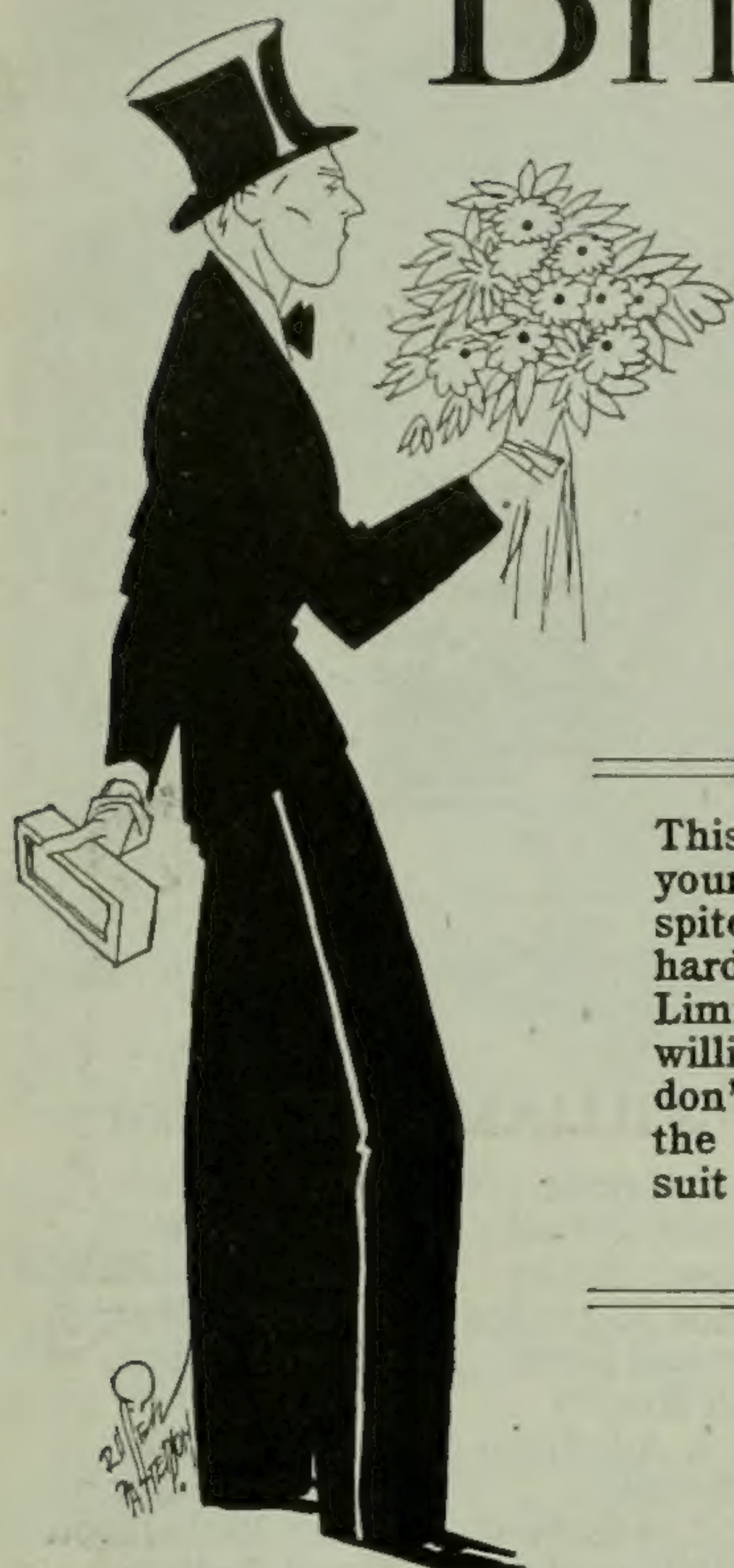
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Staged by Walter Catlett
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For Better Timing The \$5 Letter

Crockett, Calif.

I have a suggestion to make, with which I think you will find others agreeing. In the filming of a "talkie" comedy why not let a short time elapse before pulling one "wise-crack" right after a preceding one?

While enjoying Will Rogers in "They Had To See Paris," I was torn between two emotions. One, to laugh heartily with the rest of the audience at the bright and comic repartee, and the other to strangle all those who laughed (long and loud) because I could not hear the next remark, which I knew to be another clever one.

How about doing a little quick, silent acting between the real clever "gags," thus allowing us time to get them all, and really enjoy our laughs too?

CATHERINE DOLLARD.

A Nation of Gangsters

Glasgow, E. I.

Please, Mr. Film Star, learn to speak proper English; don't give us that nasal twang which sounds so much like catarrh.

We in Britain depend on America to give us the world's best films. In the past we have been given the best—we want good talkies.

By "good English" we do not mean the "Yaas rawther, by jove don't cher know" of the music halls; we simply ask for the English of an educated New Yorker or Londoner.

Some of my American friends were quite surprised when they found that although I am a Scot I do not say "Hoots awa mon" with every breath; likewise the usual Scot's opinion of the American is that he continually drinks "hootch," packs a "gat," and talks like a Bowery tough. Some of us know otherwise, but I maintain that the talkies tend to convey that impression.

JAMES A. AITKEN.

Get up on a New Routine!

Berkeley, Calif.

Let me issue a warning to those that have built up a great admiration for some particular star or near-star. The warning is this: Don't listen to any of the radio broadcasts of the premiere showings in Los Angeles and Hollywood! If you do, your favorite will step up to the microphone and stupidly greet you with a "Hello, everybody," and so will the majority of the following ones. They know that when they attend a premiere, which is quite a gala event in Los Angeles, that they will be called upon to speak to "Their Dear Public," but they seem unable to create any originality whatever.

Why they do not hire "gag-men" for these occasions is not understood, but unless they improve, their box-office attraction is going to take an awful fall. It is fortunate for the audiences that we are supplied with "dialogue" from outside sources and are not dependent upon the actor, on the screen.

PAT. SUBLETT.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

The "Playback"

IT occurs to the editor of this department that he is very much like the "mixer" on a sound stage—your voices pour in to him every day and each month he gives you the playback on this page.

A sizable floral tribute this month from our friends in other lands. England, France, Germany, Brazil, the Philippines, Norway—all speak up for American films and film stars. Some, of course, are a little dubious about the talkies; others say they are finding the phonoplay an excellent instructor in English.

The home folks are still stampeding for the old regulars—Garbo, Bow, Crawford, Colman, Rogers and Asther, in the order named. Ruth Chatterton holds on to her newly-won place close to the top of the list, and Al Jolson gives Ronald and Buddy a run for their money. But the dark horse this month is an old friend—Gloria Swanson! Since "The Trespasser" a flood of letters hailing Gloria's grand comeback has poured in.

For some reason or other there was a "Broadway Melody" revival this month. Fans had more to say about it than about any newer phonoplay. "Bulldog Drummond," "Madame X," and "The Singing Fool" rated next. "The Lady Lies" came in for a round of applause.

Crawford fans sent in brickbats by the Mack-truck-load because of Frances Hughes' story on Joan and Doug in which she spoke of the fine influence the junior Fairbanks has had on his young bride. According to Joan's admirers it is high treason to imply that she ever needed an uplifting influence.

Prefers It Canned The \$25 Letter

Minneapolis, Minn.

Now we have the greatest comedy ever "produced" by synchronized pictures! You'll never see it on any screen, but it's a howl.

Authorship credited to the American Federation of Musicians. Maybe you've read it? All this ga-ga about the "cultural menace" of "canned music." And that sidesplitting infer-

ence that in "human" music days picture accompaniment was "well done by the hands and hearts of gifted humans."

Oh, yeah? Lethargically playing about twelve hundred feet of a feature—leaving it flat to resume the pinochle game back stage—reluctantly returning for another short session—out again to more important pursuits.

Personally I'll take "Robot's" music ALL THROUGH my pictures, at least being assured of even quality at each performance, in preference to indifferent, stop-watch sessions by half-hearted calamity howlers.

Edison was as unpopular with candle dippers as sound devices are with fiddle scrapers, but I'm afraid they'll never sell theater-goers their flickering old part-time lantern in place of the untiring, even brilliance of today's method.

The louder and funnier these fellows get the more they remind me of a doddering old Shakespearean actor who never knew his cues, trying to drown out the public favor of a Jolson.

Pathetic that their cantankerous cow of constant discontent kicked over their lantern of "spiritual contact," burning down their cherished barn of protected mediocrity.

FRANK M. WOOLLEN.

We Hate to Think The \$10 Letter

State Park, S. C.

Many complaints about high prices of admission that modern motion picture houses charge have been voiced recently. Some fans recall the good old days when the average price of admission was a thin dime, or little more.

Productions of today and those of pioneer days are incomparable. The first productions usually cost only a few hundred dollars each, seldom over a thousand. Today, it is utterly impossible to make a decent picture for any such sum. Gigantic figures replace the old ones. It is not uncommon for a single picture to cost a million dollars, or even more! Can one reasonably expect to see a picture like this without an increase in price of admission?

Furthermore, if prices of admission had increased in proportion to the increase in production costs, we would pay many dollars to witness a single movie. Figure for yourself on this scale.

If we paid ten cents admission for a thousand dollar picture what would we pay to see a million dollar picture?

E. C. FURTICK.



Something to it

There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine Tooth Paste, 25¢.

How office workers avoid colds and sore throat

AMONG office workers, colds and sore throat are responsible for more ill-health, lay-offs and cuts in pay, than all other diseases combined.

That such workers are thus singled out, is probably due to the fact that living sedentary lives, they are unable to throw off infections to which they are exposed in offices and crowded street cars.

One of your best aids in warding off colds and sore throat is full strength Listerine used systematically as a gargle. And once these ailments have started, Listerine is often effective in checking them. You simply increase the frequency of the gargle.

Recall that colds, sore throat and similar infections

and the financial loss they cause



Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.



Prevent a cold Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.

are caused by germs and that Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in 15 seconds.

Even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) (official test germs of the U. S. Government) succumb to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000. Yet Listerine is absolutely harmless when used full strength. Actually, its effect on the mucous membrane is cleansing and healing.

Because of Listerine's extreme safety and marked germicidal power, it has for 50 years been prescribed by physicians, and has the endorsement of the London Lancet, the world's foremost medical journal. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with LISTERINE the safe antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

What type of girl is "glorified" today?

JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage, grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

You can eat it in many delicious ways. As a cereal, eat it with milk, with fruits or honey. In orange or other fruit juices. Sprinkled over salads—in soups—or cooked in bread, muffins, etc.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief!

Make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You
Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY,
Dept. P-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____

Hollywood Hash



When Lucile Webster Gleason cooks hash, or her equally famous spaghetti, she doesn't have to urge people to come and eat it

LUCILE WEBSTER, wife of James Gleason and mother of Russell, recently invited the companies with which her husband and son were working to join in a hash and spaghetti feast, served out-of-doors. Mrs. Gleason is standing in the background, next to Harry Richman. On Mr. Richman's right are Jimmy and Russell, the other members of the talented Gleason trio. You will recognize William Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian in the foreground.

Here are the two famous recipes. I know you will like them as much as Hollywood does.

Mrs. Gleason always has to plan for a crowd, and she measures her ingredients accordingly. The housekeeper can reduce these quantities to suit the number of people she intends to serve.

Hash

USE 5 pounds of hash meat (hamburger steak makes tasty hash.)

Sauté it in one tablespoon of fat to get it started. Then remove from frying pan and put into roasting pan.

With the fat that remains in frying pan, brown a tablespoon of flour and add to it one chopped onion. Let fry slowly, adding one cup of water or stock. Then add to the meat in roasting pan, with one or two pieces of chopped garlic to give it flavor. Let this cook slowly, about one hour, stirring frequently.

Add one-half amount diced raw potatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly another hour. Then add chopped parsley and green pepper. Leave the pan uncovered for the last twenty minutes of cooking.

Spaghetti

USE 2 pounds of spaghetti. Boil until thoroughly cooked.

Sauce. Use a two-pound can of tomatoes. Add the strained tomatoes to 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Add a piece of garlic. Let mixture stew with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Season with salt, paprika, and a dash of cayenne. Cut up one small green pepper and add to sauce.

Pour in spaghetti and grated cheese, mix well, and put in oven with slow fire for one-half hour.

With a meal of this type, the salad and dessert should be simple and light. Crisp lettuce, with French dressing, is a good salad choice.

Fruit, raw or stewed, makes a satisfactory dessert. Or you can serve a water ice, with sponge cake or plain cookies. This is Carmel Myers' recipe for

Orange Ice

1 pint water

1 cup sugar

2 teaspoons gelatine

2 egg whites

2 oranges

1 lemon

Boil the water and sugar together ten minutes. Add gelatine which has been softened with two tablespoons of cold water. Allow mixture to cool on ice. Add beaten whites of eggs, the grated orange rind, the juice of the orange and of the lemon. Freeze in ice cream freezer.

IF you are not satisfied with your recipe for French dressing, try this one:

1 tablespoon lemon juice

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

3 tablespoons olive oil

Rub mixing bowl with garlic. Mix lemon juice, salt, pepper; add oil, beating constantly.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

1890 *d and r* 1930

DAGGETT *a n d* RAMSDELL

CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WITH NEW PACKAGES



SWEET decorum happily combined with the daring gallantry of the war and post war days . . . the mauve decade gone dahlia so to speak . . . that's the debutante of 1930. A throwback if you will to the *quality* of your grandmother's young days but with a spirit of your own, too, that has never been matched in any age.

For you, the famous family of Daggett and Ramsdell cosmetics has been re-packaged in enchanting new containers. Crystal and silver bottles . . . porcelain and silver jars . . . all charmingly monogrammed . . . all decorative enough to set out on your ancestral Duncan Phyfe dressing table . . . all containing exactly the right beauty aids for complete care of the skin throughout your busy life.

How to use them

First: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream liberally. It liquefies instantly. Cleanses quickly. Wipe off with tissues.

Second: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and massage gently but thoroughly. Brings new life to the tissues. Stimulates the circulation. Wipe off with tissues.

Third: Wet pad with Vivatone and slap the face sharply with it to close pores, invigorate the skin and remove surplus cream.

Fourth: Apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream before your make-up. Result: Youth! Freshness! Beauty!

For headaches and tired nerves, a gentle application of Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne). Quick, harmless, safe—used for years by physicians and the public.

All Daggett and Ramsdell Products in their new modern dress are on sale in the same drug and department stores where you are accustomed to buy.



The girl who inspired them

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

For opposite this hotel was a little apothecary shop. And over that shop hung the name Daggett and Ramsdell. And within that shop, fashionable customers were to be seen daily, making their purchases of this and that. And behind the counter in that shop was a very clever man who had both knowledge and imagination. And as he watched the continuous parade of beauty... slender figures wrapped in velvet, dainty fingers concealed in mink muffs, sweet delicate faces blooming like roses under gorgeous ostrich plumes... he thought, "Something must be done to preserve all this fair beauty against the inroads of late hours, rich foods and wines, excitement and pleasures."

And so he set to work and evolved a face cream... a new kind of face cream that was better than any home-made creation ever concocted from the old recipe books... that could actually be put in jars and marketed far and wide so that the fashionables of other cities, and indeed, other lands, could enjoy its benefits. And so Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream was born. Mr. V. Chapin Daggett himself invented the formula... with his own hands he made the first quantity... with his own hands he wrapped up the jars and sold them to his customers. For

The man who Created these Creams and Lotions



V. Chapin Daggett, founder

no sooner had Perfect Cold Cream appeared on the counter of that little old apothecary shop, than the news flew like wild fire among his customers. "Here," they said, "is just what we have longed for." And so it was not long before the whole fashionable world was using and praising the new cream. Queens of fashion and Princesses Royal of the theatre flocked to buy. And that is how Perfect Cold Cream is today a tradition in smart households and in the theatre, passed on from grandmother to daughter to granddaughter. Once the best and still the best!

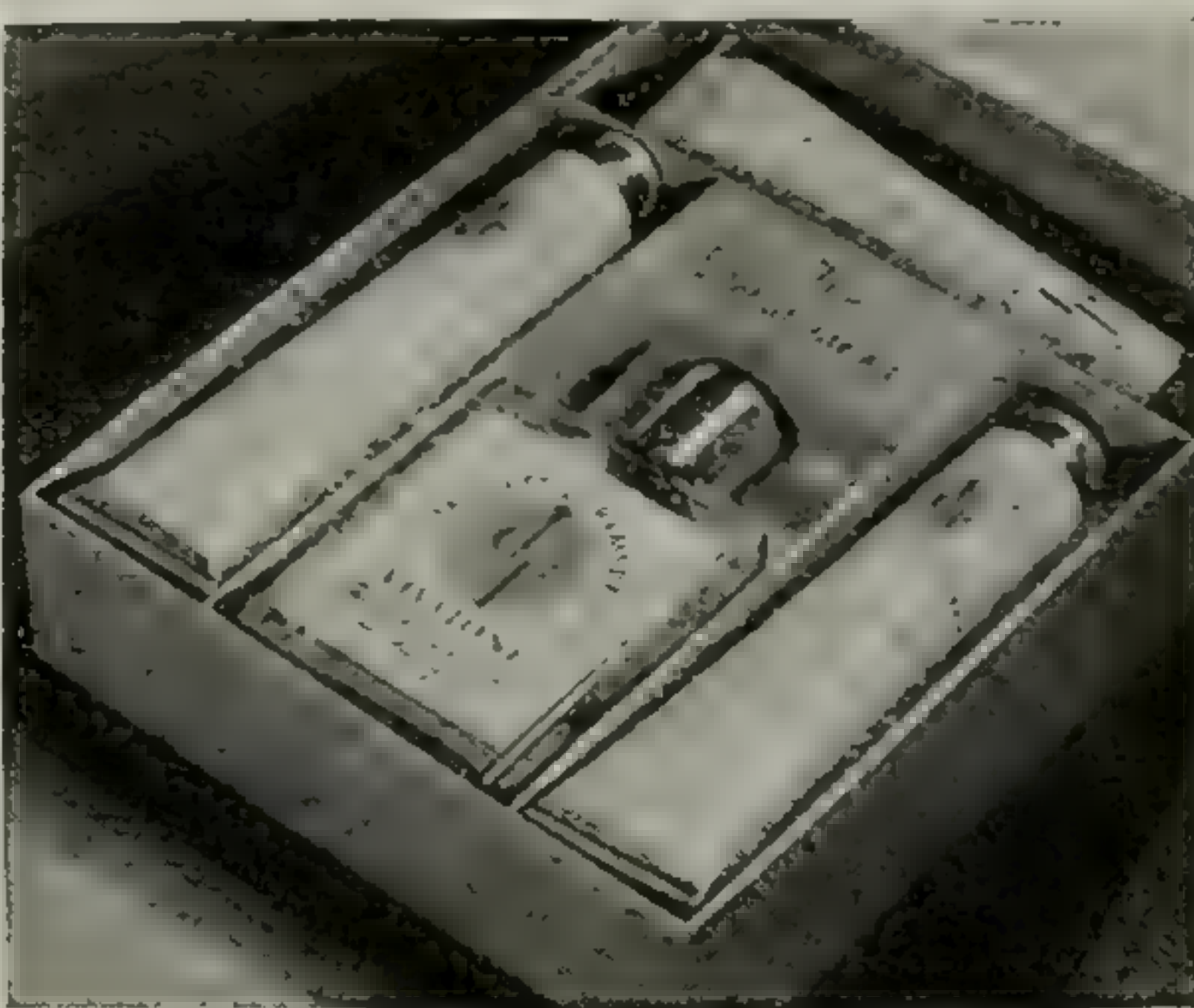
We've saved till last, the best part of this story. There is a perfectly charming new introductory package of the Daggett and Ramsdell products, all in



The girl who now uses them

their 1930 dress. Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Vanishing Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream in regular sizes—not samples. A special bottle of Vivatone, too; absorbent tissues and cotton; and a practical new beauty book with all sorts of important information in it. A complete beauty outfit called the *Debutante Kit*. You've never seen anything like it, for the money. If you want one, send 50c. to Daggett and Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York. These kits cannot be bought in the stores as we are making a special offer direct to you to celebrate our fortieth anniversary. This is a real bargain. Do send for it. It makes a marvelous week-end or traveling package; you can keep one in club locker or desk. There's enough of each product in the Kit to give yourself several complete facials. Mail the coupon at once for our supply of these new Debutante Kits won't last forever! Act now.

The Debutante Kit



Special Offer — 50 CENTS

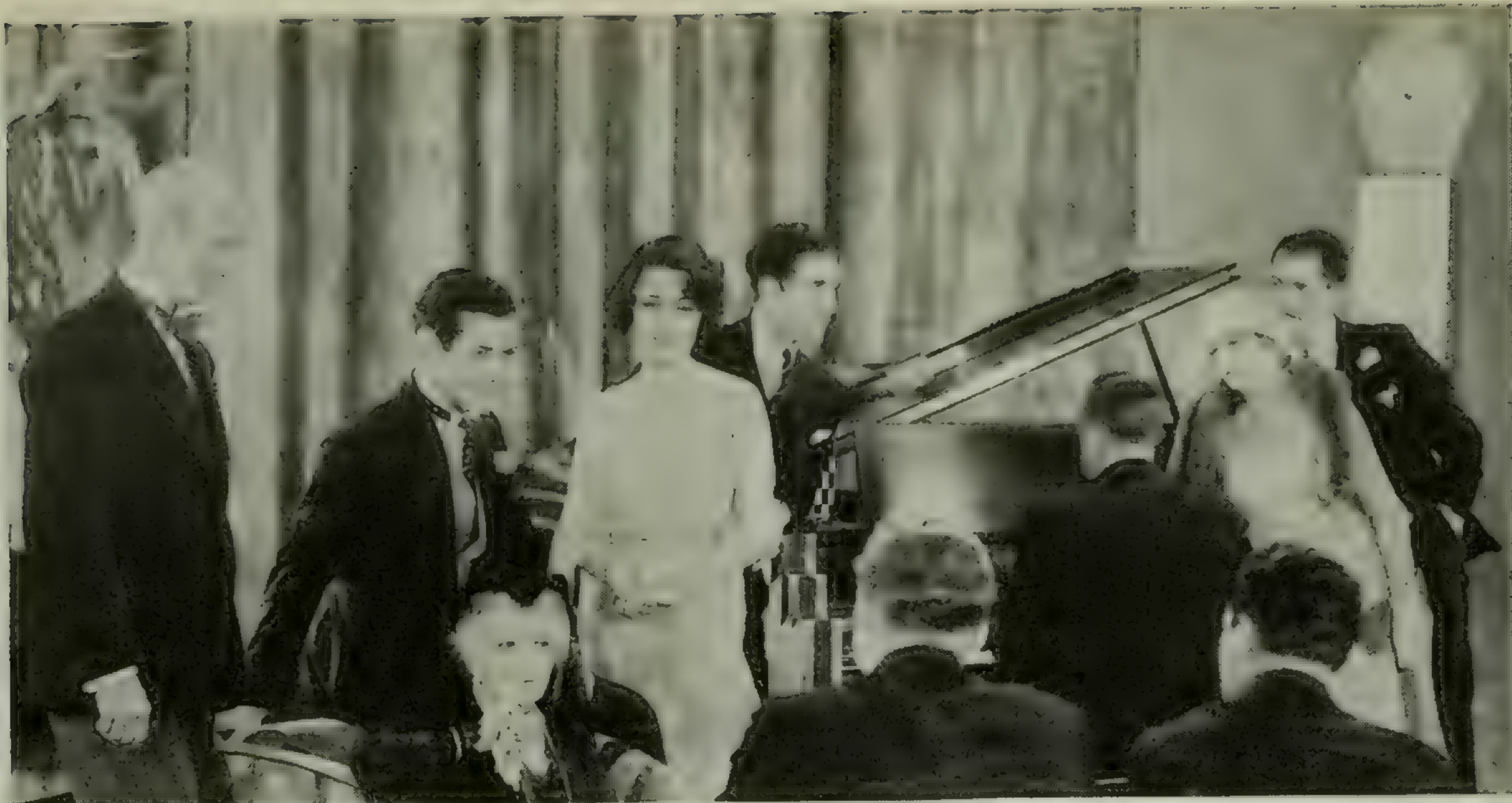
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Dept. G-2

Two Park Ave., New York
Enclosed find 50 cents for Daggett and Ramsdell's Debutante Kit.

Name

Street

City State



It takes more than a desire for "dates" to make a girl popular. She has to meet her opportunities half-way. Sometimes she has to create them

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems

THIS discussion will not interest the popular girl who is at home with any group of people and who can adapt herself to almost any situation. It's for girls like Rita G, part of whose letter to me I am going to quote:

"Why don't people, especially boys, seek me out as they do other girls? I'm considered nice-looking. I know what is going on in the world and can talk as well as the average girl about it. I dress attractively and am pleasant to people, and I don't think I have halitosis or B. O. But what is the matter with me?"

If ever there was a time when opportunities, social or professional, sought people out and pulled them from their corners, I am sure it is long past.

There are the over-sensitive girls who refuse to believe one kind or flattering thing about themselves. They think they are doomed to be unnoticed and unhappy, and they shrink timidly into the shadows. They need to be shown their own talents and possibilities.

But, contrary to general belief, it isn't a too-modest estimate of self that keeps most people in the corner, waiting to be dragged out. My correspondence and personal contacts with people of various types have proved to me that one of the great causes of general unpopularity and consequent unhappiness among young people is the mistaken idea that social opportunities will seek out the individual.

Like Rita, they know they have the physical and mental requirements for their share of popularity, and they don't understand why they have to wait so long for friends to come to them, and for the pleasant flutter of invitations and engagements.

I'm not going to tell Rita she will have to transform herself into a "go-getter." The popular girl is not necessarily the one who stands out in every group for her liveliness—and often for her loudness.

If Rita is the quiet type, she will have to be

satisfied, and she probably will be, with the quiet sort of fun and the modest measure of popularity for which she is fitted by disposition. If she wants to be outstandingly popular and outstandingly the life of the party, she'll have to change her type.

Come Out of The Corner

POPULARITY is like a flower that opens to the sunlight. If you stay back in the shadows the flower will not bloom. I hope this discussion will help the many girls who have written me about this problem.

Letters from readers asking advice are welcomed and will be answered promptly. I ask only that you comply with the following:

If you wish a personal reply, or if you request my free booklet on safe and sane reducing, or my complexion leaflet, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you want your answer to appear in the magazine, remember that it may take a few months, as space is limited.

Your communications will be held in strict confidence, but I cannot answer letters that are not clearly signed with your full name.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

What a wonderful thing it would be if every hostess had a circular room in which to entertain—a room without corners or convenient niches for self-effacing people. Her most difficult problem is not the guest who joins the group, says little, but acts interested. It is the girl who sits back in a corner and wears an unhappy and discontented expression. As far as that girl is concerned, the hostess knows her party is not a success.

If you want to be included in a group of people who like the theater and who discuss stage and screen personalities, new dramatic trends and experiments, it's up to you to develop similar interests. If they spend their summers at the beach or on the golf course, you must act accordingly. You don't have to do everything the crowd does nor echo all their likes and dislikes. But you're a handicap to them if you're not interested in most of the things they talk about and do.

TO put it in the fewest words, you have to be companionable to people if you want to attract them to you. If you prefer to be thought "different" and "exclusive," that's your own affair. But don't complain then if others forget you when they are making up invitation lists. And you must not feel hurt if the boy you most admire asks some other girl to the affair you are so eager to attend.

Each of us wants companionship. Men and women aren't very different when it comes to that. Some boys like jolly, lively girls; some like the quiet types who are responsive to their moods and just as satisfied to sit at home and talk as to go out and dance. And a few boys are attracted to the sort of girl described above—the girl who prides herself on being different from all the rest, and who surveys the world with a patronizing air—but only providing she doesn't try patronizing them.

Sometimes I think that in their mad desire to be popular, girls are too much interested in making themselves over into the type they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

New Magic in Make-Up

For Every Woman

What Hollywood's Screen Stars Know About the Magic Beauty Power of Make-Up, Now Revealed by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius.

Discover How You Can Double Your Beauty With this Priceless Secret.

See Coupon.

WOULD you like to know how to gain a radiant beauty more alluring than the fascinating vision of your fondest dreams?

Would you like to know how to give to your cheeks a complexion color that rivals the blush of a rose?

Would you like to know how to give to your eyes a luminous sparkle; how to accentuate their size and surround them with the shadow of mystery?

Would you like to know how to give to your lips the irresistible warm red of life and love?

And would you like to know how to harmonize each make-up essential . . . your powder, your rouge, your lipstick and other requisites . . . into a rarely beautiful ensemble of color harmony, blending with your complexion as perfectly as though Nature had again taken the artist's brush to create a masterpiece, in your own likeness, of beauty, of charm, and of personality.

This you may know, and more . . . for Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up, will unfold to you the magic of make-up as it is known to Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of screen stars in Hollywood.

Max Factor will create just for you, a make-up in color harmony . . . for this is Hollywood's beauty secret. Under blazing motion picture lights, Max Factor discovered this secret of beauty in make-up . . . and he originated colors in powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials



to blend in color harmony with every complexion coloring. Pronounced perfect by stars and studios alike, Max Factor's make-up is insurance of faultless beauty in the feature pictures you see.

Likewise, in Max Factor's Society Make-Up, based on the same revolutionary principle of cosmetic color harmony, you will find, as have the screen stars, a magic beauty power in every-day make-up.

Let this new way to instant beauty be unfolded to you by the creator of make-up for famous screen stars. Accept this priceless beauty gift . . . your own complexion analysis, your own make-up color harmony chart and a copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Please fill in coupon and mail.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

Note:—96% of all make-up used by the Hollywood stars and Motion Picture Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.)

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Marion Davies

In

"Marianne"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Make-Up by MAX FACTOR

Marion Davies, whose beauty and vivacious personality have held you entranced, will be even more fascinating than ever in her new, all talking picture, "Marianne."

Marion Davies, who would never even think of using any but Max Factor's Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

"In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect...and this I believe, is the beauty secret of your Society Make-Up."

Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's rouge!



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

1-2-20

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

KEEP YOUR SKIN FINE IN TEXTURE- DON'T LET ITS PORES GET COARSE !

A LOVELY, smooth, fine-textured skin—you can have it, keep it all your life, with the right care!

If the texture of your skin seems to be growing coarser—the pores enlarged—begin, today, to change this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This daily rebuilding of your skin is your opportunity. With the right care, you can make the new skin what you want it to be!

You can help to overcome conspicuous pores by using, every night, the famous Woodbury treatment for *fine texture*—a treatment worked out by a famous skin specialist.

- DIP YOUR WASH CLOTH in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft face towel.



*Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place.
Begin, today, to make this new skin fine, smooth, flawless . . .*

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more stimulating and vitalizing treatment than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath deliciously smooth and invigorated.

Use the treatment persistently and see how exquisitely fine and smooth it will help to make the texture.

This is only one of the Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—with which literally millions of women have built up a smooth, clear, flawless skin. Begin using Woodbury's today and learn what this wonderful soap will do for *your skin*—

how brilliantly fresh and smooth it will keep it; how free from any kind of skin defect. 25 cents a cake at any drug store or toilet-goods counter. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

• Send for the large-size trial set

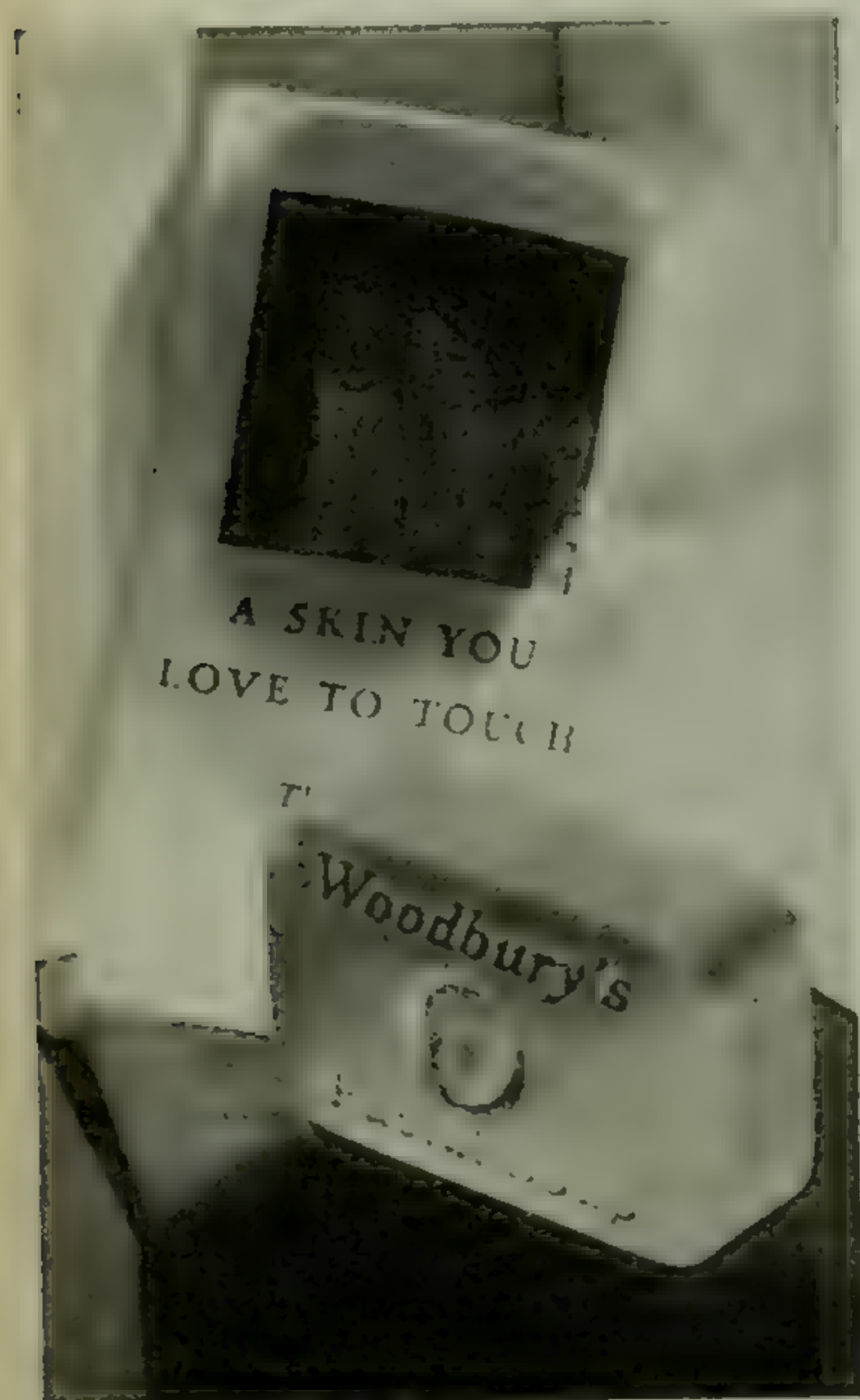
The Andrew Jergens Co., 2203 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.
For the enclosed 10¢ — please send me large-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.



You can feel this soap shrinking the pores—cleaning deeply—the first time you use it



Spurr

THE everlasting sunshine of Universal City—Laura La Plante, whose blonde beauty has been reinforced by a talkie voice which never quakes and quails at the approach of a snarling microphone. Following her grandest rôle—*Magnolia*, in “Showboat”—Laura is appearing in a succession of smart phonoplays

Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is five feet, two inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She is married to Director William A. Seiter



Fryer

Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Tex., in 1896. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of Walter Morosco

WE don't know the dog's name, we suspect that the ocean is the Pacific, but we are certain that the beautiful and curveful lady silhouetted against the sea and sky is Corinne Griffith. The perennial orchid, here, is resting at her Malibu Beach home before starting on her next talking film, "Back Pay"



Richee

THE Perfect Figure of 1930. We hear the stooped gentleman on the left remark that it would be good for almost any year, but let it pass! We repeat, The 1930 Figure, the possession of Miss Virginia Bruce, a young lady of no uncertain charms who is one of the chief adornments of Paramount Pictures

Virginia Bruce is a newcomer to pictures, having recently been signed to a Paramount contract. She came to Hollywood from Fargo, N. D., with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Briggs, of that city



Brown

Born in New York City, May 1, 1905. She is five feet, five inches tall; weighs 118, and has blonde hair and gray eyes. The daughter of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous vaudeville team

SHIP ahoy, land ho, and avast heaving! Miss Leila Hyams, one of Hollywood's most stupendous blondes, gotten up like a character from "Pinafore," is busy getting her bearings with a modern sextant, or bearings-getter. A girl like Leila should have no trouble getting her bearings—or anything else



Richee

HOT from Broadway came little Helen Kane—dimples, contours, pouts, baby voice and great big, begging eyes. So successful were her dimples, etc., that in four months she had worked in three talking and singing pictures for Paramount, the latest being "Pointed Heels." Now she "boopa-doops" for joy!

Helen Kane was born in the Bronx, New York City, on August 4, ??? She is five feet, two inches tall; weighs 119 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Helen's real name is Schroeder



Hommel

Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903. He is five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 150 pounds, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. His real name is Lewis Delaney Offield

FOUR years ago he was a grinning, kidding chorus boy in a Broadway revue. Today he is the comedy sensation of pictures, and his bosses hurl him into new talkies as fast as he can roller skate from stage to stage. It is—must we add?—Jack Oakie, whose every appearance, these days, gets a big hand

THE GOSSARD Line of Beauty

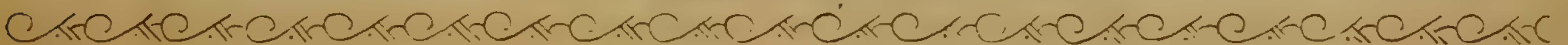


The Modern Atalanta Goes Feminine!!

She must have the lovely, womanly curves of the athletic Atalanta of antiquity. The smart belted sports frock crisply outlines the natural feminine figure, while the dainty Gossard combination of satin tricot (with detachable shoulder straps and garters) snugs the figure to perfection....*Model 4877*

Frock-Courtesy
Blackstone Shop-Chicago

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.



"OUT WEST we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion," Mrs. H. S. Christensen, of San Francisco, confided. "I use Lux for dishes . . . Harry says my hands are as pretty as on our wedding day!"



DOWN SOUTH, charming Mrs. Daniel McNeil, of Jacksonville, exclaimed—"I just naturally wouldn't trust my hands to ordinary soaps. Using Lux for dishes has kept my hands dainty as when I was married 6 years ago."

"Hands . . . lovely as on our Wedding Day.. thanks to LUX in the dishpan," .. say these young wives

"I HAVE been married more than ten years, and have done all my own work, yet my hands look as nice as they did on my wedding day, thanks to Lux," writes Mrs. L. A. Herbers, St. Louis.

"Old-fashioned soaps do leave the hands reddened and roughened. But there's no excuse now for 'dishpan' hands, with Lux so easy to use and so lovely on the hands."

Young Wives Everywhere

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered this secret of keeping hands delicately white and smooth—femininely appealing. They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . . then began using Lux for dishes, too!

And delightedly found that even *one* dishwashing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Of nearly 2,000 young wives in 11 large



cities, 96 out of every 100 are keeping hands as young and dainty as when they were married, by using Lux. For dishes and the many other soap and water tasks about the house!

And among thousands of wives who have kept house for years, 8 out of 10 are using Lux! We talked to women in representative homes all over the coun-



FROM THE NORTH: Mrs. Charles S. Salmon, of Chicago, said—"Thanks to Lux in the dishpan, my hands are always smooth and soft—and I've been married nearly 7 years!"

IN THE EAST, too! "Using Lux for dishes is simply marvelous for one's hands," said Mrs. L. V. McMaster, of Boston.

try. Universally they say—"We love Lux, because it leaves our hands so smooth and white, so beautifully cared for."

As 305 famous beauty shops put it: "Lux gives the hands actual *beauty care*—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure."

Yet this gentle beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! A tiny price for lovely hands!

Lux has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day.

February, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

THROUGHOUT this country thousands of nice middle-aged ladies, a few of them mothers, are worrying their dear heads off about the effect of pictures on the coming generation, as they call us.

So they bother themselves and take up the time they might be devoting to setting the house aright by selecting films that the precious little darlings SHOULD see, automatically banning the ones the little wretches WANT to see.

For many years I have wondered about the futility of the efforts of these well meaning ladies, the economic waste of their time, and the helplessness of their youthful and resentful victims.

ROB WAGNER, who runs a delightful little paper called "Rob Wagner's Script" out in Beverly Hills, has come forth as the champion of this oppressed class of junior citizenry.

He says the trouble with these volunteer busybodies is that they have such short memories.

"None of them recognize the proven fact that the child mind is unlike the adult's. The change comes with adolescence. Before that physical period the child is without shame, self-consciousness or any serious moral inhibitions. He likes cataclysm and tumult, noise and things that go 'boom'! When George Arliss contemplated suicide from a ten-story window in a certain picture the kids cheered. There was a grand splash imminent. Children have no interest in sex, social problems or emotionalism, and to expect them to react to these things in motion pictures is simple applesauce. 'IT' is so much hooey to the kids."

HOW about us kids getting up a revolution or strike or a Boston Tea Party, something of that sort, and organizing a national demonstration some Saturday afternoon, when they take our dime and

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



make us sit through some sappy picture?

How about giving us representation on those fool selection committees? Or better still, how about letting us alone?

If any of you fellers want to start a Cinemo-Liberty League, I'm sure Rob Wagner will string along with you and so will I.

Applying a match to this revolt, I suggest you get the gang together and walk out on the next bum picture they try to shove in your eyes and ears. Let's go!

THIS one is not so far fetched as you might imagine.

The story goes that three executives, the scenario writer and the director sat in heavy conference. "Now what we need for this character is somebody like Kate Price," said the scenario writer.

"Well, there's Marie Dressler," said the first high executive.

"She's working. Can't get her."

"Well, there's Polly Moran."

"Too much of a comedy type. Somebody like Kate Price could give it a little pathos."

THEY called the casting office. Several suggestions were made. None of them was exactly right. The weeks dragged on. The star was cast. The leading man's rôle was filled. All the troupers were assembled except the one character part. Another conference was called.

"Now what are we going to do about this part?" said the second chief high executive.

Everybody suggested names, but none was exactly right.

At last the director burst out, "Why not use Kate Price?"

"Excellent idea!" shouted the chorus.

Kate Price was chosen for the part.

LEAVE it to Pola Negri. There is one girl you can always rely on to see that little events of life are properly dramatized.

The latest is easily her best effort.

After all these newspaper interviews in which she said she was through with her Prince, and it was generally understood that he was to marry Mary McCormic, the operatic prima donna, Pola works out her biggest scene since Valentino's funeral right in the courtroom where the judge is whittling out the divorce for them.

It seems that the Prince was re-overwhelmed with love when he saw Pola looking so sad in the divorce court and promptly fell for her again.

This is again the great passion, the great love of her life. Heigh-ho!

And how about Miss McCormic? Now I ask you, Sergie, is that any way to leave a lady waiting at the church? And doesn't this make Pola a sort of an Indian giver?

WE have had golf widows, poker widows, grass widows, a dozen or more kinds of bereaved ladies. Recently in New York a doctor's wife went into court and asked for a separation and alimony because her husband was a movie fan.

She got so she hated the sight of a motion picture billboard, and the climax came when the erring spouse set up a projection machine in their apartment and ran comedy after comedy for his ribald fan friends, filling the home with raucous laughter and merry-making.

That started the battle.

But when he got so nutty on the subject that he insisted on displaying the movies on the wall of their bedroom and made her stay awake and look at them she quit cold and called up the lawyer.

She could have called up the keeper of the booby hatch.

HAVE you ever heard of The National Institute of Living Arts?

Neither have I since the *New York World* carried quite a piece last July about what was going to happen to the movies when this gang of art lovers got under way.

One Dr. Gustav Van Roosbroech was to be the daddy of this special outfit, and he was quoted as saying that we Americans were a dumb lot who should be taken in hand and directed toward a higher appreciation of aesthetic values.

These babies were going to lift our brows at least a couple of inches.

I haven't heard from them since that first blast. Maybe they all went out and saw a Greta Garbo picture and lost interest in aesthetics.

JUST a little Hollywood episode.

Marion Davies put on a little program for the World War vets recently. A few days later she noticed one of the boys selling flowers in front of the

studio. It troubled her all day long. She didn't want to go out and make a grand lady gesture and buy them all up, so she waited until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then she called her press agent on the set.

"Has he sold all his flowers?" she asked.

She was told that he hadn't.

"Here," she said, giving the p. a. a wad of bills. "You go out and say you're giving a party and want to buy all the flowers. And don't, for anything, tell him I sent you."

ROXY—of course you know Roxy, the clever chap who manages the cathedral of that name in New York—has a new idea.

He finds out what perfume is most popular at the moment and sprays a delicate suggestion of the particular brand throughout his great theater. The theory is that whenever a patron of his house encounters that same perfume she is reminded of his place.

Roxy says it is better than billboards.

ALL this talk about silent versus talking pictures seems to have been pretty well played out.

It can now be officially declared a dead issue, for Calvin Coolidge has spoken, and if Calvin Coolidge doesn't represent the fan population of this country no one person does. Discussing the subject recently with a friend he said:

"The silent picture is dead. We have come into an entirely new era in motion picture development. The talking picture is one of the greatest forces for good and for civilization."

Now we won't talk about that any more.

HAVE you been approached by the salesman who wants to make you rich by selling you stock in a new talking picture process? No? Then you have been neglected.

Whereas the phony motion picture stock salesmen used to point to the profits of "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Miracle Man," now they are going around telling how much will be made out of "The Singing Fool," "The Cock Eyed World" and other popular talkies and singies.

The old line companies have about everything that is worth while in the sound processes. If you want to invest money in motion pictures, put it in them.

That's what your banker will tell you.

REMEMBER Don Terry who did such excellent work in a picture called "Me, Gangster"? He was discovered, if you recall, lunching at the Montmartre restaurant and persuaded to go actor. But Don never cared much for acting and now he's running a wholesale drapery store and doing a highly lucrative business. Paramount called him for a part the other day but Don felt he couldn't take the time away from his work.

Is JACK GILBERT

Read to the end of this great story of a great star menaced by the talkies—and you'll find out!

Through?

By Katherine Albert

WHEN beautiful Ida Adair, second-rate actress in a traveling theatrical troupe, bore an unwanted, unloved man child in Logan, Utah, she didn't know that some day he would hold the fate of two enormous studios in the hollow of his hand.

She didn't know that the little boy, cradled in the top of a trunk, lulled to sleep by the clicking of wheels over rails, would grow up to be one of the most glamorous contemporary figures.

Lovely Ida, as profligate as a Winter wind, as vivid as a sunset, called her son John. It was a plain name for a plain little boy—a sullen child who resented life before he could talk and who looked upon the world into which he had been unfortunate enough to be born with a growing distaste.

Jack Gilbert, erstwhile soldier of fortune, erstwhile rubber salesman, extra boy, director, writer, itinerant actor, has become one of the most exciting personalities that ever flashed across a screen.

He holds one of the most unusual contracts ever given a star. And it's an iron-bound contract, without options!

In two years he will be paid, as salary, one million dollars! His studio bungalow is more elaborate than most of the homes in Hollywood. His fame has spread around the world. Thousands of women who have never seen him are in love with him.

AND now Hollywood says that the great Gilbert, the amazing lover of the screen, is through—has failed at the very height of his career.

It says that his enemies (and he has plenty) are glad. But that the studio officials who must pay him a million dollars in two years, whether his pictures play to vacant seats or not, are turning white-haired over night.

Is Jack Gilbert finished? Is his art but dust and ashes? Let us consider the facts in this amazing case.

The signing of the name John Gilbert to a little piece of paper was of utmost importance to a fifty million dollar deal. Jack was more or less of a pawn. He didn't realize how vital he was to the financial gods.

He had been discontented, miserable—as he usually is, except when he is radiant, enthusiastic—with his lot at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He had argued with the producers about stories and characterizations. United Artists had made him an offer. He decided to accept.

But forces of which he knew nothing were working around him. The West Coast officials had heard only rumors of the Fox-M-G-M merger, or rather, the sale of the controlling interest of Loew's Inc. to the Fox organization.

But the New York powers knew of the deal and they also knew that if Gilbert, one of the most important stars, slipped through their fingers, the deal might not go through. Fox wanted M-G-M, but it needed all their stars.

GRETA GARBO was safely bound under a long-term contract. Lon Chaney, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford were all secure. Only Gilbert showed signs of leaving.

Gilbert and his manager went to New York and the executives there told him that he must remain with M-G-M. Gilbert refused. At last he was asked, "But what will make you stay?"

His manager answered. He outlined a contract so absurd, so preposterous that he expected only loud guffaws. But the executive didn't laugh. He knew that if Gilbert didn't sign, the tremendous deal might fall through.

"You will stay on those terms?" asked the executive. "Very well, I will draw up such a contract."

And such a contract! It is for two years, two pictures a year at \$250,000 a picture or about \$10,000 a week. Gilbert has the right to O.K. or N.G. all stories. He was given an enormous dressing room bungalow, second to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Jack Gilbert in his first talking picture, "Redemption." He was nervous, too highly keyed, self-conscious. The studio says it is "temporarily shelved." Will it ever be shown?



The joys of making a talkie in Darkest Africa. Natives hauling one of the huge sun arcs to location. Imagine helping out the scorching, blazing African sun!



THE longest, hardest, cruelest location trip in the history of motion pictures is over.

The Toughest *Location* Trip is Over

By Leonard Hall

Three actors stepped off an Italian liner at the port of New York. One was a sandy-haired, hardbitten veteran of Western pictures. One was a swarthy young Mexican. The third was a tall, slender blonde girl—new to films.

With them came the thrilling story of an almost incredible adventure—the filming of a sound motion picture drama in the heart of Equatorial Africa.

The film is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Trader Horn." The three players are Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth. Following on the next boat was Director W. S. Van Dyke, leader of the expedition. With him were many metal cans, containing the perishable fruit of nine months of hunger, fever, danger and backbreaking toil.

The saga of the "Trader Horn" company's trip will fill many pages in motion picture history.

Even now, with the three doughty troupers working on interiors in Hollywood, the perils of the long jaunt are not over. A menace hangs over the actors, director and technical staff that may be dissipated in a few months—or may lead to terrible illness, and even death.

While in the jungle all the members of the company were bitten by the tsetse fly, carrier of the dread sleeping sickness. There is just a chance that some of the swarming insects carried the scourge. At one stop fifteen infected natives broke out of an internment camp and attached themselves to the expedition.

Miss Booth, in particular, suffered agonies from the flies. Playing the part of the white goddess in the story, her rôle calls for very sketchy clothing—just a dash of leopard skin here and there.

Sleeping sickness does not manifest itself for eight months. So this pleasant gamble hangs over the head of some fourteen white men and women for the next half year!

And they can laugh about it! Carey's spunky wife, Olive



Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in a dramatic bit from "Trader Horn," photographed in the heart of Africa by Director W. S. Van Dyke



At the crocodile pool. Harry Carey and the native actor, Mutea, extreme right, are going to swing across the crocodile-filled pond while the camera and microphone record the dangerous stunt de cinema

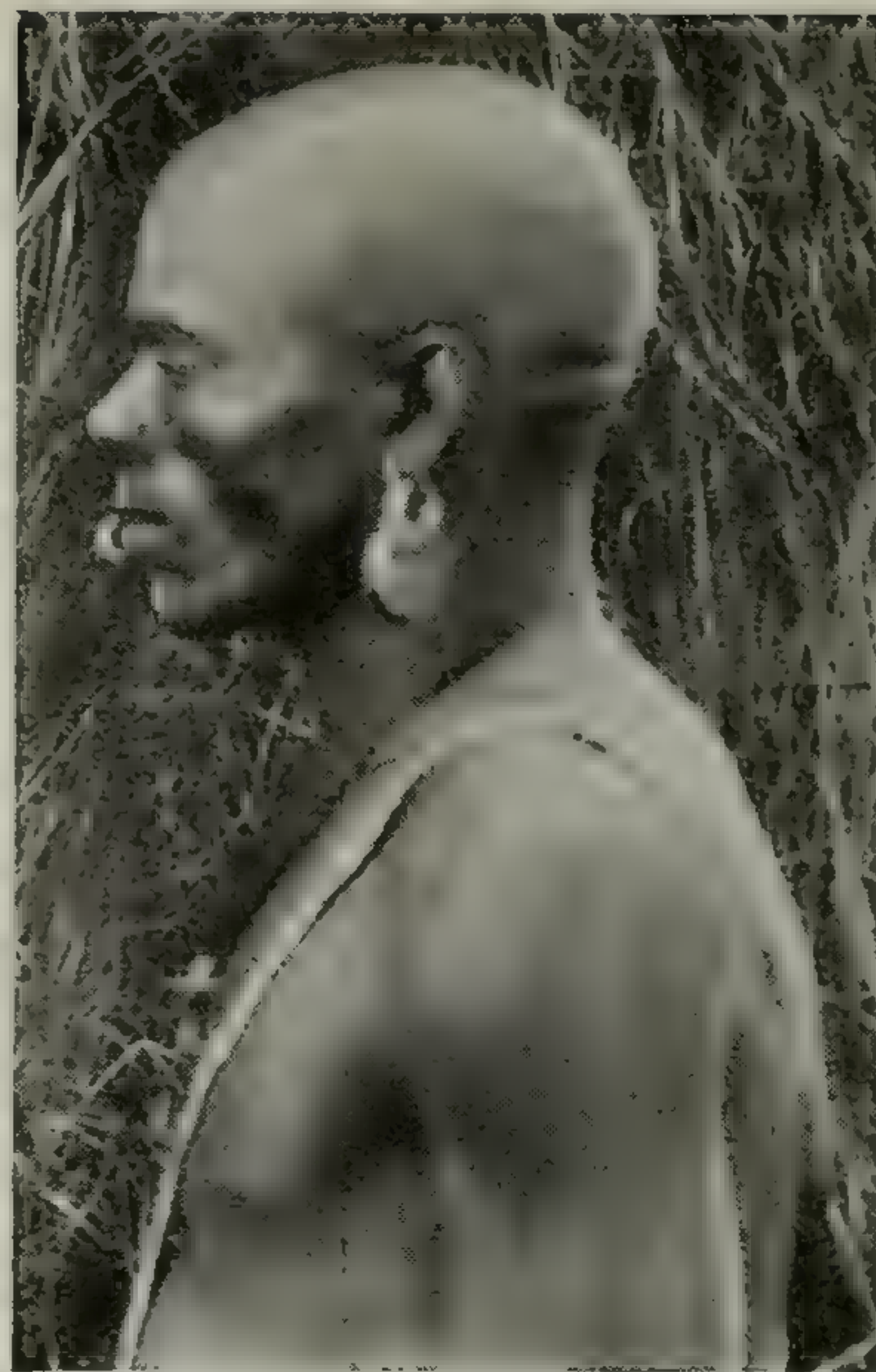
The story of an intrepid band of American actors and technicians who cut their way across Africa to make a talking picture



Director Van Dyke with a bull buffalo he brought down during the buffalo stampede which is a thrilling moment in "Trader Horn"



Harry Carey's hippo ashore and flat on its back after the kill. Harry's Western ranch will be filled with trophies of this trip



Meet Mutea, of the Wagombo tribe, found among the porters of the safari by Director Van Dyke and given the part of *Rencher*, gun-bearer. He steals the show!

Fuller Golden, who plays a missionary in the film, smiled as she told me that the first symptom of sleeping sickness is a pain in the neck.

"You see, we'll never know," said Mrs. Carey. "When something gives us a pain in the neck in Hollywood we'll not be sure whether it's sleeping sickness or just a supervisor!"

FOR hundreds of miles, by motor and on foot, the huge *safari* struggled across the Dark Continent, making entertainment for comfortable, sheltered millions in America.

At times there were forty-five whites and five hundred natives in the expedition, lifting and hauling the heavy sound truck, generators, sun arcs and all the cumbersome paraphernalia of sound photography almost across the wide, sun-baked, fever-ridden country.

In the filming of animal stuff, there was always the threat of danger. Mrs. Carey was very nearly in the path of a buffalo stampede—but Harry knocked one of the animals over with a heavy calibre bullet, and brought the trophy home to his peaceful California ranch. Carey also keeled over a lion that measured nine feet, three—which is a sizeable lion in any league.

The men of the expedition make light of their hardships, but they can't say enough in praise of the gameness of the Booth girl.

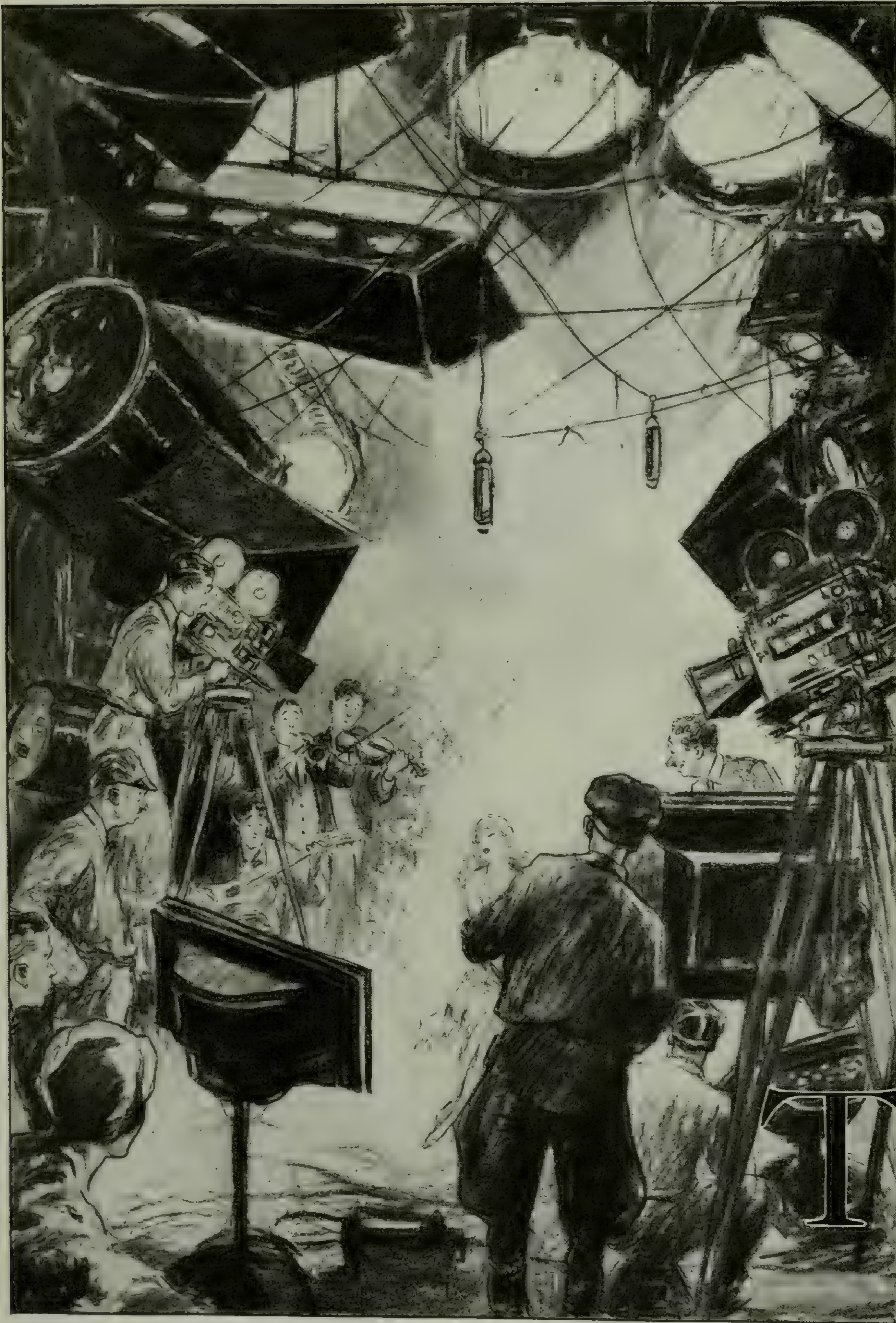
"It was unbelievably tough on her," Carey told me. "For four and five hours at a stretch she stood up in a tree, half-naked, waiting for an elephant charge across the veldt below. She worked for many hours in the blazing sun, which beat unmercifully on her bare shoulders and limbs.

"AND she was a good trouper all through. Barring a touch of fever, she stayed with it until we were on board the "Vulcania" homeward bound. Then she folded up, from the strain of everything, and was pretty sick for a while. She's a good soldier."

Harry told me of a new actor recruited on the trip to play the role of *Rencher*, the trader's gun-bearer.

"We picked out a big fellow named Mutea, one of our porters. He is a member of the Wagombo tribe of British East Africa, and he's not only intelligent, but a swell actor. I shouldn't be surprised if he stole the picture from the white folks.

"Van Dyke is bringing him to Hollywood to finish the film, and there's going to be some trouble about the lingo. Mutea doesn't parley any English, and I guess it will be up to me to do all the talking in Swahili." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



T
e

THE STAR'S

ars



THE EXTRA GIRL'S

What 30

*Here's the Hollywood
Verdict! Now, There's
Another International
War Settled!*



Only a toe peeps coyly from beneath this new evening gown that turns little Anita Page into a grown-up lady. The frock, from Jean Swartz, is of chiffon. Its lines follow the modern trend—high waist line, and a fitted bodice



Clara Bow in a peach-colored evening gown of the old school, when long expanses of leg were still considered smart. Clara still likes short skirts, but has given in to fashion's decree and has had all her frocks lengthened

About Long Skirts

Stars Say

By
Lois Shirley

THE high moguls of the fashion world said, "Let there be long skirts," and lo! there are long skirts.

This from those who create the styles—but what of those who parade them before the world?

What about the women who wear the clothes?

What, above all, about the greatest purveyors of style in the world today—the women of the screen?

Will the film stars accept the new hem-line? Will they abandon the freedom and comfort of short skirts and bare legs and revert to the trailing garments decreed by fashion?

How about the sun-tan vogue that swept the country last year? Will it disappear, along with stockingless legs and short skirts into the limbo of yesterday's fads?

Millions of feminine movie fans who look to the film stars for guidance in matters of style are asking these questions.

By way of answer, PHOTOPLAY is presenting a symposium giving you the opinions of thirty of the outstanding women of the screen.

These thirty well-known stars are almost unanimously in favor of long skirts for evening wear.



Left, Gwen Lee, knees and all, in a little afternoon frock of the day before yesterday. Right, Gwen wearing a new black afternoon gown created by Swartz

The 30 Stars Who Give Their Views

Gloria Swanson
Ruth Chatterton
Joan Crawford
Clara Bow
Janet Gaynor
Nancy Carroll
Bessie Love
Bebe Daniels
Mary Brian
Norma Shearer
Anita Page
Ann Harding
Billie Dove
Evelyn Brent
Dorothy Mackaill
Carmel Myers
June Collyer
Sue Carol
Ina Claire
Alice White
Corinne Griffith
Loretta Young
Myrna Loy
Phyllis Haver
Patsy Ruth Miller
Lois Wilson
Dolores Costello
Mary Duncan
Eleanor Boardman
Fifi Dorsay



Hollywood Speaks on the Problem of



Here's little Bessie Love in her Hollywood socks, short skirt and beret—it was the film colony's approved uniform for sports wear last summer



When knees were bold! Save this picture of Loretta Young in her kiltie for your scrap book. Legs may soon be just a memory



The new mode. Lilyan Tashman in a chiffon tweed sport frock worn well below the knees. Stunning, you'll admit—but how about comfort?

The majority of them like their afternoon frocks long, also. Opinions are fairly evenly divided as regards the lowered hem-line for tailored street frocks.

Nine out of ten, however, hold out for short skirts for sports wear.

As for the sun-tan rage, attitudes vary. Many still favor a natural tan, but almost all are against drugstore sunburns.

There is a general feeling that the new styles will do away with the stockingless vogue—that with longer lines and a return to femininity in woman's dress bare legs will be barred.

Read on and find out what your favorites have to say:

GLORIA SWANSON declares that she favors the long skirts and always has. She was one of the last to discard them when short skirts came in and one of the first to re-don them when short skirts went out. She thinks them much more graceful, flattering and distinguished. And she lifts her skirt, revealing a very shapely pair of legs to show that there is no ulterior motive for her preference.

Gloria, who has always been looked upon as one of the supreme fashion arbiters of the screen, considers sun-tan merely a fad and does not favor the stockingless vogue.

RUTH CHATTERTON believes that the lowered hem-line is here to stay. She says—with a little smile that belies her words—that we are going back to Victorianism—not only in

dress but in morals. "Legs," says Ruth, "are at last going to be intriguing again. Nothing which is too fully revealed can be intriguing—and we have certainly been surfeited with feminine knees these past few years."

Ruth agrees with Gloria in pronouncing sun-tan and bare legs a vogue. "There is nothing attractive about expanses of bare skin burned black by the sun. It won't last—it's ugly."

JOAN CRAWFORD, who probably typifies more than anyone else on the screen the bare-legged, sun-tanned, cleared-for-action girl of today (or yesterday!), says, "I love the new styles. They are the most graceful I have ever seen. They increase the beauty of the figure and are becoming to almost all women. Most men prefer the soft femininity that characterizes the new styles, and since most women dress to please a man or men, they will welcome the new fashions."

Joan hopes to keep her coat of natural tan during the Winter months. She says: "Nothing is more flattering than a smooth, dark skin, but it must be natural. There is nothing more unbecoming than a messy, blotchy sun-tan make-up. However, I predict that next Summer will find an even greater vogue for the naturally sun-tanned skin than this past Summer."

The junior Mrs. Fairbanks is wearing stockings for the first time in four years—but only with her street costumes. For evenings and sports she still clings to stockingless legs. "I think the stockingless vogue will always last," says Joan.

the Hour—Short Skirts or Long?



Carmel Myers wears a new Greer evening gown of black and white lace, called "Pesora." Feet are only hints, and ankles not even a rumor



Joan Crawford poses in a camel's hair jersey sports dress of the older dispensation, when knees showed and legs were bare



Natalie Moorehead adorns one of the new evening frocks, short in front and trailing at the back. It is made of deep pink silk and tulle

"Tanned legs without hose are most attractive, and I shall continue to go stockingless even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses."

CLARA BOW is surprisingly docile for a young woman who usually ignores the styles. She says: "Oh, how I hate to see the short skirts go out of style! Everyone looked so young and carefree, and now we will have to act dignified to live up to our majestic draperies. I have had my street things lengthened just a little this Fall, and, of course, my evening gowns have been long for several years, so the jolt doesn't hurt there."

Clara thinks a brown skin much smarter than a fair one and believes the "sunburned sisterhood" is here to stay. She herself regrets that she seems unable to acquire an even tan. She hates stockings but—"Fashion says that we must wear them now, so I will follow the crowd, I suppose—but not without protest." There's the old Bow spirit!

JANET GAYNOR is somewhat dubious about trailing skirts for daytime wear. "Long skirts are pretty for formal wear," declares Janet, "but I cannot imagine myself in ankle-length skirts for everyday wear as I am so fond of sports clothes. If necessary I shall wear them in a picture, of course, but I hope I shan't have to add them to my personal wardrobe to keep in style. For evening—yes—they are lovely and feminine, and I like the uneven hem-line for semi-formal affairs, but for every-

day wear I like short skirts best. Not too short, however. Below the knees." Conservative little Janet!

Janet will not go without hose except with sports things at the beach, and she believes in letting one's coat of tan take care of itself. She makes no effort to acquire a fashionable sun-tan, and when she is away from the beach she does not try to keep her skin brown by artificial means.

NANCY CARROLL rebels in true red-headed fashion. "I don't like long skirts and I do not think I shall wear them. This does not apply to evening wear—but I will not be one of the women who will catch their heels every day in the hem of their sports suits when they get out of their cars. I am surprised that the women of this country have been so docile in adopting a fashion which many of them find uncomfortable and do not like. I may look funny a year hence, but I will do my walking down Hollywood Boulevard in skirts measuring a good seventeen inches from the pavement.

"The sun-tan craze is dying a gradual death in Hollywood, but when Summer comes 'round the tanning season will start all over again. Tan is delightful on brunettes and very striking blondes, but for red heads it is forbidden—we freckle and go red. I think, however, that the feminine tendency of the new fashions demands a fair, white skin.

"I didn't wear a single pair of stockings all Summer, but I think the idea is out of place with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



"Well, I tried everything," says Mr. Stewart, sadly. "I practiced my wicked wiles on Miss Marion Davies, a charming little actress who was to support me in my picture. I even went so far as to imitate a trick wire-walker, using a No. 4 iron and a garden hose! Nothing worked"

WHEN I received the telegram asking me to come to Hollywood to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of "Dulcy," the first thought that occurred to me was, "At last they have discovered that I have 'It.'"

To be quite frank, this "It" problem had always bothered me. I had always been very fond of what is referred to as "the opposite sex," but had, however, put off from year to year any really direct test of my "sex appeal," partly because of a certain shyness on my part (which I inherited from Aunt Julia) and partly because the conditions never seemed to be exactly right.

Time after time I had been on the point of making what might be called "advances," only to have the lights go out or my glasses fall off and break.

Night after night I have stood before a mirror twisting my features into what seemed to me to be a fairly convincing leer, only to have my courage fail when the actual hour for leering happened to arrive. There was always at the back of my mind the horrible thought:

"Supposing that your advances are repulsed. Supposing that she laughs."

AND so the telegram asking me to become a moving picture star was doubly welcome. As a matter of fact, the word "star" wasn't actually mentioned, nor was there any direct request for me to play the "lead."

But I more or less naturally supposed that such was to be the case, and my pleasure was greatly increased when I found out that I was to be supported by that charming little actress, Miss Marion Davies.

I made up my mind to accept the offer and after a few negotiations as to salary, etc., I signed the contract and waited impatiently for the day on which I was to be called out to the Coast to work.

Of course, while waiting I was far from idle. I had never had any experience in acting for the "talkies" and so I saw and heard as many of them as I could, especially those featuring

The IT that Failed

By
Donald Ogden Stewart

*Which may or may not
prove that sex appeal
is a gift—not a study*

"No, no!" said Mr. Stewart firmly. "Ten thousand ringing noes! If a mere stripling like you, Mr. Elliott Nugent, is to have all the love scenes with Miss Davies when a virile, mature Stewart is around, I'm through!" And Mr. Stewart stalked into the conservatory for an ice

Miss Davies. I studied Miss Davies' work. I observed carefully how her lovers got their effects. I practised their technique when I was alone in my room and, if I do say so myself, I became fairly efficient.

I became, as a matter of fact, almost too efficient, because the room clerk telephoned up one night that the lady in the next room had complained that I was keeping her awake. I smiled—and felt encouraged.

IN fact, I felt so encouraged that I decided to give my own technique a little more of a public test. I invited a young lady of my acquaintance to have lunch with me.

I waited until what seemed to be the proper time and then, in answer to a remark of hers as to how she liked green turtle soup, I gazed suddenly and intently into her eyes and dilated both my nostrils.

It was a look that could only mean one thing—and I waited eagerly for her reaction. Unfortunately, her reaction was not what I expected.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Have I got something on my nose?"

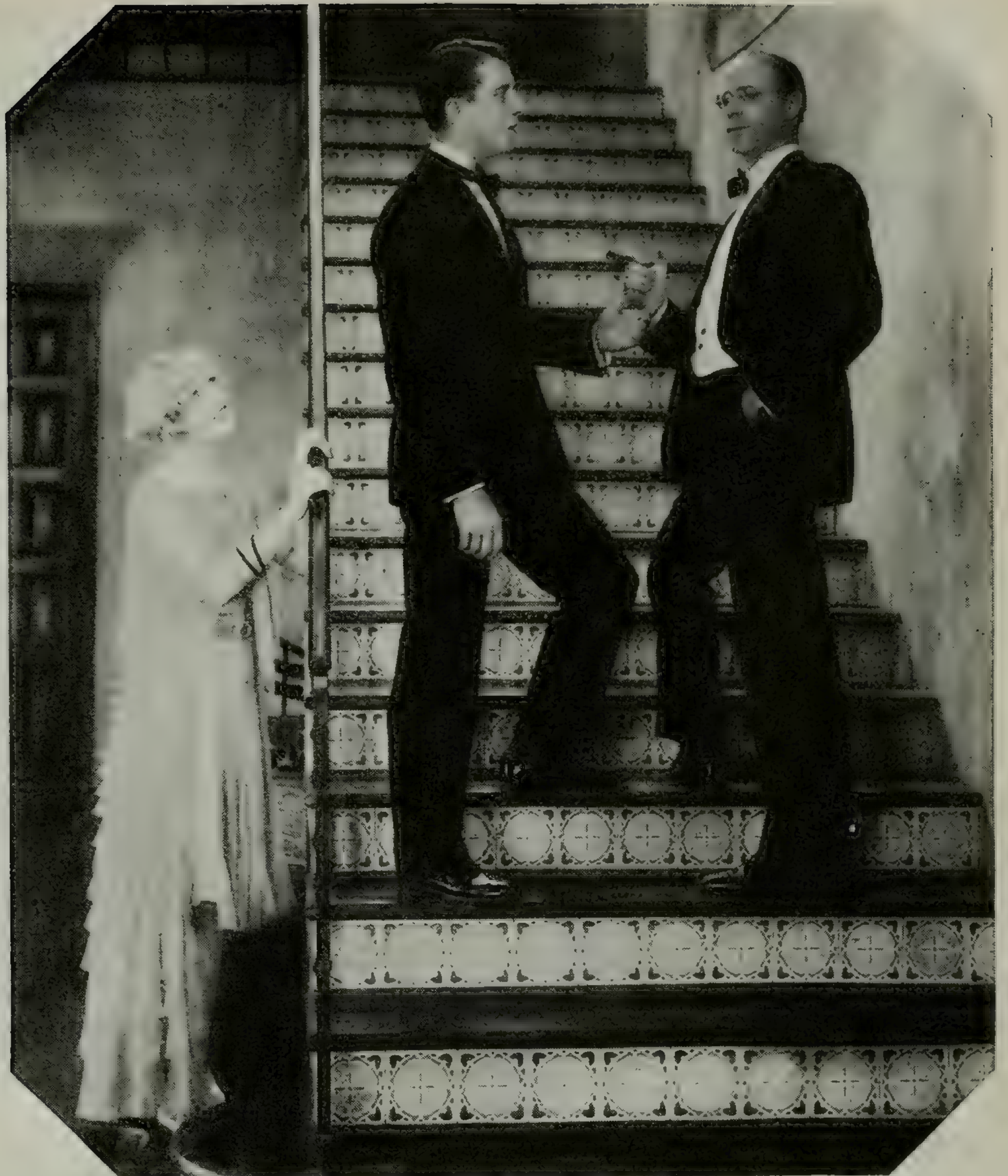
"This look," I replied, "can only mean one thing."

"Oh, dear," she said. "Are you going to have one of your headaches?"

"I am not!" I said, somewhat testily, and then I added, "Don't you ever go to the 'talkies'?"

"No," she replied, and that temporarily put an end to my efforts—at least with her. I decided, as a matter of fact, that perhaps it might be better to try out my sex appeal on someone who didn't know me quite so well. It seemed, on the whole, as though I might possibly have a better chance with a stranger.

I was wrong. It may have been that I didn't choose the right stranger or it may have been just bad luck in my selection of the early sword and armor room at the Metropolitan Museum as the locale for my test, but anyway the whole thing



turned out rather unpleasantly, and I suppose that I was lucky to get out of it with what are called minor contusions and a rather nasty cut over my left ear.

At any rate, by the time my face had healed I was on my way to Hollywood, and I arrived without having satisfied my curiosity as to the relative potency of my "It."

Which was, perhaps, just as well—because the script for the picture wasn't at all what I had expected it to be. The love scenes had all been given to two young whippersnappers named Elliott Nugent and Raymond Hackett and as far as "It" was concerned I might as well have been little Lord Fauntleroy or the off-stage sound effect of falling snow.

"Look here, Mr. Thalberg," I said, addressing my supervisor with as much dignity as I could assume, "a word with you about this part of mine."

"What about your part?" replied Mr. Thalberg three days later.

"WELL now, for instance," I suggested, "don't you think that perhaps—" but by that time Mr. Thalberg had disappeared, and so I sought out a Mr. Vidor whom I understood was to direct the picture.

"Mr. Vidor," I began, "I have come—"

"It's a swell part," interrupted Mr. Vidor. "What's wrong with it?"

"Well, don't you think," I began, but Mr. Vidor had also disappeared. It seemed as though there was a definite conspiracy against me. Some sinister force was at work to keep my sex appeal off the screen. I was discouraged—momentarily. But we Stewarts are fighters, and I gritted my teeth.

"Don't be discouraged," I said [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



The first stills from Greta Garbo's first talkie, "Anna Christie"! Top—Greta, as poor *Anna*, is sitting in the waterfront saloon about to take the first drink of the evening. This Clarence Brown filming of the O'Neill play for M-G-M is eagerly awaited by Garbo fans everywhere

Just above, *Anna Christie* has found company in the dockside barroom—a battered old waif of the wharves, played in the M-G-M talkie version by Marie Dressler, here pictured. Garbo's first talkie is bound to be one of the sensations of the next few months in the picture world

Mitzi Has Boy-Trouble



Fun in the dressing rooms, or what goes on back-stage in Hollywood. Mitzi, the little girl star, with her mad crush, Philippe de Lacy

A nine-year-old starlet makes good in talkies despite unrequited love

By Elaine Ogden

OUT on the Paramount lot Hollywood's youngest, littlest starlet is making good in the face of appalling difficulties.

Mitzi is her name—Mitzi Green, daughter of Joe Keno and Rosie Green, for years a standard vaudeville act that has trouped from Coast to Coast.

Standing toe to toe with the demon microphone, Mitzi is achieving success—in spite of the fact that her heart beats fast for the dashing Philippe de Lacy, who loves—alas!—another. And, in spite of the fact that when she craves to romp, all her little pals are taking fencing lessons or attempting to master French irregular verbs.

Mitzi, fighting back the tears, acts on. She's too good a trouper, at nine, to let heart trouble or slave-driving governesses hobble her career. The show must go on!

Mitzi is the only child ever signed by Paramount under a long term contract. She'd better make the most of the film capital!

However, she finds love and life in America's Paris but a snare and delusion. One has to settle down to a little steady cynicism at nine, if one wants to beat this movie game.

"Well, here am I," complained Mitzi, "crazy about Philippe

de Lacy, but he's crazy about Anita Louise, so that leaves only Buddy Rogers for me."

Buddy, the bounding juvenile, the delight of the flappers, might resent that highly disqualifying "only" but all Mitzi knows how to be is frank. She just confesses everything and lets the chips fall where they may.

The matter of love might be adjusted if only the play spirit could be revived.

"Oh, every time I want to play," she mourned, "I start calling up all the children I know best. Philippe and Anita Louise. And they're always going to a singing lesson or a dancing lesson or a French lesson or practicing fencing. As if the lessons you get in school aren't enough. I don't know why people have to do those things when you want to play."

Mitzi's first experience before the camera was in "The Marriage Playground."

AND do you know," she said, confidentially, "that there were some children who had really good parts who couldn't cry at all? It's easy for me to cry when the director tells me that the scene I'm playing is all really true. If you didn't think that you'd feel silly. Of course, I do feel silly when I see myself on the screen. I keep wishing I'd done my part better.

"But, then, I feel silly a lot of the time. At the preview of 'The Marriage Playground' all the children who had seen the picture were lined up in front of the theater to watch me come out. I didn't know what to say or do. And I never know how to answer when people tell me I'm a good actress.

"Now I've got an autograph book and I want to go around and collect signatures, but I never know how to ask people for them and I just feel silly."

Which admission, according to the psycho-analysts, should clear up the inferiority complex at once. True, little Mitzi

doesn't feel silly all the time. There's a wise little head on those shoulders, and she's either sat in on an interview or two or else she spends all her lollipop money for fan magazines. At any rate, she said, fixing an ingratiating eye upon me, "There's one thing I'm very particular about your putting in the magazine. I want you to say that Lothar Mendes, my director in 'The Marriage Playground,' is wonderful. I call him 'Uncle Lothar.' He's the best director in the world."

Mitzi thought that one up all by herself, because she kept her appointment with me quite alone. No smiling, prompting mothers were about. She doesn't need 'em, with the mind she has. You feel, somehow, that if you looked at her patronizingly and said, "My, my, what a nice little girl you are," she'd wither you with a glance and say, "My, my, what a smiling old fool you are."

OF course, she wouldn't really say it. She's been well brought up and makes all the proper obeisances to maturity, such as brisk little curtsies upon being introduced and a properly attentive ear when age speaks, but her mind ticks along at an astonishing rate and she's pretty sure of all the answers.

"We're living at a hotel now," she said, "and we thought of taking a home, but houses are such a bother. There's the



Two close-ups of Mitzi, nine years old, daughter of vaudeville, a trouper born, and the only child actor ever given a long term contract by Paramount

lawn to keep up and all the servants you have to have. I like the hotel because I'm used to 'em in vaudeville, but maybe we'll move into a nice apartment. I'm going to public school soon, and to the school on the lot when I'm working.

"I like to play on the set best. We play so many games. In 'The Marriage Playground' we used to go into those rooms where they hear the play-back and imagine all sorts of things. Philippe de Lacy was always the head of the games. We played mostly mystery stories and when Philippe got tired he had us all killed off and that ended it.

"I'd have a lot of fun out here if I knew more kids and if the ones I knew weren't taking so many lessons, so I guess I'll have to work hard and get my fun that way.

"I want to be a big dramatic actress and do comedy and drama and everything. I like mystery stories better than anything else."

WHEN Mitzi Green was born, her father was playing in a musical comedy with Mitzi Hajos and the star requested that the child be named for her. When she was six she began her stage career by working in her parents' act. You should see her imitate "The Black Crows," Fanny Brice and Ethel Barrymore.

From Ireland to Hollywood



Maureen O'Sullivan

Two little Celts arrive to act with McCormack

John McCormack went to Ireland and word sort of got around—as word has a habit of doing—that the Fox Company was looking for a leading woman with a real Irish accent.

Maureen told several of her friends to apply.

They did and were rejected and then, one day, Maureen was dining in a Dublin restaurant when Director Borzage saw her and sent the assistant director's first assistant, or somebody equally important, to ask her to have a test.

Her entire life was changed. She is in glamorous Hollywood, has become a picture actress, but she takes it all as casually as if she were on an excursion—summer rates.

She was but mildly curious about John Garrick, the juvenile who is to whisper sweet nothings into her ear before the camera, but when she looked at his picture, she calmly announced:

"Oh, I shan't mind his making love to me."

Most girls would be "thrilled" and excited. Not Maureen! She is apparently unimpressed by Hollywood and she talks mechanically about "dreams come true," etc.

She seemed to be more excited about having her picture in PHOTOPLAY than in appearing opposite John McCormack in a picture.



Tommy Clifford

TWO strange, Irish children are parked in Hollywood. They are Maureen O'Sullivan, not yet nineteen, and Tommy Clifford, aged eleven. Both have big parts in John McCormack's first starring vehicle.

If you've heard that all the Irish are gay, prone to enthusiasms and bubbling with pep, give your mind a thorough vacuum cleaning. Maureen has never worked in pictures before. She has never been on the stage. In fact, she had never done anything in Dublin but be a nice little girl who minded her mother and read PHOTOPLAY and admired Clara Bow and thought Charlie Farrell a perfectly adorable boy.

As for Tommy (snatched from a school-room to act)—well, he sat in the Munchers Club and placidly ate his way through a fruit cocktail, a kidney stew and an enormous piece of pie without batting a single eye.

Maureen's blue eyes, shadowed by dark lashes, were riveted on her plate. She ate salad.

She must diet, she says, to be as slim as the other girls on the lot. And her will power in this matter indicates, perhaps, the will for further success.

So there are Maureen and Tommy, two quiet, Irish children—to whom Hollywood, Mecca of the world's youth, is just another place to be!

Did She Steal Clara's Picture?

Some Say Yes—Some Say No. What Do You Say? We're Neutral!

By

Margaret Stuart

SHE sits utterly quiet in a chair, with tiny feet just touching the floor. She doesn't even move her hands, which lie calmly, palms up, on her lap. Her face is perfectly still, as lineless as a piece of white paper. Two pale gold ringlets creep from under her black hat.

Hers is a peculiar brand of mauve beauty. Calm, like the death of an old woman. Passive, like the dripping of rain from a roof. Still, like the water lily pond. And as beautiful as the lilies upon it.

She just sits, perfectly still, and says, "You see, I've a negative personality."

Hot jumping sound effects! A negative personality in Hollywood! A negative personality in the city of bounce and pep and vigor. A negative personality in the town that harbors the lusty Lupe, the garrulous Clara, the very articulate Alice. A negative personality in the most positive community in the world.

"I sometimes think it's rather a shame," Jean Arthur adds (her hands lie on her lap as calmly as ever). "All great actresses have had colorful lives. I've never done anything."

And yet the story of Jean Arthur is as strange and persistent as any ever told. It is a story of the mind, rather than one of deeds. Her repression had admitted no startling gestures.

She has hung on in pictures six trying years. In a town where great stars flash in the firmament over-night, Jean has clung tenaciously for six years. Six bitter, heartbreaking years, that have now passed and left none of their stigma upon her calm brow.

Most girls give themselves a year for success. It is enough in Hollywood. Some embryonic actresses make it in a week. That, too, is enough. But Jean Arthur has worked for six years for a chance to show the ability she displayed in "The Saturday Night Kid," "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," and "The Greene Murder Case."

IT began when she was seventeen, a freshman in a New York high school. Afternoons, she posed for commercial artists. She must have been an excellent model, with her genius for utter quiet. She took a test for Fox and because she was so young and so fearless she didn't know her limitations. It was a very excellent test and she was brought to the Coast.

She failed in Hollywood. Failed utterly and completely. She was put in a big picture and remained in three days. Mary Philbin replaced her, but Fox was bound to her for a year, so she was used in slapstick comedies until the year was up and her free lance career began. She decorated comedies and westerns.

The greatest authorities on movie lore will tell you that slapstick is good experience. But, if there is much to be gained in slapstick it is in learning to rely on yourself. Because Jean is a negative personality she didn't know how to rely on herself. She simply went through the gestures, let her face be smeared with custard pie and called it a day.

There were frightful nights of hopelessness. There were long, tired days when she thought it would be impossible to go on. But she told no one. She is not the type to make friends quickly. She had no confidante.

When there was no more work [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



It Took Jean Arthur Six Years to Conquer an Inferiority Complex and Hollywood!

Hot Tamale

By

Stewart Robertson

A short story
which proves that
no matter how
thin you slice it
it is still Chile
Con Carne



THE Mexican quarter of Los Angeles buzzed languidly around the welter of shops fronting the Old Plaza. Beetle-browed men and ample senoras mounted guard over pyramids of fruit and vegetables. Succulent odors drifted from a half dozen restaurants, and while glancing carelessly into one of these, Mr. Spook Torrance discovered he was in need of immediate sustenance.

The reason for his decision reposed directly behind the steamy window of *La Golondrina*, engaged in the earthy pursuit of knocking six bits out of every dollar bill handed to her, and as Mr. Torrance flattened his ruby nose for a better view she looked up from the cash register with one of those slumbrous-lidded stares that make alibis so necessary.

Whereupon the gallant Spook, although fairly well distended by a lunch of shark fins and pressed duck in nearby Chinatown, lumbered through the door and took up a reconnoitering position at a corner table.

Waiting patiently for the room to thin out, he gazed reverently at the money-changer across a plate of enchiladas which he had no intention of eating, and in the course of time found himself alone with a portrait by Goya come to life.

The girl, conscious of his admiration, tilted her glossy black head with its cameo profile, and tried to look at ease. Mr. Torrance's port wine flush grew even darker as he approached the counter, and a scarlet-lacquered mouth pouted provocatively in his direction.

"'Allo, keed," said Spook, employing his best dialect. "Buena senorita! You likee try movies—Hollywood? Compree?"

"Says you," laughed the damsel in a throaty contralto. "Do I look like the toast of Tampico, or something?"

Mr. Torrance stood aghast at this loquacity. "Are—aren't you a Mexican?" he asked feebly.

"I'll tell the world I'm Mex," said the girl easily, "but why should I go around lisping 'quien sabe' and 'manana' when I was born over on San Gabriel Road and graduated from high school last year? Get wise, mister.

"And another thing; you can't lure me with any movie extra gag, because I tried it once. Whew! Seven-fifty a day at Catalina to pretend I'm an Hawaiian, and what do they do but pull a cyclone scene on us. No more for this baby."

AS a silent partner in Stupefaction Pictures, Mr. Torrance should have resented this slur at the racket that brought him caviar and gout, but he continued rapturously to watch the emotions wing swiftly across the oval face.

"Anyone can see I'm no director," he announced, "because I'm much too good-natured. However, I'm interested in giving you a real part, provided you screen well. Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Eliza."

"What!" shouted Spook, greatly shocked. "No, no, I won't have it! A fragrant tea rose, a delicate ivory goddess, and its parents call it Eliza. There ought to be a law!"



*Illustrated
by
Everett
Shinn*

A handsome, sarsaparilla-colored stranger was bowing low before Violetta, with a wide sweep of his five-gallon hat. "Spook" Torrance thought it time to interfere. "Outside, bum!" he boomed

Eliza eyed him keenly. This red-faced old sport might be somebody worth while, after all. Fragrant tea rose, eh? Let the movie lightning strike!

She leaned nearer, cupping her face in slender hands and hoping her mouth looked like Corinne Griffith's.

"Maybe you want to change it," she murmured.

For a brief moment Mr. Torrance felt all the resistance of scrap-iron when exposed to an electro-magnet; then he mustered a paternal grin. "I have considerable influence with the Stupefaction Studios and for some time I've been advocating the development of a Latin star."

"You sure are there with the language," cooed Eliza, wishing she had a rose in her teeth.

"Quite so," agreed Spook, "but the topic of conversation is you. If you can handle castanets I'll have you put in a Spanish picture we're preparing for next month, if you get your parents' consent."

"I'm eighteen," said Eliza. "Anyhow, my old man is tamping ties near Albuquerque for the Santa Fe, and he's all the family I've got. What about a new name for me? Carlotta, Pepita—"

"Too common," frowned Mr. Torrance absently, noting the violet shadows around her eyes. "I have it—Violetta! We can think of the other one later, but hang on to that. Say, can you talk broken English if it's necessary?"

"Like this: 'Please, swit Amairecan pipple, buy for fife centimos my gr-r-rand, magneeficent tortillas?'"

"That's a natural," applauded the master mind. "You see, Violetta, we may have to do a little window dressing to put you over. Now, it's like this—"

* * * *

MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP, president of Stupefaction Pictures, rattled around in his tapestry-lined limousine as it swept southward, and gestured wildly at his massive partner who refused to be jolted by a mere automobile.

"For why shouldn't I be squawking?" he demanded. "First it's sheiks, then vamps and crooks and mammy singers and dogs, and now we got to give 'em Mexicans!"

"Now, Abe," rumbled Mr. Torrance, "wait until you see Violetta Velasquez blooming at the races. The new track is at Agua Caliente, Abe, and this is the day you'll pick a winner. I don't mean just Violetta; get aboard Hermit in the third race."

"So?" said Mr. Zoop, instantly alert. "An ex-con man like you should know what's crooked. Why Hermit?"

"He'll come home alone," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Through *the* Studios

By Cal



Yep—they're really married, after months of fooling the reporters. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart stole away to Ventura, Calif., last July 28 and were married under their real names, Niculae Pratz and Eva Jenny Kiefer. Good luck, say we!



Two high-priced babes tucked away among the scented pillows and lace quilts of wealth-stricken Hollywood. In short, Charlie Farrell (a thumb-sucker) and Janet Gaynor. This is one of the novel scenes in the new Fox Revue, "Happy Days"

IT is really pitiful, the smoke screen that Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire are trying to throw up to hide their separation. Ina has definitely moved out of John's house on the hill and has taken quite a spacious and expensive home of her own.

Despite all protestations of compatibility and love and that sort of thing, they have split definitely.

Of course, you can never tell any more about the permanence of a Hollywood separation than you can of an engagement or marriage, but they have been singing Tosti's "Goodbye Forever" for some months.

Immediately after Ina established her own ménage, Jack and Ina threw a big party for their friends in Ina's house, but those who were there say that it was pretty sad and the ghost of their love sat at the table. How can you have a good time when there is a spectre like that around!

WELL, our little Bessie Love has gone and done it! The ace comeback of the talkies has married William Hawks, a young broker.

One of the least-engaged of all Hollywood's darlings is our Bess. That is to say, almost never has her name been connected with that of a swain altar-bound for publicity purposes.

Bill Hawks is just one of the three Hawks boys who have swooped down on Hollywood, plucking off some of the fairest. Kenneth married Mary Astor, and Howard wedded Norma Shearer's pretty sister.

Blanche Sweet was matron of honor, with Norma Shearer, the Mayer girls, Carmel Myers, Mary Astor and Bebe Daniels in the wedding party.

All the joy that PHOTOPLAY wishes Bess couldn't be crammed into the Town Hall!

RAMON NOVARRO and Nils Asther have never been introduced.

For almost three years they have worked on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot without meeting.

They have never happened to be at the same part of the big studio at the same moment and, since both young men are Hollywood hermits, they have never seen each other away from the lot.

Both Novarro and Asther attended the tea which the studio gave in honor of the Maharaja of Kapurthala.

But Asther arrived just three minutes after Novarro had departed.

Which only goes to prove that Hollywood is larger than outsiders believe.

SAID Cliff Edwards to Raquel Torres: "I know one word of Spanish and two of French. They are 'Si' and 'Oui, Oui.'"

Said Raquel Torres to Cliff Edwards: "And I know one word in every language. It's 'No!'"

CLARA BOW has a mission in life. No, it's not to be the mother of eight babies, nor yet to run away to Europe and live the simple life.

It's much more urgent than that.

She must get thin!

She must take off the surplus pounds that bid fair to ruin her career!

She can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, make no other gesture save one toward reduction. You might call it one decreasing purpose!

with Pen and Camera

York



Here's a stunt for you, girls! Raquel Torres, the little Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tamale, has had a wooden mould made of her lips which she stamps on a box of rouge, and then applies. This assures her mouth of uniform make-up. Cute, eh?

IN a city where unfaithfulness provides better luncheon table gossip, there is an example of rare, unselfish faithfulness.

Alma Rubens, at last released from an institution where she has been cured of the drug habit that wrecked her career, has started on a long sea voyage to recuperate. Through all the ordeal, Ricardo Cortez, her husband, stood by. Now he is going with her on the journey.

As the beautiful, dusky Alma was slipping down, Cortez was rising in popularity. Yet he gave up income and progress for the girl who married him when he was less known. He declined a lucrative engagement in England to remain with Alma when she needed him the most.

Perhaps now better times are ahead, but Hollywood is quick to forget faces long absent from the screen.

IF Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper don't marry and, by the looks of things now the wedding won't be any time soon, if ever, it will take the best lawyer in town to unravel their financial affairs.

The story goes that Gary and Lupe bought her house together.

It's told that the down payment was \$10,000. Lupe put up \$5,000 and Gary the other half. And then the furniture. Lupe bought half and Gary the other.

Just picture the scene if they split up. It's a wise householder who knows his own lamp shade. And suppose Gary has a great preference for that little incidental chair but Lupe really



Two naughty little girls flattening their noses against the candy store window as they gaze at the lollypops. In other words, Natalie Moorehead and Inez Courtney staring into the camera booth. They looked so wistful they were hired!

bought it. What was that old one about not counting chickens—or breakfast dishes?

WELL, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are all married, thus ending the agony of suspense, and the story of their runaway match is as romantic as any that ever went into a book.

They decided to run away and do the deed.

For one thing, Fox, Sue's company, rather wanted her to stay single.

Then Sue and Nick thought it would be crafty to keep the ceremony a secret, so, after the wedding, on July 28, at Ventura, Calif., they went their more or less separate ways.

They did—until Fox opened a new theater in San Diego, and Sue and Nick went along to help. Then, as young married folks, they forgot the secrecy thing and occupied the same room at a hotel.

That set newspapermen off at a gallop, and in no time at all the journalistic sleuths had dug up the facts of the case. Niculae Pratz, 25, and Eva Jenny Kiefer, 21, got a license at Ventura, and were married by Judge Edward Henderson, according to the laws of the state of California, to wit and viz.

Now the questions of "Are they?" and "Aren't they?" are answered, and Cal is going off to the mountings for one of those well-earned rests.

BILLY BAKEWELL, who thinks Mary Brian is just about the nicest girl in Hollywood, was pretty concerned about Mary's interest in Rudy Vallée.

"Lessee, now," figured Billy. "Vallée is making 'The Vagabond Lover.' Vagabond means 'bum.' That makes him a 'bum' lover. Well, I won't worry."

THEY'RE telling this on Johnny Mack Brown, out at Universal.

Johnny is playing opposite Mary Nolan in "The Girl Who Gave In," with Harry Pollard directing.



Love has come at last, in a very big and constructive way, to our Bessie Love, one of the best fellows in all Hollywood. Cupid finally winged her, ukulele and all, and here she is with her husband, William Hawks, broker. Bill is the third Hawks boy to find a wife in the picture colony

The Fox film people, blindfolded, reached into the grab bag of youth and beauty and pulled out the pretty plum shown below. Her name is Yvonne Pelletier, and she has seen fifteen Summers and very few Winters. Yvonne was an extra on the Fox lot, until a test was so good that it got her a nice part

In the picture, Mary's name is *Jenny*, and Brown calls her *Jen*.

Pollard and the rest were listening to tests one day. Johnny appeared on the screen, held out his arms to Mary, and said:

"Gin, I love you!"

"What?" screamed Pollard, swallowing a cigar. "Again!"

"Gin, I love you!" said Mr. Brown, from the screen.

P.S. Thanks to Mr. Brown's Southern accent, Mary Nolan is not *Jenny* in the story any more.

Her name is *Sally*.

THE other day a reporter called Joan Crawford to the phone.

"Are you expecting an heir?" he asked, "the third generation of the house of Fairbanks?"

"Listen," said Joan, "I'm not, but, believe me, when such a thing does happen I'll be so thrilled and so excited that you won't have to bother to call me up. I'll have it announced from the roof."

THE announcement that George Melford and his former wife, who divorced him several years ago, are to be re-married, was denied by George Melford the day after the story appeared in a local paper.

This denial is really a bit of blustering, as Mrs. Melford, in a long interview the day before, told how she and her husband, to whom she had been married nineteen years at the time of the divorce, had reconciled their differences, and would be re-married on his return from a location trip of three months in Newfoundland.

THE cause of the divorce, as given in the complaint, was desertion, but Mrs. Melford admitted at the time that it was "to leave George free for another love." Within the year, Melford married Diana Miller, who died about a year ago of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Melford has continued to live in the \$150,000 home that Melford deeded to her as part of the divorce settlement, with her twenty-two year old son. At the time of the divorce, Judge Summerfield said, "Melford will live to regret that he has sacrificed such a splendid woman and helpmate for youth and beauty." The time has evidently come, as Melford is a constant visitor at the old home, and no one is taking his denial seriously. Mrs. Melford has told of their plans for a future together.

THE shortest, saddest story of the past year.

Only a few months ago First National picked Maxine Cantway as the perfect screen chorus girl. Her pictures were



everywhere. A little later the chorus stock company was weeded out and one of the first to go was Miss Maxine Cantway, the perfect screen chorus girl.

Can you make any sense out of that? Nor can Cal. Anyway, Maxie is sticking in Hollywood and will have a go at real acting.

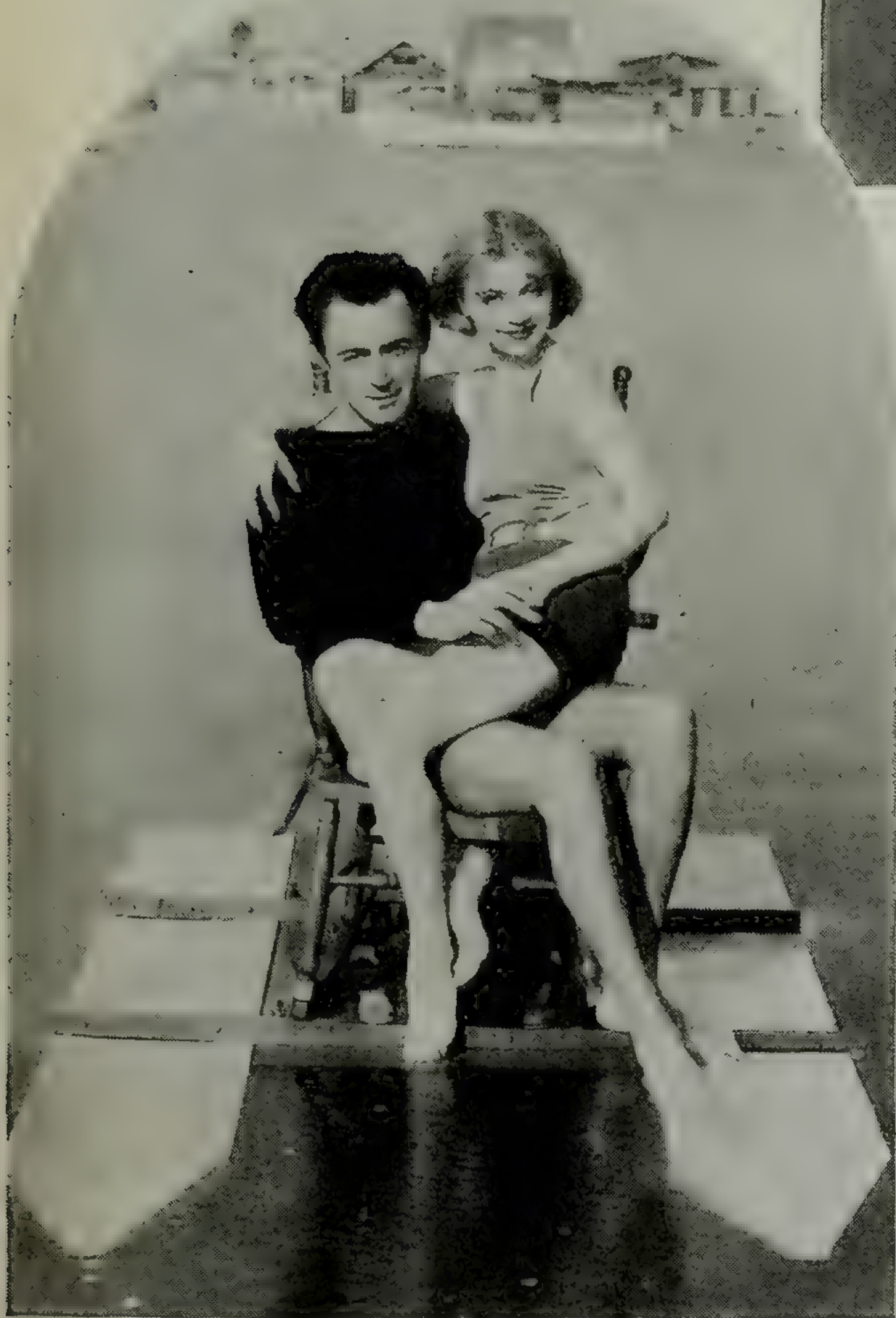
JOHNN BOLES, hit of "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita," is a happy boy!

After his enormous success in these two singies, his salary from Universal stayed just the same, though "U" was collecting an enormous sum for his services from the companies to which he was loaned.

Naturally, John was pretty sore. He found himself a screen sensation at almost a beginner's pay. So Universal calmed him down with a new contract, to run five years. This year it calls

Skeets Gallagher, the popular Paramount comic, recently took unto himself a wife, and we print this picture to prove that matrimony is a serious matter to the funny Skeeter. As you can see, he is studying "The Book of Marriage" to get absolutely up on the rules of what some folks still call "a game"

Alice White and her very best boy friend, Sid Bartlett, rocking the blues away on a quiet lagoon. Alice and Sid, who seem extremely happy about it all, are engaged to be married. This restful picture was snapped while Alice was making modest whoopee after finishing her labors in "Playing Around"



He did manage to find time, however, to send Gwen a diamond and platinum wrist watch.

LITTLE Mildred Gloria Lloyd, Harold's daughter, and a little friend, Barbara, were discussing their birthplaces.

"I was born in Olympia, Washington," said Barbara.

"I was born in Los Angeles," said Mildred Gloria.

"What state is that in?" asked Barbara.

Mildred Gloria thought for a long time. "It's in the Lloyd estate."

HERE'S part of an ad that appeared in a daily paper in a city of 100,000 people:

"GLORIOUS FUN! CYCLONIC ACTION!

"DOUG GIVES THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND! SOCK!

RIGHT ON THE NOSE! 'CAUSE OUR MARY'S A MEAN MAMMA, AND DOUG'S TAMING HER! IT'S A RIOT OF FUN—ENDING WITH TENDER ROMANCE."

A good old Keystone comedy, of the pie-and-bladder era? Not at all. Just advertising the Pickford-Fairbanks production of William Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

THAT picture has caused a million laughs not written in the script.

The United Artists' sales force was mortally afraid of Will Shakespeare's name from the moment the picture was planned. Who'd go to see Shakespeare?

Preceding the film's opening in that great capital of world culture, New York City, most of the huge newspaper advertisements did not carry the name of the author, but devoted themselves to describing the verve with which pies were thrown and whips cracked.

All of which must cause the greatest dramatic poet in the world's history considerable laughter, as he drinks and laughs in the Valhalla of the world's loftiest spirits!

IF a writer of smart cracks could remain by Polly Moran's side continually—that is, during respectable hours—he hardly would have to seek elsewhere for those joyous gags which cause readers to chuckle.

Here is one as told by Louise Fazenda.

They were riding on Boul Hollywood with no possible chance to move over, when a smart duck, in a flashy speedster, began honking for the right-of-way. He had one of those moo horns and mooed it continuously.

When he finally pulled alongside, Polly leaned from her car and said:

"Aw, go home and milk your cow."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 72]

for \$800 a week, and the fifth will see him getting \$2,500 every seven days. In addition Uncle Carl Laemmle has fixed John up a bonus which will assure him bonus money totalling \$200,000 over the five years.

So the Boles kiddies will always have bootees, and John will always have a pipeful of tobacco in the long Winter(?) evenings in California.

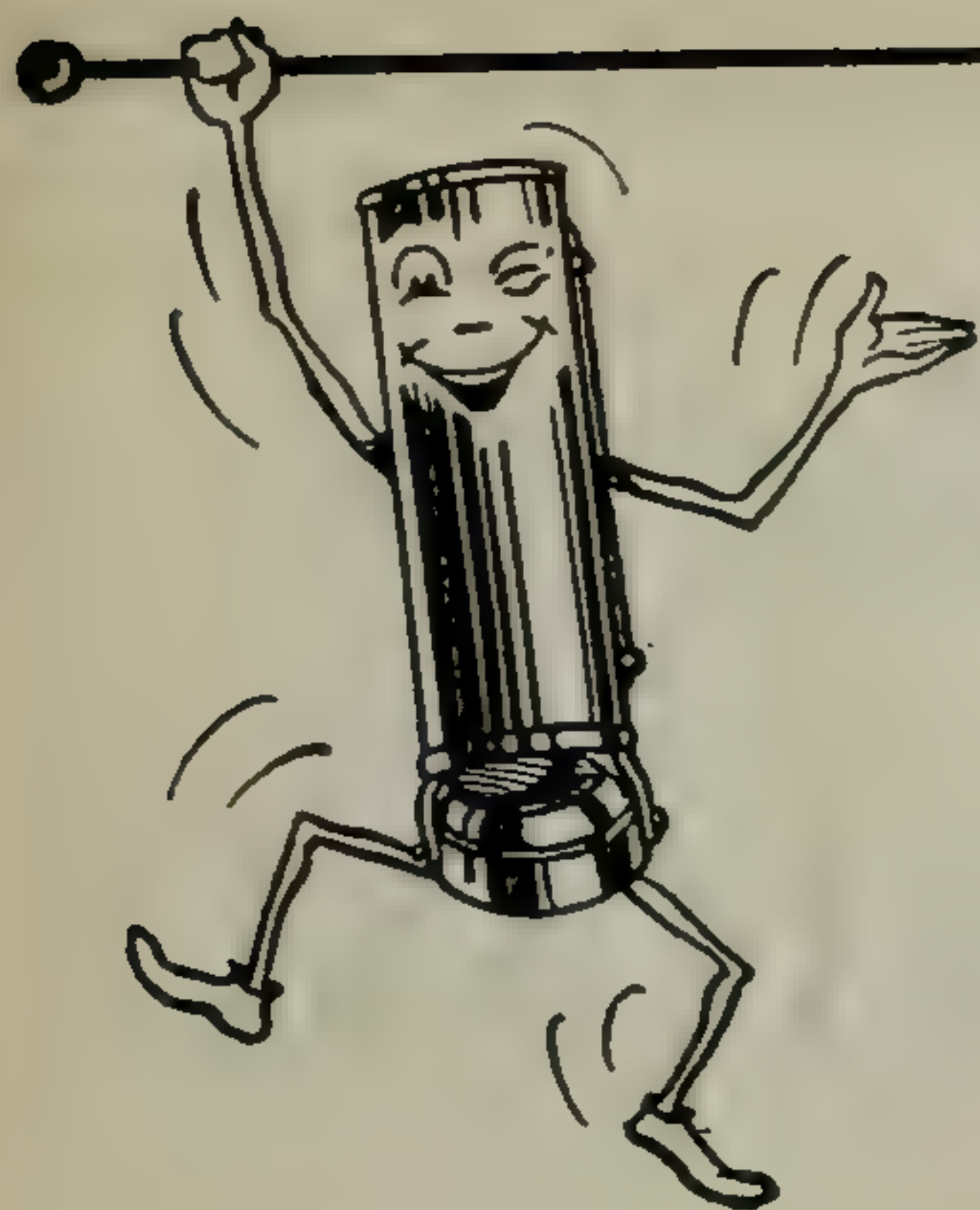
THESE producers don't know anything about young love and romance, except the kind they put on the screen. They're just a bunch of old meanies and if you don't believe it ask Gwen Lee and Jack Oakie.

Gwen had a birthday recently, and a birthday means a birthday party. But the party was had without Jack Oakie, Gwen's boy friend. Jack was working that night and the powers that be wouldn't let him off even for an hour.



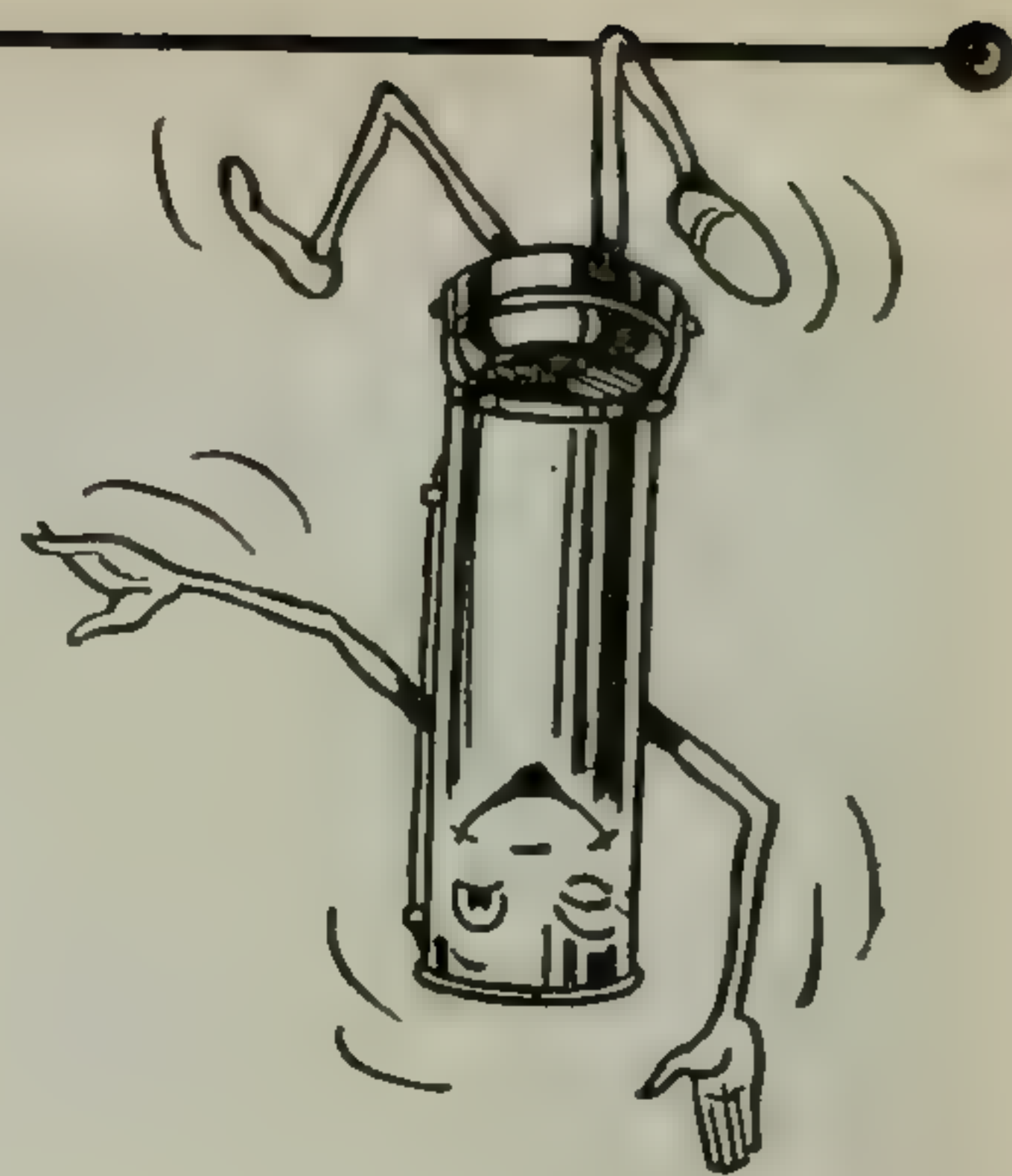
Abbe, Paris

M. ABBE snapped these delightful lassies in Paris—the famous Sisters G, who will sing and prance in the Paul Whiteman talkie, “The King of Jazz Revue.” But Universal advertises only TWO Sisters G! *Mon Dieu!* We are puzzled! Did one fall overboard, or elope with a Big *Beurre et Oeuf Homme?*



Strange Talkie Tricks

By Marquis Busby



We expose the mysteries of the squawkie stages, where the sound of a falling body may be only a dropped pumpkin!

BRING the elements up to stage twelve in the morning," says the director of the picture to the presiding genius of the sound department.

Does the technician go out and gather a few elusive little thunders, round up a Kansas cyclone, and a tropical rain?

He does not.

The technician, being nothing if not a resourceful gentleman, moves a few barrels and sirens and kettledrums up to stage twelve. If you aren't convinced by the movie storm, try and get your money back at the box-office. But ten to one you'll be so convinced you'll wonder if you shut the windows in the spare bedroom before you started for the local emporium of cinematic drammer.

Although the studios are coy to the extent of not revealing any of their deep-dyed secrets of producing sound, all is not thunder that rumbles, by any means. For every real sound, in almost every case, there is an imitation that sounds just as good to your old tympanum.

Whenever the real thing is practical the studios make every effort to use it. When it isn't practical—but then, that is what this story is about.

One of the saddest stories we ever heard could be told on George Hill at the time he was directing "The Flying Fleet." He wanted a thunder storm.

By one of those happenstances, described in the Los Angeles newspapers as "un-usual weather," a thunder storm wandered down from the mountain tops. Hollywood was treated to some swell noise. George Hill, accompanied by a sound truck, rushed out into the elements.

THE sound truck worked away, and Hill was as happy as Eric von Stroheim with four million dollars to spend. The whole party adjourned to a stage to listen to the play-backs. The sound track was as silent as Cal Coolidge on the tariff question. Real thunder was of such low frequency that it didn't mean a thing in this day of soundies.

What Mr. Hill re-

sorted to was the good old stage thunder—a resounding whack on a hunk of tin for the reverberation, backed up by the roll of a kettledrum.

The wind part of the storm was pathetically simple. You can manufacture enough wind to last all Winter with your own kit of tools. A canvas cylinder revolved over wooden slats makes an elegant sighing of wind through trees. For a trifle stronger elemental whoopee, baby sirens make the proper shrieking.

Real wind is as elusive to record as genuine thunder, bottled in bond.

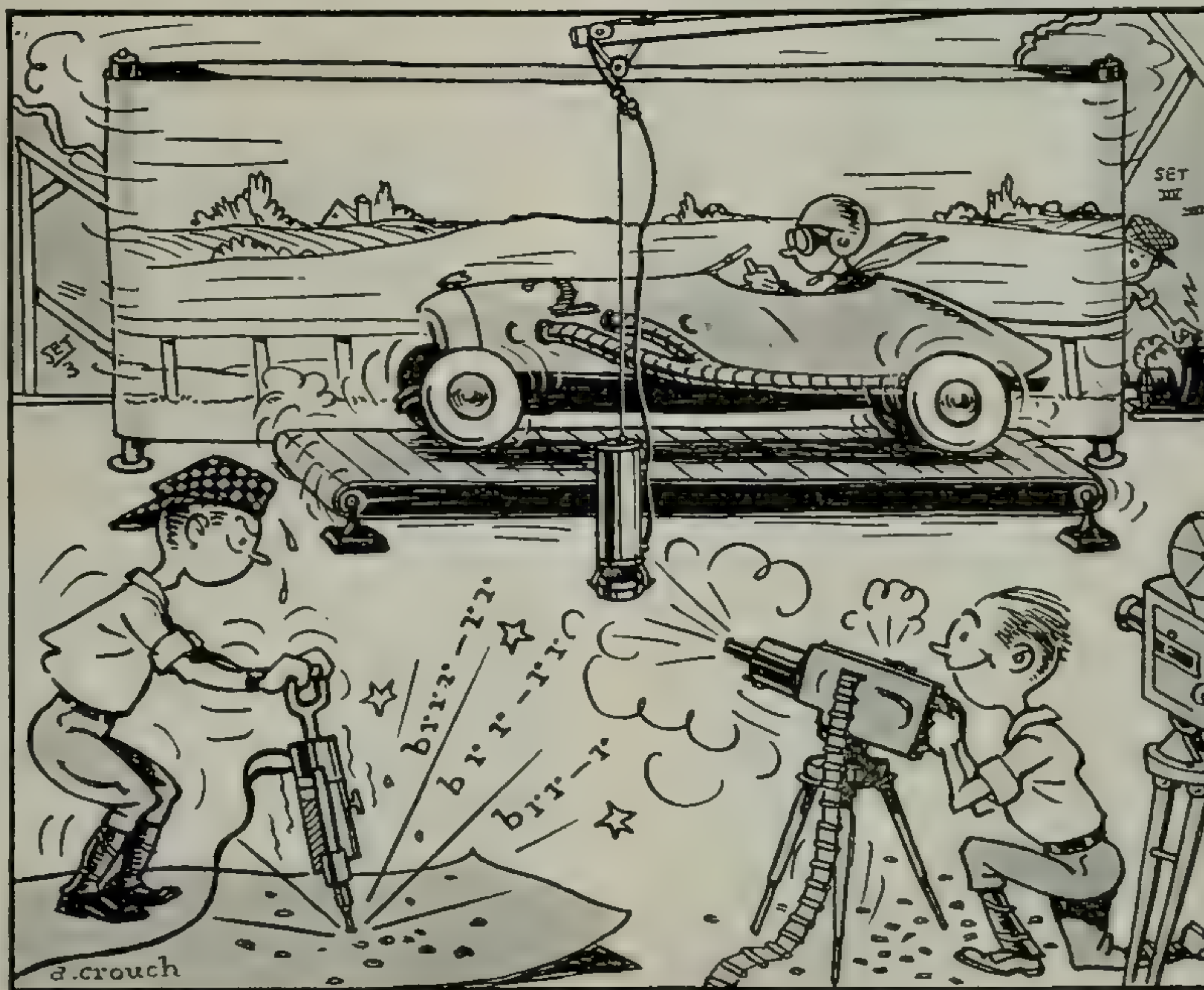
FOR some reason or other, real water does not produce the most satisfactory sound, although it is used whenever possible. When it isn't actually necessary to show rainfall, the studios have recourse to something that sounds better. It is a canvas barrel with shot in it. When it is revolved, if you don't go to the nearest cafeteria to get an umbrella, we're the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

In "Wonder of Women" there was a scene of Peggy Wood looking through a window streaked with rain. Drops pattered against the window sill. That is, drops were supposed to patter against the window sill. What it actually sounded like was an army of blacksmiths. Here was an opportunity to use the "Anvil Chorus" as a theme song, but the studio decided to do something else. Blotting paper on the window sill produced

the correct splashy sound.

It's rather miraculous, the ease with which water effects can be produced. Dried peas in a tub, when wiggled the proper way, become the sound of a sylvan waterfall. Incidentally, during the making of a recent navy picture, someone happened to jar the tub of peas.

"Why, that sounds
[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 94]



The death-defying racer hurtles his 10,000 horsepower car down the track for talkie purposes — while Mike and Ike fire machine guns and do a little riveting all for art's sake

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ THE SKY HAWK—Fox

IF you don't leave the theater after seeing this one with a firm resolve to be gallant, brave and courageous and talk with an English accent, then you're a hard-boiled old cynic.

For here is as fine a bit of the war as has ever been filmed and as charming a glimpse into young love in Britain as you'll find outside Galsworthy.

A boy from the English stage, John Garrick, plays the aviator who is accused of cowardice and goes out to knock off a Zeppelin that's raiding London. These raids are thrilling, and expertly handled by director Blystone. The action takes place in London and centers around the aviator and his sweetheart, played by Helen Chandler. Garrick and Miss Chandler are full of charm, with Garrick taking the honors. See this, by all means. *All Talkie.*



★ LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH in tights should be good news for the fans! As if that weren't enough, the Orchid Lady turns out a neat tap dance on top of the grand pianny.

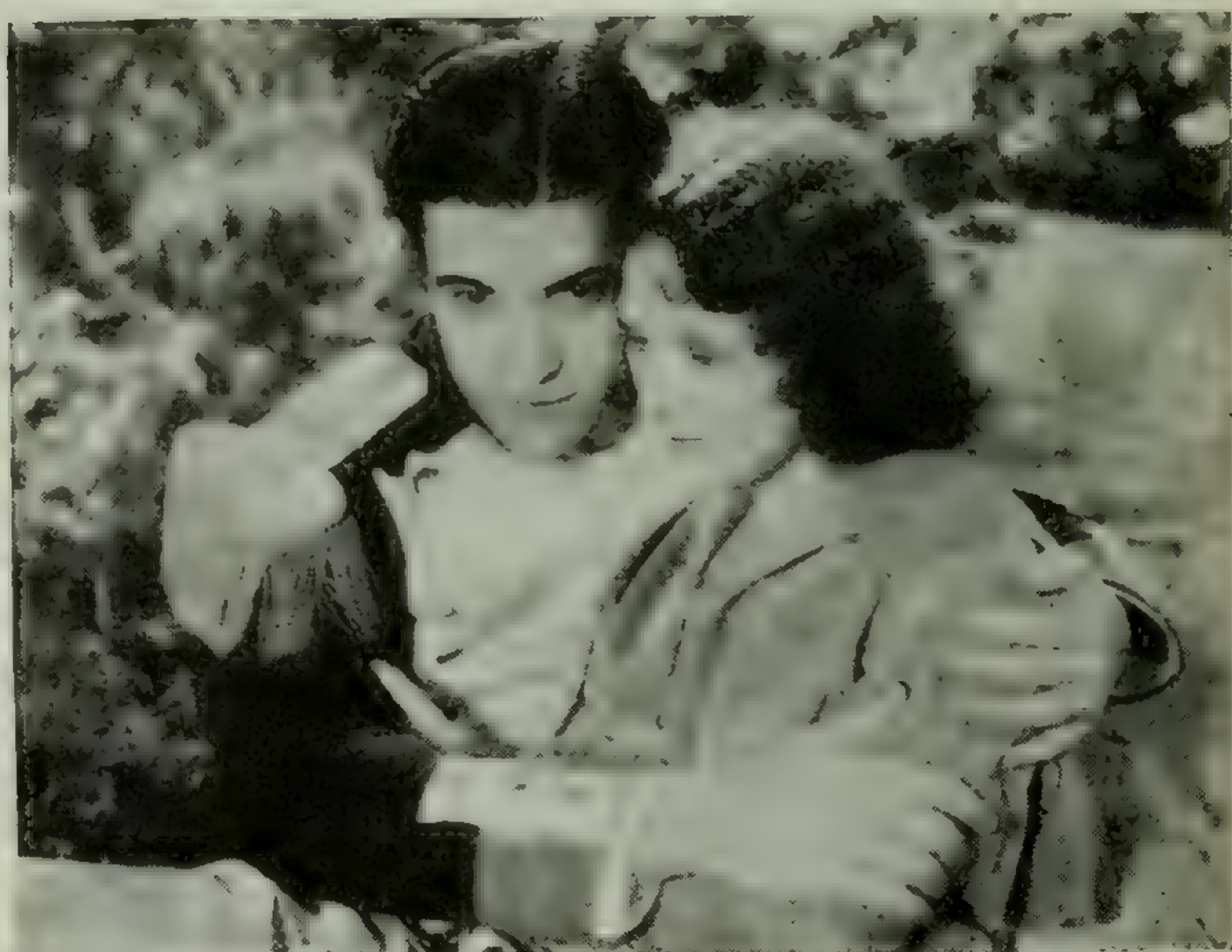
"Lilies of the Field" deals in sophisticated manner with the girls who toil not—but, gosh, how they sin. It is the sprightliest Corinne Griffith film since "Classified." The major portion is comedy, but there is a note of pathos. A society woman is framed into a scandal, and is separated from her baby. She turns to revues for a living, and drifts into the easiest way.

Corinne's voice shows amazing improvement. And you should see those smart frocks! Ralph Forbes and John Loder are the leading men. There is a good *Ballet Mechanique*, accompanied by fine modern music. *All Talkie.*

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ DEVIL MAY CARE—M-G-M

NOW comes another of the old guard to score a sensational success in the audibles. Ramon Novarro, in "Devil May Care," gives one of the finest performances of his career.

The picture itself is bang-up entertainment. The locale is France at the time of Napoleon's banishment to Elba, and Novarro appears as a loyal young Bonapartist officer who falls in love with a royalistic lady.

It is a swashbuckling affair with the star climbing walls, escaping from a firing squad, and kidnapping the heroine. Doug himself would have to get up early to do a better job.

A notable feature is the fact that dialogue does not slow up the action. "Devil May Care" is a *moving picture* first, and an all-talking picture second. It is romance punctured with subtle comedy.

From a pictorial standpoint the film is lavish. There is France of the chateau country, and a garden fête in honor of Napoleon at Grenoble, done in Technicolor.

Little Dorothy Jordan, as *Leonie*, the royalist, will be hailed as one of the discoveries of the year. She has vivid beauty and a sparkling personality. The singing end of the production is more than excellently taken care of by Novarro and Marion Harris, revue star. Miss Harris gives a beautiful performance as the countess who gives shelter to the Bonapartist.

Outstanding songs are "Charming," sung by Novarro, and "If He Cared," sung by Miss Harris. *All Talkie.*

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

DEVIL MAY CARE SHOW OF SHOWS
THE SKY HAWK LILIES OF THE FIELD
SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE
SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE HIT THE DECK

The Best Performances of the Month

Ramon Novarro in "Devil May Care"
Dorothy Jordan in "Devil May Care"
John Barrymore in "Show of Shows"
Jack Oakie in "Hit the Deck"
Gary Cooper in "Seven Days' Leave"
Beryl Mercer in "Seven Days' Leave"
Richard Dix in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"
John Garrick in "The Sky Hawk"
Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field"
William Powell in "Pointed Heels"
Ernest Torrence in "Officer O'Brien"
Arthur Lake in "Dance Hall"
Bessie Love in "The Girl in the Show"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



★ SHOW OF SHOWS—Warners

THIS is the Warners' answer to every revue fan's prayer—the very last glittering word in girl and music entertainment.

No less than seventy-seven count-'em stars and near-stars lead the revels in this great display of talent and flash. If some appear only for a split second, and do little more than bow and smirk, you must remember that even the biggest and best pictures have to come to an end by break-fast-time.

Everybody will talk about John Barrymore and his impressive reading of a Shakespearean soliloquy. Frank Fay will make a million friends through his droll work as master of ceremonies. Frenchy Irene Bordoni warbles a warm ballad with much Technicolor eye-rolling. Winnie Lightner and Bull Montana sing a duet that is one of the picture's most terrific riots. Other yeoman service is done by Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Louise Fazenda, Nick Lucas, Myrna Loy and dozens more—including an enormous and perfectly trained chorus. In fact, if the picture has one especially grand thing, it is the succession of novel and beautiful stage pictures and routines devised by Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell.

None of the songs is outstanding. The Technicolor work is extraordinarily beautiful. But best of all, "Show of Shows" is packed with storms of laughter from start to finish. That alone should send you scurrying in to see the richest and fastest screen revue yet produced. *All Talkie.*



★ SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—Paramount

THERE is no boy and girl romance in "Seven Days' Leave," no vamps and no clinches. There is a singularly beautiful romance in the true meaning of the word—a love story that touches the heart.

A lonely little charwoman, whom the frowsy women ostracize because she has no son at war, invents one through blind patriotism and a desire to "belong." The boy unexpectedly materializes. The original play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has not been butchered into a routine flicker, and no one tries to sell a theme song. Barrie's human characters are retained. Beryl Mercer, great character actress, is superb in the rôle she created in the theater. Gary Cooper's characterization of the boy is a signal achievement for him in a new field. *All Talkie.*



★ SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Radio Pictures

THERE was a jinx on the making of this picture. Laboratories burned, actors had laryngitis and talkie apparatus failed. But the jinx is removed! It's turned out to be a swell evening's entertainment. You experience all the laughs and thrills you had when you read the novel and saw the play and the old silent version. It's great picture material.

Richard Dix, another silent actor to come back in talkies in a big way, plays the author of popular mystery fiction who, to win a bet, spends twenty-four hours in a deserted summer hotel in the dead of winter.

The picture makes no pretensions. It doesn't try to be arty or high-brow. It simply flows along smoothly, pleasantly and entertainingly. And Dick's a hit! *All Talkie.*

Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**HIT THE
DECK—Radio
Pictures**



All Talkie



SOME very routine performances keep this from being one of the outstanding screen musical comedies of all time. Only Jack Oakie, as the sailor lover, stands out. He's a panic. Polly Walker, the leading woman, and the rest, are conventional. But it's a magnificent production, with some grand Technicolor work and brilliant dancing. And "Hallelujah," punch song, is the best yet.



**HOT FOR
PARIS—Fox**

All Talkie

RAOUL WALSH'S directorial genius for red-blooded incident is trotted out again in "Hot for Paris." A sailor falls in love with a "Fr-ranch" mam'selle, and wins a million in a lottery. It lacks the pretensions of "The Cock Eyed World," but it is good, rough fun. Victor McLaglen and El Brendel are amusing team-mates. As for Fifi Dorsay, she's simply elegant, that's all.

**THE
FORWARD
PASS—
First National**

All Talkie



DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr., looks like a real college football hero, and that's a lot to say for the film boys. This is a bright, entertaining picture, unusually well acted by young Doug, Loretta Young, Guinn Williams and "Peanuts" Byron—the last-named little girl sneaking a song or two across the goal line. You will find this a nice, peppy film, notable for its youthful charm.



**POINTED
HEELS—
Paramount**

All Talkie

YOU can't keep a good plot down. "Pointed Heels" is another story of theatrical people, and it offers a show within a show. An elaborate production with Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, "Skeets" Gallagher and Eugene Pallette. There's a swell Technicolor ballet, and an elegant performance from Powell. "Sinfonette," the theme melody, is fine.

**OFFICER
O'BRIEN—
Pathe**

All Talkie



IF William Boyd wants to get a speed ticket fixed he's a cinch after this glorification of the American cop. Although you might hesitate to believe that a lieutenant would go single-handed to arrest the most notorious gangster in town, you'll still find this entertaining and exciting. Ernest Torrence turns in a grand performance as the jail-bird father of the young policeman. A mildly pleasant evening.



**THE GIRL
IN THE
SHOW—
M-G-M**

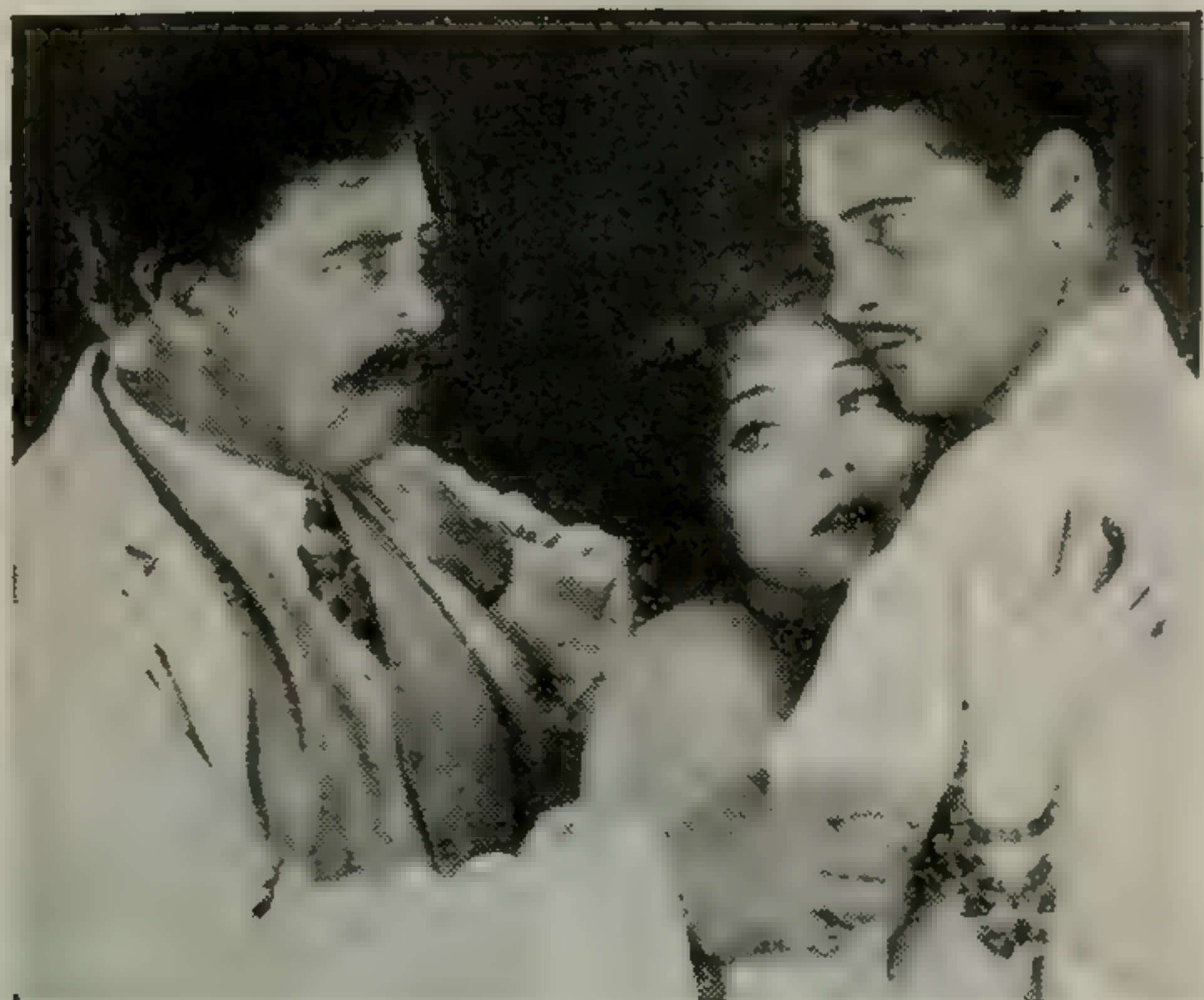
All Talkie

IMAGINE a back-stage story without a theme song or enormous stage shots in Technicolor! This is simply a charming, amusing little story, based on the stage play "Eva the Fifth," which concerns a broken down "Tom show." If ever you see Bessie Love when she isn't chewing her nails from the wings of a theater you can go to the manager and demand your money back.

First and Best Screen Reviews Here

DANGEROUS PARADISE— Paramount

All Talkie



CAMEO KIRBY— Fox

All Talkie



THIS starts out in a perfectly grand manner, all about strenuous life in the South Sea Islands. There are suave gamblers, murderous wrestlers, Dick Arlen, looking handsome in a yachting costume, and Nancy Carroll being fascinatingly pursued. Then something happens to the story, which Joseph Conrad would never recognize as his "Victory," and the climax leaves you sitting there wondering what it's all about.

HERE we are again, the South of crinolines and gallantry, and a famous old veteran of a story. "Cameo Kirby," romance of a river gambler, was one of John Gilbert's earliest successes. It has been re-tailored for J. Harold Murray, with theme songs thrown in. Even Stepin Fetchit sings. Too bad, too. Despite graceful charm, it isn't exciting, but Murray's voice is swell.

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE— M-G-M

All Talkie



DANCE HALL —Radio Pictures

All Talkie



IT'S a pretty serious thing, sez we, when even Mother Goose gets dragged into a murder mystery. Nothing's sacred, that's all. "The Bishop Murder Case" is another one of those "guess who did it?" affairs. Since it comes from another studio, Basil Rathbone is *Philo Vance*, the "detectif," instead of William Powell. It is well produced and well acted. You'll get some shivers.

THIS kid Arthur Lake is all of young America rolled into one long bundle. He's perfect as the youngster who goes without lunch to spend his evenings at the local dance hall, where the chief attraction is one of the hostesses, played by Olive Borden, in a blonde wig. And how Arthur falls for her! She and Arthur do some fancy stepping. It's an amusing little picture.

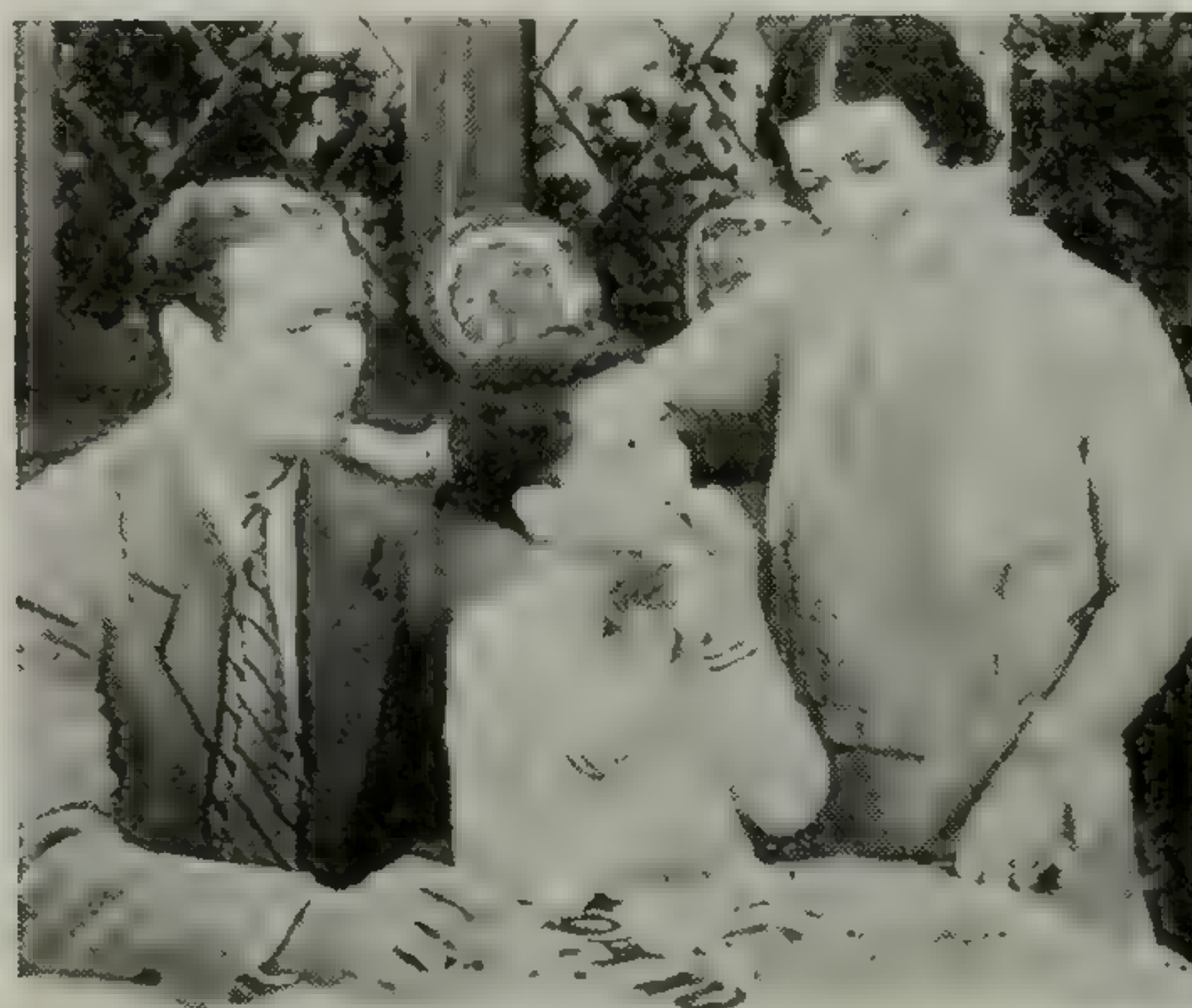
THEIR OWN DESIRE— M-G-M

All Talkie



THE SONG OF LOVE— Columbia

All Talkie



WITH just a little restraint, this effort at an emotional epic might have been more than a vain attempt. Due to poor direction, the principals emote until both themselves and the audience are exhausted. As a climax, there is a stupendous studio storm and a tailored-to-box-office ending. Norma Shearer is badly miscast. A little hard to take after "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

BELLE BAKER makes the most successful début in talkies of any vaudevillian to date. The comedienne triumphs over the moth-eaten plot of the singer and the drunken husband who are brought together again by the little cheeld. And that's a feat! Ralph Graves keeps up his good work, and little David Durand is only occasionally too cute. Belle sings not-so-hot songs.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Mixed Doubles - *With*



HARRY GREEN

YOU have to hand it to these Egyptian boys. Harry Green went to London to fill a five weeks' engagement. He remained five years and, at the end of that time, had enough money to buy the Lyric Theater. How did he do it? Dunt esk!

When he came to Hollywood he began in small parts (although he had already achieved success on the stage) and worked himself into the stellar rôle of "Kibitzer," a three-year contract which nets him some \$318,000, a big, green limousine and all the best film parties.

Maybe it's luck and maybe it's that old Horatio Alger quality. Green's career sounds like Advice to a Young Man Trying to Get Along in the World.

He attended New York University in the morning and appeared in cheap vaudeville, sometimes playing as many as eleven shows a day, during the afternoons and evenings. He received his diploma as a lawyer and was admitted to the bar, but when he sat in his nice, clean office those old stage gags kept ringing in his ears, so he left the witness in the box and began a vaudeville career in earnest.

His path led to England, Australia and Africa. He came to Hollywood and raised the ante of success. "Kibitzer" is one of the funniest pictures of the year and Green one of the best comedians.

LIKE the proverbial *Pagliacci* he isn't what he seems—a clown before the camera, but a serious, level-headed business man away from it. He knows how to get laughs, and how to bank the checks they bring in on Saturday nights.

His most brilliant social accomplishment is the doing of card tricks which, by rights, should exclude him from the best drawing rooms. However, his pal is George Bancroft, and somehow you can tell by the look on George's face that he'll be confounded when the ace of spades finds its way into his left nostril.

So Mr. Harry Green—his spectacles, his accent and his loving and beloved mamma—seems to have settled down in Hollywood for a bigger and better career. It looks very much as though those old tramping days were over—the days when he played his famous sketch, "The Cherry Tree," up and down the land, wherever there was a theater.

Gone are the days of "The Music Master" in London and vaudeville in Cape Town. Mr. Harry Green, and accent, have settled to the serious business of being a Hollywood hit.

Step Up and Meet Four Hollywood Hits



DOROTHY JORDAN

YOU all will suhtenly jest love little Dorothy Jordan, the cute-as-paint leading lady in Ramon Novarro's picture, "Devil May Care." Her Southern accent is considerably better than this example. In fact it is a Tennessee accent, but instead of being all "drawly" it is close-clipped, but she can drop an "r" with the best of them.

Out at M-G-M, where she's going to get an awful lot of fan mail when the news gets around, they think Dorothy Jordan is the find of the year, and maybe she is. At least Ramon thought so much of her that she will be his leading lady again in his next picture. Down in Clarksville, Tennessee, where papa Jordan is a merchant, Dorothy took an early interest in the stage, although Fritz Leiber in Shakespearean repertoire was about all she ever saw. She won her parents' consent to study in Sargent's School of Dramatic Art in New York.

While she expected to be a Jane Cowl, at least, she was not above taking the first job that happened along. She became a chorus girl at the Capitol Theater. From there she went to the "Garrick Gaieties" and became very indignant when a stage manager *shushed* her for talking back stage. Featured billing came in "Funny Face," and "The Treasure Girl."

HER advent in motion pictures was made in an inconspicuous and not-too-good thriller, "Black Magic." Her second rôle in Hollywood was *Bianca* in the Pickford-Fairbanks production of "The Taming of the Shrew." Dorothy thinks she should have been billed as "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor."

Dorothy is very fond of music, and knows a great deal about negro spirituals of her native South. She has brown hair, and blue eyes, and is about five feet in height—just as high as a fellow's heart. But this can't go on.

So much for M-G-M's offering as "The Discovery of 1929." Certainly the Novarro lead will put Dotty from Dixie well up in the affections of the fans. She's adohable!

A Dash of Mexican

By
Cal York



FRANK FAY



ARMIDA

A VERY short time ago, as the fly crows, a tiny Mexican ball of fire was singing and dancing, torridly for one of her tender years, in a Los Angeles restaurant.

Her body was slim and willowy, her eyes were black and snapping, and it wasn't long before Armida (for that was her name) was applauded, noticed and signed to contracts.

Her theatrical destiny came under the control of Gus Edwards, the star-maker—discoverer and developer of Georgie Jessel, Lila Lee, Georgie Price, Lola and Leota Lane and dozens of other beautiful or talented (or both) youngsters. After a whirl in vaudeville, little Armida came into pictures in her manager's train, and appeared in one of his Technicolor musical comedies for M-G-M.

You probably saw her in "Mexicana," a nice little Mexican musical comedy filled with all manner of song and dance in the tamale manner. Armida, as young and pretty a girl-child as ever crossed the Rio Grande, did a nice number or two in the picture, and people noticed "that sparkling little Mexican girl"—before they knew her name.

THEN, it wasn't long. Managers saw her and were conquered by her youth and verve. Suddenly we heard, with cocked ears, that the little Armida was to appear in "General Crack" with the redoubtable John "Profile" Barrymore.

She also flashed into "The Show of Shows" for a few moments of footage in that colossal revue wherein even great stars only rated a few smiles and a bow or two.

A swift shift of scene, and we are in the courtroom of Superior Judge Keetch. Appears one Señor Joaquin Vendrell, who deposes and says that he is the father of one Armida Vendrell, aged eighteen. She has been offered a five-year contract by Warner Brothers, and the señor prays the court to ratify and confirm the contract of one so young.

So there's the story of snappy little Armida—young, beautiful, full of the old Nick, and demanded by the makers of motion pictures. The prayer of Señor Vendrell was heard and favorably answered by the learned judge, and Armida, aged eighteen, is now safely enrolled in the great Warner army that marches daily to war down Wilshire Boulevard.

And over on the M-G-M lot, one Gus Edwards sits in his office and chortles a good chortle. For the old master's eye and showmanly sense are still keen.

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck, the stage and screen actress, first saw Frank Fay, her husband, upon arriving in Hollywood, she burst into tears.

"Frank," she sobbed, "you're ruined."

Fay had been compelled to dye his red hair a jet black for Technicolor purposes in Warner Brothers' "The Texas Moon." His rôle of *Don Carlos*, the heart-breaking adventurer in this story of old Mexico, certainly did not call for red hair.

Now the red is again showing through the black.

Talking pictures take Frank Fay back to his native Golden State. He was born in San Francisco, and he was born to the theater, growing up behind the footlights. His first professional appearance was in "Babes in Toyland," when he was seven years old. For twenty-five years he has been entertaining the show-going public. He was in several Winter Garden shows.

His greatest success, however, was in vaudeville, and as master of ceremonies in leading picture theaters. He is, consequently, well known to the fans of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Kansas City. His success as master of ceremonies was also demonstrated at the midnight shows at Warner Brothers' Theater in Hollywood.

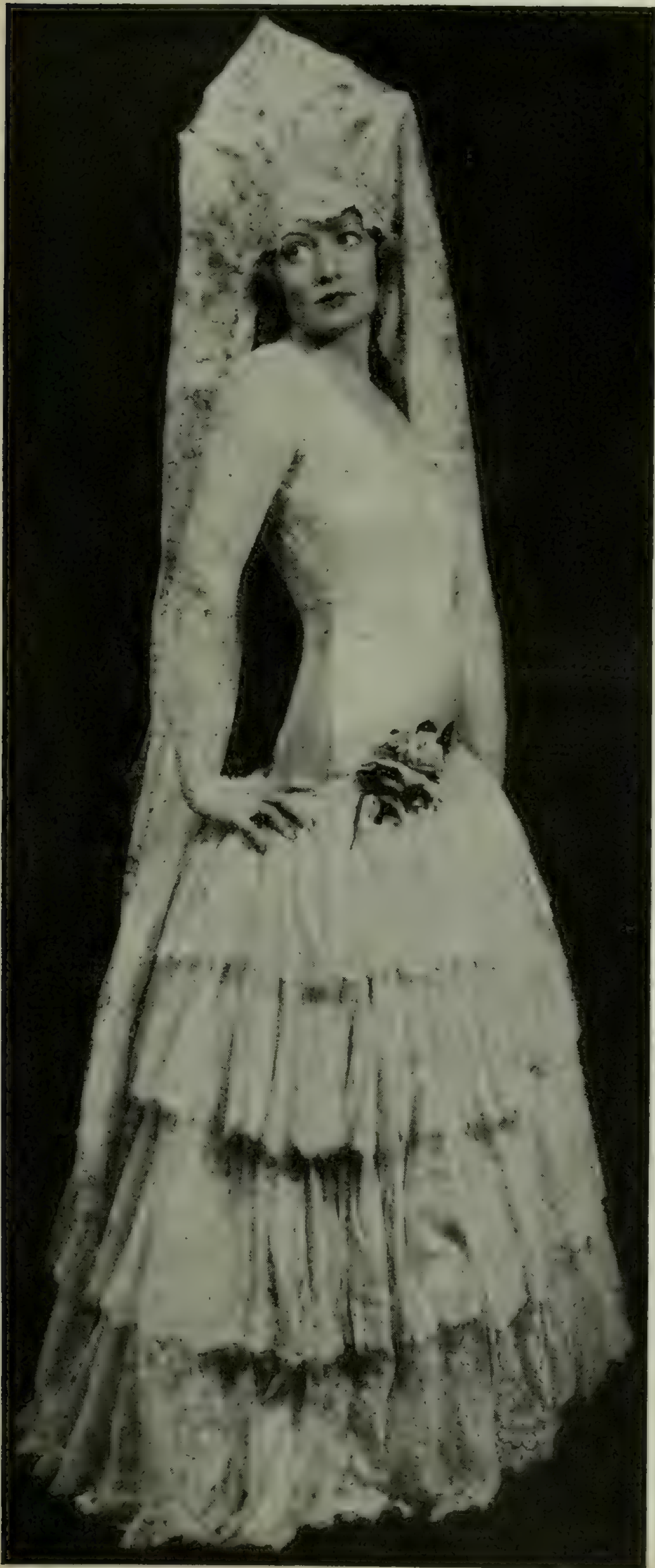
PERHAPS his greatest charm is his ready wit. He is an entertainer par excellence in the theater and at the dinner table.

Along Vaudeville Gulch, in New York, they call Frankie "Broadway's Favorite Son." That's his billing on board and program—that's what they say when he plays the Palace Theater five weeks in a row, changing his act every week with the astonishing fluency that is peculiarly a Fay possession. As an "ad libber," or extemporaneous jokesmith, he stands alone.

If Frankie finally conquers Hollywood, it will be his third great triumph. First was his successful siege of Broadway; second, the winning of lovely Barbara Stanwyck.

By the time you read this, his work as master of ceremonies of "The Show of Shows" will be famous everywhere.

Doris Springs A Surprise



DORIS KENYON has emerged overnight as an accomplished *disease*. Back of this seeming miracle, however, there is a story of great courage. Giving up her screen career to take her husband, Milton Sills, East where he recuperated from a nervous breakdown, Doris found herself worried to distraction. As an anodyne and with no thought of appearing publicly she worked to perfect herself as a singer and *disease*. Charles Wagner, hearing her, prevailed upon her to accept a concert engagement and she made her debut at the Avon Theater in New York recently.





THIS charming study shows Doris Kenyon in one of her most delightful characterizations. Her varied repertoire of "lyric silhouettes" ranges from a humorous study of an old cockney flower seller to a vivid portrayal of an idiot boy, and calls for songs in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Japanese and English. Our hat's off, Doris

Says
Clara
Bow
to
Clara
Bow



OUR busy camera catches the two separate and distinct Clara Bows that make the Brooklyn ball of fire such a complex and interesting gal. The Clara to the left is the carefree madcap of her frothier films—the Bow above is the somber, meditative girl who stops to wonder, now and then, whether the buggy ride called Life is worth all the wear and tear. Says the lower Bow to the upper Bow—“Wake up and live, kid! Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you’ll be fat, feeble and fifty!” Says the upper Bow—“Pipe down! Life isn’t so sweet and easy. You’ll have a headache in the morning!”



Apeda

THE loveliest of America's blondes continue to stream into Hollywood to storm the talking screen, and well toward the head of the big parade is this exquisite girl, Catherine Dale Owen. Well known on the stage, she has now appeared opposite Gilbert in "His Glorious Night" and as Lawrence Tibbett's leading woman in "The Rogue's Song." She has been so successful on the M-G-M lot that she is now busy at that studio in another ambitious phonoplay



EXPOSED—and liking it! Ronald Colman, suave man of mystery and lone wolf of the Hollywoods, has come out of his shell. Ronnie, whose silence regarding his own affairs has been many an interviewer's nightmare, has at last spoken up. Here he is, stripped of his reserve and his necktie. And note that, after breaking down and telling all, Ronnie can still smile

We rip the veil from the grand old legend that Ronnie Colman is a male Madame X, silent and aloof on a mountain top

Exposing RONALD!

By

Katherine Albert

THIS is a hot exposé and should all be done in headlines!

Ronald Colman has worked his racket long enough! It's time somebody put a stop to it. And it might as well be me. Which is the title of a theme song, and whoever writes the lyrics first can have it.

Who is this male *Madame X*—this Colman person who sits aloof on one of Hollywood's highest hills and allows not even the humblest and most inoffensive seeker to defile the sanctity of his bachelor domain? Who is this guy who thinks he can get away with seclusion in a town that hasn't a secret, not even from itself? Who is this demi-god who makes none of the conventional gestures?

"No, I'm sorry, but Mr. Colman never makes a personal appearance," says his press agent to a perspiring theater manager who isn't wired for sound and has to do something to get the customers in.

"No, I'm sorry, but Mr. Colman can't possibly give an interview, unless, of course, you want to come out and sit all day on the set and catch him between scenes," says his press agent to the most demure little blonde girl you ever saw who just must write a story for the old home town gazette.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Colman never goes to big parties. He doesn't discuss his private affairs. He never dines in popular restaurants where autograph collectors have to get their autograph books filled. He doesn't give press teas. He doesn't attend premiere performances."

No, Mr. Colman apparently doesn't do anything that all the other Hollywood stars do. And—here's the joker in the pack—nobody gets mad at him. You never hear stories about his being high-hat or temperamental or any other of the heinous things that stars become and shouldn't.

WELL, it's gone on long enough! Everybody exposes everything, so Colman might just as well be exposed once and for all.

It started as a gag. Years ago a little press agent asked Colman to make a personal appearance and Colman said he'd rather stay at home and discuss the Einstein theory with Bill Powell. And because the press agent didn't know what the Einstein theory was and because he had to write some sort of a story and give some sort of an excuse for a client who might grow temperamental, he began the silent and aloof racket.

Colman isn't silent and aloof at all. He's an excellent fellow, if anybody should ask you, and has, I'll wager, as many real friends as anybody in the industry. He likes good, lusty talk—that goes on indefinitely until three or four o'clock in the morning, and nobody enjoys a good, rousing party more than he. But, like most excellent fellows, he has no taste for being

stared at and for answering personal questions. The whole point is he never started being a typical Hollywood star. If he had made all the proper gestures and then suddenly left off making them—ah, what fodder that would be for newspaper typewriters. But he came to us, a full blown *Madame X*, a silent and aloof fellow before he was famous—all because of one press agent story.

"**L**OOK here," said Colman, "I'm not hard to manage. I'm really quite docile and I like going to a good party as well as you do. I just don't like to be bored—that's all."

"Of course you don't," I said, "but isn't everybody bored most of the time and doesn't everybody have to be?"

"I don't have to be," said Colman. "I really didn't mean to get silent and aloof. It was sort of forced upon me, but now that it is here—well, isn't it a perfectly excellent idea?"

I said it was. You see, I have a deep fellow feeling for Ronnie. I'm a racketeer along those lines myself. I've a reputation in my own family for being peculiar. One of my peculiarities is that I won't attend family dinners nor go on family picnics. Does this make my great Aunt Susan cut me out of her will with a shilling? It does not! It only makes her murmur, "Well, she always was peculiar, poor thing. Her third cousin on her father's side was peculiar, too."

So there you are. Colman is never considered rude when he refuses an interview. Nobody ever says, "Hey, where does he get off?" And once inside his dressing room to interview him, nobody asks any embarrassing questions nor tries to probe into the inner recesses of his love-life. Not by a bushel of broad "a's."

"Ronnie's just that way," everybody says. And because of being just that way, Ronnie gets away with murder.

"**I**T'S no concerted action on my part," I said Colman (he has such a swell English accent that you decide to go out and lead a better life, grammatically, at once). "I never tried to 'get away with anything.' Perhaps if I had come to Hollywood and said, 'Ah-ha, I shall save myself trouble if I get a reputation for being off-ish,' I would never have had such a reputation."

"It was all quite sincere. It was all just a case of ignorance on my part. I didn't know that a star had to make certain gestures, so I didn't make them. I didn't know that I was supposed to go to dull places and meet dull people just because I happened to be making a living by wearing grease paint and loving beautiful women on the screen."

"But ignorance," I said, in my most judicial voice, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The popular and erroneous conception of the mysterious Mr. C.—silent, grave and aloof fellow, and woman-hater



Longworth

JUST when we thought all the possible poses had been exhausted along comes Mlle. Janina Smolinska and goes into reverse. She comes to pictures fresh from a beauty contest in which she carried on for old Poland, and will do a specialty dance in First National's operetta, "Song of the Flame"



"Wild Mark" Busby spends a dizzy evening in a secluded nook with Anita Page. Of course, Pop Pomares drops in to smoke a pipe, and Mom to read a book. Otherwise, they are alone

Dating Anita

"Don Juan" Busby makes one with the Page girl—and keeps it with the whole family

By

Marquis Busby

AS Uncle Carl Laemmle tells 'em out Universal Studio way—"It can be done." Nothing is impossible in Hollywood unless it's duplicating the shade of Clara Bow's burnt-orange hair. Perhaps even that can be done.

At any rate it is possible to spend an entire evening with a movie star—and not spend anything but the evening. A Scotchman's dream of heaven! To those people who say that it takes a roll and a Rolls to get a date in Hollywood, I sez, sez I in my best Chesterfieldian manner—yah-yah-yah!

In this little house to house campaign—do you need any fresh dates this evening?—to discover just how much it costs to step these aha-me-proud-beauties of the silver screen, the conclusion is so far—not very much. Sally Eilers was kept in a good humor for the not too princely sum of \$6.10. June Collyer came a little higher, around \$25.

Even that was reasonable, for there were premiering and eating and such things to be done. Anita Page, date number three,

I blush to admit this, didn't cost a durned cent. No, not even a Chinese yen, which is lower than a stock market report.

Hollywood is thoroughly familiar with the fact that whither Anita goes, her father or mother goes, too. The original Ruth and Naomi. In one of the least conventional cities in the world, Anita is chaperoned like a Spanish senorita.

Little gals like Polly Moran go about alone, unprotected from the blandishments of unscrupulous traveling salesmen. Not Anita. Even when a royal prince dropped in to call on Doug and Mary and wanted a date with the flowering Page, papa went along. If a prince can't be trusted, you couldn't take a chance on a reporter. According to those newspaper plays, reporters go around with a gin breath, a flask in one pocket and the *American Mercury* in the other.

So my date was an evening with all the Pages, Anita, father and mother, and the littlest Page, Moreno, aged six. All except Anita use the family name of Pomares. Henceforward Mr. Pomares will be called Papa Pomares.

It's so euphonious, and no story about Anita is complete without papa.

It was Anita's suggestion that we all spend a quiet evening at home. Her idea of a complete "bender" is to go to a neighborhood picture house and see somebody else act, or to drive to the beach and ride on all the thriller contraptions.

Anita lives in a new part of town. It takes a compass and a good sense of direction to find the place. The "rancho" Anita is a comfortable, modest affair in a two-dwelling building.

Mrs. Pomares greeted me in the living room, and introduced me to Papa Pomares.

"I don't know what we can do to entertain you," said Pop. "We can play the radio, or we've got a ping-pong set and a pool table."

Now, I'm not a bit hard to entertain. I'm like Aileen Pringle. Even the simple things in life can keep me happy—yes, even dominoes.

ANITA came in then. She had been at the studio all day. She wore what a masculine mind would call a very pleasing, simple white dress, and let it go at that.

We remembered the first time we had met, Betty Bronson's party at the Mayfair, two years before. I've never forgotten that party. It was New Year's Eve. At the table were Betty, Mary Brian, Anita, two girls from an exclusive finishing school, and a set of college boys, including Betty's two brothers from Princeton. Everyone seemed so proper that I was afraid to take a drink and greet the New Year with open arms.

Dinner at Anita's was served a little after seven. Mrs. Pomares served the plates with an unstinting hand. Baked ham, lima beans, potatoes. Let's see, there was a soup to begin with, a pear salad, and a thick chocolate pudding for dessert.

Hmm! Anita is slender now, but she'd better be careful.

The big excitement of the whole evening, in which most of the neighborhood shared, was the arrival of Billy Grimes, an M-G-M camera man. A good hour and a half was spent in making flashlight pictures. Have you ever heard a flashlight gun explode in a small room? It sounds like Gettysburg, the Marne and Waterloo, with a few Japanese fire-crackers thrown in for good measure.

Anita's next door neighbor is the minister of a nearby church, which seems very appropriate for the quiet Pomares family. His reverence rushed out of the house at the first explosion.

"Is everything all right?" he asked anxiously.

"We might say that we're entertaining cousins from Chicago," Anita suggested.

There were flashlights taken in front of the fireplace, at the piano, at the door, at the card table, and in the patio. Production was at a standstill for a few moments while Billy Grimes hunted out an M-G-M theme song to plant on the piano. He should have a raise.

"I've got an idea for a picture," said Anita thoughtfully.

"You haven't an idea," shouted Mrs. Pomares. "Listen, everybody, Anita has an idea."

"Beginner's luck," commented Anita.

Her idea was to pose playing a ukulele, while I looked pained with the concert. That is, I was supposed to look pained. When the picture was developed I looked as if I had been eating sour apples.

Into this madhouse of excitement, flashlight pictures, and acrid smoke, Anita's vocal teacher arrived to give her a half-hour lesson. She has her lesson every evening, hot or cold, rain or shine.

I don't know, but I didn't feel he was too pleased about giving a lesson in a room that smelled as if an oil derrick were burning in the next yard.

WHILE Anita was vocalizing in the living room, Papa Pomares, Mrs. Pomares and I played cut-throat bridge in the breakfast room. Papa is a marvelous player. He could beat Work or Whitehead with one arm tied behind him. He was a trifle annoyed when Mrs. Pomares put a trump card on his perfectly good ace.

"Don't look so cross," cringed Mrs. Pomares, with mock fear.

Papa explained that the breakfast room was also his office. Here he looks after Anita's business, and attends to affairs of his own.

When the family lived in Flushing, New York, he was an electrical engineer.

"We don't have much [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Mary Nolan Whips *the* Gossip Jinx

A FROWNING jinx with a tongue for gossip has crossed Mary Nolan's path. You take off your coat and turn it wrong side out when a black cat gets in your way. But there's nothing to do about a gossiping jinx except, perhaps, to do what Mary Nolan did.

Her pitiful, groping life (she was christened *Imogene Wilson*) began when she was given a soap box to stand on because she was too little to reach the large basin where, twice a week, she washed five hundred stockings for the little girls in St. Joseph's convent, in Missouri.

Mary was one of ten orphans who had been with the nuns since she was three years old.

Until she was fourteen she taught sewing and darned stockings to pay her way through school.

It is no wonder, then, that New York, where she came as a dancer, was attractive and glamorous to her. It is no wonder that the name of Imogene Wilson was bandied about Broadway. Her rare, exciting beauty led her to the studios of famous artists, where she posed as a model.

Later she appeared in musical comedies.

But her life was full to the brim with sordid tragedy, so she fled to Europe and from Frank Tinney, and as *Imogene Robertson*, signed a contract with a Ger-



The beautiful Mary Nolan, who has beaten the jinx of the days when she was Imogene Wilson

man film company, where she was starred in fourteen productions.

IT was in Germany that she met Nils Asther, and when both were signed by United Artists they came to this country together.

Once more the newspapers whispered in bold type and the casual meeting on the boat became a theme for international gossip.

She was released from United Artists and signed with Universal, where her jinx still pursued her in the form of accidents and illness that postponed many pictures.

She has, at last, made her stellar debut in "The Shanghai Lady," and has begun work on "Ropes."

Hats should be doffed to the blonde and slightly wistful Mary, once Imogene.

What she has so far accomplished in pictures has not only taken a lot of talent, but tremendous courage. For when a Broadway butterfly gets as severely singed as Mary did, she is usually written off the books and forgotten quickly.

Mary, however, refused to stay singed. Once overseas, she grew a new pair of wings, finer than the originals, and went at the serious business of making good. And from an unlucky show-girl to a feted film star has been a matter of a few years and a lot of labor. And she's only beginning!

The Villain Unmasked

By

Leonora Ross

She knew Bill Powell
when he was star of
the Shakespeare
Club

HE came out of the room in which the Shakespeare Club was holding its meeting just as I dashed around a corner to avoid being seen by an unsympathetic algebra teacher. My mind was on escape—his evidently upon something Shakespearean. We met like the irresistible force and the immovable body—only in this case the body, being quick-witted, stepped aside in time to be knocked only half-breathless, instead of going down for the count.

Any other boy would have yelled, "Say, you—whatta you think ya are—a fire engine!"—that being an age when a fire engine moved faster than anything else that could be thought of.

But not this young man. Instead he drew himself up to a commanding height of what seemed at least six feet and said, with a dignity that froze me, "I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to get in your way."

Being a freshman, I had been snubbed before, but never so effectively. He might be a senior, but I'd show him. Lady Vere de Vere might have envied the scorn with which I retorted, "I don't know who you are and I'll thank you not to speak to me until we're properly introduced!"

The boy's face, from the rather prominent bump of his Adam's apple to the roots of his thick dark hair, turned painfully pink, but it couldn't have been more uncomfortably warm than my own was as he strode down the hall. And the parting reproof he tossed after me lingered pretty vividly in my mind for more than sixteen years.

"I—I'M Bill Powell, since you're so particular," he informed me, "but I don't care now who you are—I think you're an immature little fool!"

I've thought so myself a good many times since then, and several million women who have admired Bill's charming and polished villainy on the screen will heartily agree with me. However, I was well punished—and all the satisfaction I got out of it was the doubtful pleasure of having snubbed the boy who became one of Central High School's "favorite sons."

It wasn't any small distinction, either, to be mentioned as "one of those who have made good," as the assembly hall speakers used to put it, in that school. Kansas City's oldest high school has been put on the map by several of its graduates—among

Bill Powell's first dress suit! He was adorning the cast of the Kansas City Central High production of "An American Citizen"



them a red-haired young artist who was a classmate of Bill's—a certain Ralph Barton. Maybe you've heard of him, too.

But it was Bill who taught me the meaning of the word repentance—and spent sixteen years doing it. For the rest of that year he passed me by as if I'd been the picture of Moses that hung on the corridor wall. And I couldn't fail to see him, because all of a sudden he became the most important boy in school.

THE Shakespeare, one of the school's numerous literary clubs, cursed us annually with a program of the works of the Avon bard. Usually it was pretty awful—but the year that Bill put on trunks and tights and did *Malvolio* there was a sudden feminine rush to join the Shakespeare.

He had nice legs, too—speaking of tights. I'd forgotten how shapely they were until I saw them, some ten or twelve years later, when he revealed them in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Romola."

And how he could wear a dress suit! Even a rented one—nobody in the school ever owned one, for that matter. The annual Christmas play that year was a "society drama" called "An American Citizen," and Bill had the title rôle. Maybe John Barrymore could have looked more the man of the world to my fifteen-year-old eyes, but I doubt it!

The editor of "The Luminary," the school paper, took upon himself the job of dramatic critic, and wrote of Bill with all the masculine magnanimity he could command: "William Powell, in the title rôle, is well-suited to his part and played it with unusual feeling."

THE editor, as it happened, was moon-eyed over the pretty blonde heroine to whom Bill made love—with unusual feeling. But the editor couldn't have felt any worse about it than I did. Especially when Bill finished school that year and temporarily left a void in my heart.

The same heart almost had acute palpitation the next year, however, when Bill came back to town during Christmas vacation and dropped in to watch a rehearsal of the annual school play. Bill had fired my dramatic ambitions and, because I looked the ingénue, I'd been cast for the part of *Cecily Cardew* in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

I was supposed to get all fluttery about the juvenile—and I fluttered pretty well until that rehearsal, when I saw Bill sitting out in front.

From that moment I became as self-conscious

[PLEASE TURN
TO PAGE 98]

Ah, there were actors then! Mr. William Powell, when he trod the boards in the brilliant Harry Davis stock troupe in Pittsburgh

Reeling Around

with

Leonard
Hall



Movie Extra—
“Honest to gosh, Ma,
you’d never believe
how I slave around
that studio!”

Pa—“Neither
would I!”

Hollywood Valentine

*I picked a dashing Valentine
In Hollywood, that should be mine!*

*I sent her notes, both droll and gay,
I wrote her up in PHOTOPLAY—*

*I penned her poems, wired her flowers;
I thought of her for hours and hours—*

*I told the world, with shriek and scream,
That she was earth’s superbest dream!*

*In spite of all my rumble-bumble
She never gave the tiniest tumble!*

*She someone snappier has found—
Or else she is not wired for sound.*

*So after this I’ll knock on wood
And look around my neighborhood!*

Anything for a Laugh!

Cecil De Mille recently addressed the Motion Picture Academy on “Hokum”—and his own ears burned to a crisp. . . . Cliff “Ukulele Ike” Edwards has just had his first horseback ride. He and the horse are both sore about it. . . . Jobyna Howland, famous stage comedienne, has a part in “Come Out of the Kitchen” for Paramount. Joby, who is six feet tall, came out because she found there wasn’t room for both her and the icebox. . . . The newest member of Our Gang is Iota, a black dot four months old. Other candidates, I suppose, are Jot and Tittle. . . . Funny things come out of Africa when a film company is working there. A story printed in America says that Director Van Dyke, of the “Trader Horn” company, saved his troupe from prowling lions by firing off a shot-gun. I don’t see why the press agent didn’t say he spanked one to death with a bed-slat. . . . Something you’ll never see on the screen

now. An early print of “The Taming of the Shrew” carried a title reading “Dialogue by William Shakespeare and Sam Taylor.” . . . At a recent after-midnight showing of Gloria Swanson’s “The Trespasser” in New York, there were 150 patrons, and only two of them were asleep. I still expect to learn that they were dead. . . . The British—ha! ha!—certainly played a cute joke on George Bancroft when Big Boy was abroad. After a week in a London hotel, he was presented with a bill for \$1,500. In pictures he would have opened fire, but in England he probably paid it without even saying “Boo!” . . . The next McLaglen-Lowe picture will be entitled “Broad-Minded.” A direct hint to the censors. Well, they’d better be!

Borrowed Pome

Under the casting agent’s nose
The homely extra stands,
And stands and stands and stands and stands,
And stands and stands and stands.
N. Y. State Exhibitors’ Journal

Getting Personal

The new airport at Olathe, Kansas, is named “Buddy Rogers Field”. . . . Karl Dane has grown a new moustache, an old Danish custom. . . . France’s first talking newsreel has been started by M. Louis Natan, no relation to George Jean Natan. . . . And the first French all-talking feature has had its Paris debut, with much screaming and cheek-kissing. It is called “The Three Masks.” And even then, heh-heh, it was filmed in England. Well, they’ll get around to it! . . . Five years ago a little girl made her stage debut as a baby-talk singer at the Fordham Theater, New York. Her name was Helen Schroeder. A few weeks ago she played there again. Her name was Helen Kane, and her salary was about fourteen hundred and fifty more for the week. . . . Another Bushman hits pictures. Lenora, daughter of the Francis X. of flapper memory, is now a member of Metro-Goldwyn’s stock company. . . . Latest bulletin on poundage—Alice White gained five pounds during a vacation in Arizona.

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SAYS

"I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY"



From a poem to MRS. LODGE by AMY LOWELL...

*Dancer of silver shadows,
You are all youth and freshness...
You dance in the dawn,
Printing a fleeting pattern of your bright body
Against sudden, startled green.*



Lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge of Boston and New York is the bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Née Francesca Braggiotti, she is widely known as a dancer. (Left) in her brilliant interpretation of "Scheherezade," so much admired.

BEAUTY, romantic ancestry, talent and charm—such is the dowry of lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge, bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator from Massachusetts, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge.

Born Francesca Braggiotti, Mrs. Lodge lived as a child in Florence, Italy. Beautiful, with starry dark eyes and hair golden as Melisande's, she is devoted to the art of the dance.

"I believe in beauty," she says. "Women should live for loveliness, for lovely minds in lovely graceful bodies. And the charm of a lovely skin is as important!"

Mrs. Lodge's own skin is exquisite, warmly colored and fresh as a tea-rose. "I've used Pond's Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and I've just

discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream. Pond's new Skin Freshener is doubly precious because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream which holds her powder

gives her arms and neck a lustre which she says "is attractive in the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY by Pond's four swift, simple steps:

During the day... *One*, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream with upward, outward strokes, several times and always after exposure... *Two*, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, economical... *Three*, briskly dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores... *Four*, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime, cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.



(Left) Pond's four delightful preparations are preferred by lovely women everywhere—Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

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Both at Home and in 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

You will find that it keeps your

"LOVELY SKIN is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts." This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors from their long experience with picking girls who will be most likely to win and hold the hearts of millions.

"Certainly no girl ever rises to stardom on the screen unless her skin shows flawless in a close-up," these directors all emphatically declare.

Small wonder, then, that of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—not only



Photo by Fred R. Archer

BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star. At home, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Flawlessly smooth skin is so important to a star. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



Photo by Clarence Hewitt

Above—LOIS MORAN, vivacious blonde Fox star, cares for her skin the same way all of 511 important Hollywood actresses do... by using Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Even the finest French Soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's delightful."

Left—ANITA PAGE, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the softest, smoothest skin imaginable! And of course she has no qualms about appearing under the intense glaring lights used for the talkies! She says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."



Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢

their Studio Dressing Rooms

Lux Toilet Soap . . .

skin at its loveliest, too . . .

at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in Russia, in England—have adopted it.

You will love the generous, caressing lather of this fragrant white soap. And the delicate care it gives *your* skin! Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LEATRICE JOY, First National's lovely brunette star, says: "The deliciously smooth skin we mean by 'studio skin' is a great asset to a star. After using Lux Toilet Soap my skin is like satin."



Photo by Bachrach

Above—BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom especially designed and built in Hollywood for her. Like 9 out of 10 other screen stars, she is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Right—OLIVE BORDEN, tiny Radio Pictures' star, is another of the 511 Hollywood actresses who are enthusiastic about daintily fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the special velvety smoothness we mean by 'studio skin.' I am certainly delighted with it."



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

Through the Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



A priceless picture, dug from our fireproof vaults. Five famous Vitagraph players of the old days, in a still from a Big V picture. Left to right—William Shea, John Bunny, Wallace Reid, Marshall P. Wilder and Leah Baird. Of this noted group, all but Leah have passed away!

BRITISH film censors recently kicked up a fuss when they forbade the showing of kisses between John Longden, English leading man, and Anna May Wong, the cute Chinese-American actress.

It all happened in a new English talkie, "The Road to Dishonor," in which Longden and Anna May had to indulge in a little osculating. The censors remarked that such didoes would offend British sensibilities, and said that lip might not meet lip on the screen.

All of which stirred up statements by the lady and gentleman involved—and no little pleasant publicity for "The Road to Dishonor."

"DO you know your dialogue, Billie?" asked Alice White of Billie Dove.

"I hope so, all I have is, 'When you play the violin' and, 'Oh, Paul.'"

"Well, you're luckier than I am. All I have is a boo hoo and two sniffs," replied Alice.

GRETA GARBO wins the prize in unknown admirers. Her anonymous swain says it with orchids in the form of a daily dozen.

Every morning during the production of a picture the Swedish star receives a box of the priceless posies. The box contains no card and the florist is unable to furnish any information regarding the donor.

The orchid shower began during the filming of "Flesh and The Devil" and has continued regularly through every picture since that time.

Who he is and how he knows the exact date and days of her working schedule are mysteries which have aroused the curiosity of even the sphinxlike Garbo.

IT was on the sound stage, about two A. M., that a young actor yawned and became peevish regarding the distance to his bed and slumber.

"Cheer up, old top," said Tod Browning. "I have had to double you in speech, double you in singing and double you in that crash stunt. You don't know it, but I have a double sleeping for you right now."

"OUR GANG," of precious and pious memory, has grown up.

Of course, there's still an "Our Gang," but the kids that Bob McGowan made famous a few years ago, are no more.

Let's see where they are. Johnny Downs takes tap dancing lessons in New York, trying for vaudeville. Mary Kornman, that beautiful child, is back in Hollywood for pictures, a regular flapper now. Scooter Lowery, the bad little boy, and Fatty Joe Cobb have grown right out of their jobs. Sunshine Sammy, first noted in Snub Pollard comedies, long ago outgrew the Gang.

Only Farina remains—and a long, spindly Farina now. No longer the fascinating little black dot, on whom things fell with a thud and who was pursued by fire-snorting pigs and cows.

Nothing is sadder, in the march of time, than some developments. As Julius Caesar said two thousand years ago, "You and I grow old, McGowan, but the kids on the Roach lot are ever the same age!"

ARE you a mammy-singer? Imitate Al? Go abroad! After Al Jolson finished smiting America with "Sonny Boy," he went for Europe, and Europe went for him.

His talkies-singies have been an enormous

hit in the old world. They don't understand a word he's singing, but they're cuckoo about his delivery.

As a result, theater managers and night club owners will hire anyone who can give even a passable imitation of Al singing "Ma-a-a-ameeeee!"

Incidentally, Jolson is leaving the screen for a time to make a concert tour of the world. And he can hold an audience with the best of them, for he has a really grand voice.

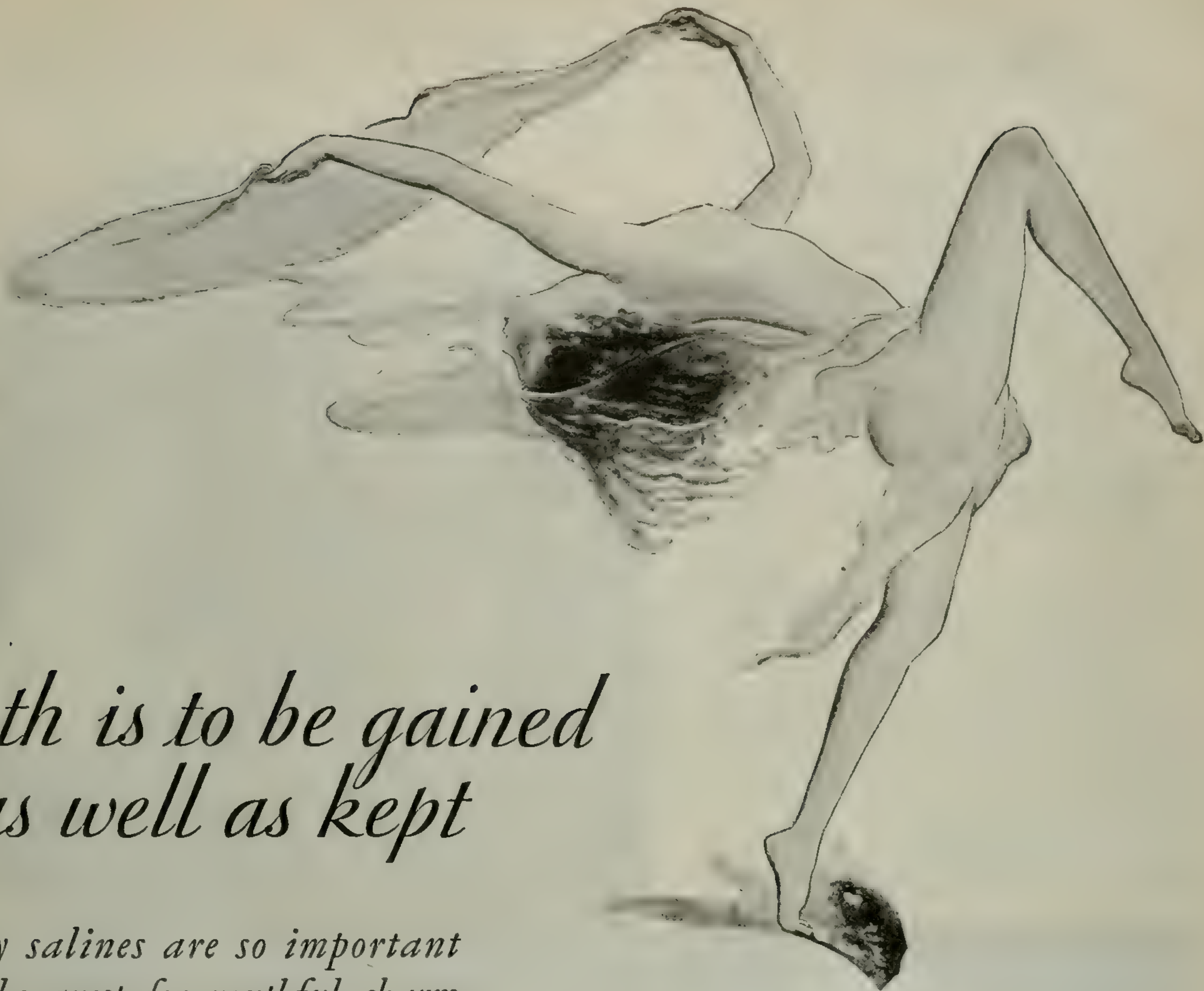
LITTLE Fifi Dorsay was complaining about her pictures over on the Fox lot.

"My first one is 'They Had to See Paris,' then I do 'Hot for Paris.' I hope the next one is 'Let's Get the Hell Out of Paris.'"

OLD Cal bows his head in shame. He never thought, what with that motto about truth and accuracy pinned above his littered desk, that he would have to print a retraction in these unsullied columns, but it has now become quite necessary. He begs pardon of his public.

Seems as how in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY it was publicly stated that Dick Arlen was one young trouper who never owned a pair of spats, but the other night old Cal got to browsing around in Dick's wardrobe when he accidentally came across a pair, as natty and up-to-the-minute as any ever worn by Adolphe Menjou.

Confronted with the evidence, Squire Arlen hung his head and blushed. All that can be said in his defense is that they have never been worn. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74]



Youth is to be gained as well as kept

*Why salines are so important
in the quest for youthful charm*

BIRTHDAYS never bother some women, while with others they are seasons of forlornness. Yet it isn't an unkind fate that makes the difference, nor is it generally any lack of good external care.

Nine times out of ten, women forfeit their youth because they neglect nature's first law of health—they fail to keep internally clean and thus they breed within themselves the arch-enemy of beauty—constipation.

Follow this natural way to beauty

To keep your youth and to regain the years that are rightfully yours, turn to the saline method with Sal Hepatica. For there is no champion of charm so efficient as the drinking of saline waters. Salines sweep from the system the poisons that cause sickness and its toll of aging lines. They clear the bloodstream of blemish-bringing poisons. They

neutralize the acidity that gives the skin a dull and sallow cast.

European women know full well these benefits that salines bring. The famous spas at Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, are thronged with fashionable women who, on their physicians' advice, make regular

pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth." Partaking daily of the health waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher—they stay young longer.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the wonderful European spas. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for constipation, indigestion, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens you, guard your health by taking Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains in full the saline treatment.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-20, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



* * *

Sal Hepatica

© 1929

Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

ALMOST everywhere you go somebody is always asking: "Are Clara Bow and Alice White really mad at each other?"

The answer is "no," and a couple of neins. Some smart newspaper guy started the feud just to build circulation or something.

Alice and Clara have always been the best of pals—in fact, they're sort of banded together against the rest of the world who couldn't see a girl having a little fun without getting mad about it.

HEART throb for a cold month: Little Sally Starr is being beau-ed around by Bobby Agnew.

WAS the 18-day diet promoted by the fruit growers association? Maybe yes, maybe no.

Anyhow, it's now as dead as last year's sparrow. Killed off by the medical fraternity and old Dr. Bitter Experience.

The picture girls welcomed the diet like an extra girl welcomes an assistant director. Eighteen pounds gone in eighteen days! Whoopee! The pounds fell off, it's true, but the dieter often finished up in a hospital.

Milk is as popular as grapefruit used to be. Many of the girls were put on a baby food diet to counteract the disastrous effects of the reducing method.

Hollywood physicians made statements. They warned their patients against it. The very women who had been most in favor of it begged their friends to let it alone.

And the restaurants threw out all their menus describing it.

Hollywood still reduces, but not that way. Swedish masseuses are as popular as handsome men. The stores have given over their best window displays to new



A famous star of other days comes back to Hollywood and pictures! Dorothy Dalton, glamorous girl of the Ince days, and her noted husband, Arthur Hammerstein, who will produce a musical spectacle, "Bride 66," for the audible screen

vibrators and reducing machines. Many of the girls are taking courses of systematic exercises. Lots of them are dieting. But they're doing it under a doctor's care this time!

REMEMBER how we all thought the fire-eating Jetta Goudal was all washed up in pictures, after her winning suit against De Mille and her stand against the producers in the fight to unionize Hollywood's actors?

Wrong again, for the bizarre Goudal has a part in a Warner short subject called "China Lady." Her first film job in a year. All of which goes to show that producers, unlike elephants, forget and forgive.

LILLIAN GISH is back in Hollywood doing her first talkie, "The Swan." Her chum, Mary Pickford, is in Europe, so Lillian uses Mary's bungalow at the studio as both dressing room and home. She has a house, but when she works late on the set she remains over-night at the bungalow.

YOU never know—and Rudy Vallée's picture, "The Vagabond Lover," proves it again.

Before the singing sheik's first talkie opened on Broadway, all the wisecracks whispered that it would be a stupendous dud, and that its flop would be heard from the Battery to the Bronx. To make them look foolish, nothing like that happened. The kid may be no Barrymore, but neither can John sing "A Little Kiss Each Morning" and bowl over the girls the way Rudy does. In short, his picture was pretty well liked.

Radio Pictures reports that girls' clubs are buying blocks of seats. If that's so, things look bright. For men may write stories like this, but it's the ladies that make the stars and keep them ringing the merry old cash register! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]



Garbo's double makes good on her own. Geraldine De Vorak, who used to "stand in" for Greta the Great on the Metro lot, now has a part in a new First National picture. Pretty, no?

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will correct or cure some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants

clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

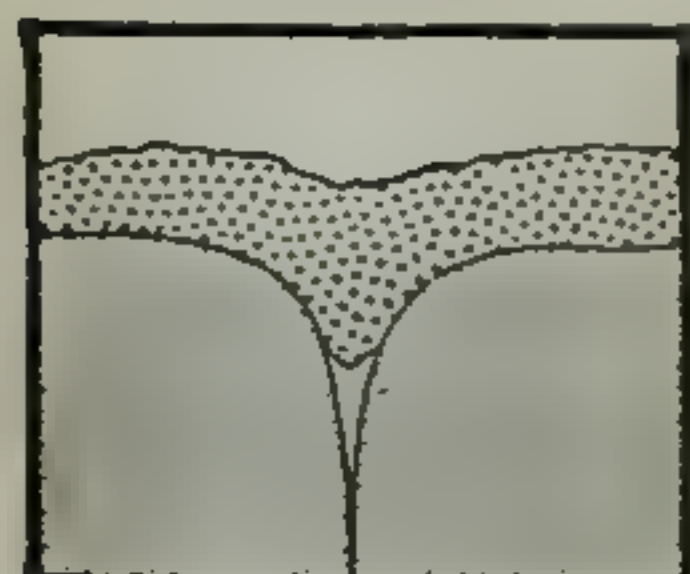
The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

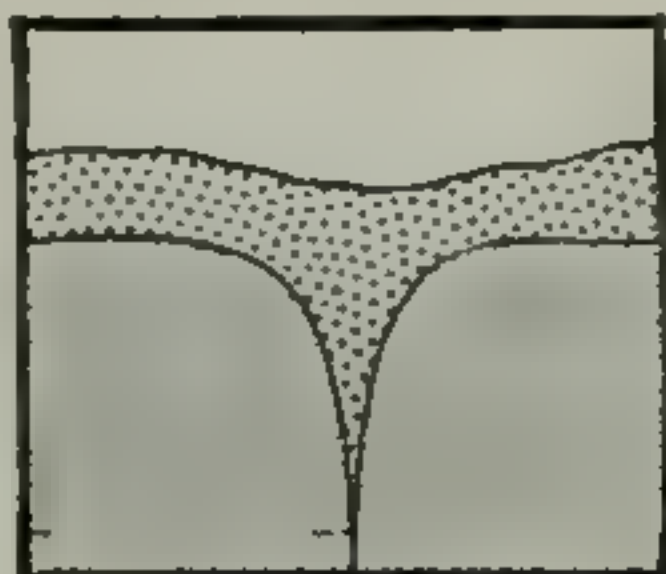
Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate, Dept. M-598, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to
Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a
trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name _____

Address _____

Through *the* Studios *with* Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



Two noted backs, as caught by the camera in 1924. That on the right belongs to Betty Blythe, then a famous star. That on the left is Catherine Dale Owen's, then an obscure stage leading woman. Now Catherine is shining in Metro talkies!

Have a look at Bill Hart, 1930 model. Dismounted, and minus chaps and sombrero, Noble Bill has a cup of Java at a New York hotel. He hopes to make a talkie soon. We hope he does, too



P. and A.

ALL of the past accomplishments of Buddy Rogers pale beside this one, of which he is most proud. Buddy has been playing golf for only three weeks, and the eighth time he was out he broke one hundred. His friends run from him when they see Buddy rounding the corner.

MAYBE we forgot to mention that William Boyd and Elinor Boyd had been divorced. You're apt to overlook those little things in Hollywood. But they've parted friends and everything is just dandy.

A little while after the legal entanglements were over you could stick your head out the window most any evening and catch a glimpse of the handsomest couple in Hollywood driving along the boulevards, Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd.

It can't be too serious, for Dorothy is one of those girls who keeps on slipping the marriage noose.

MOVIE actors are nothing if not adaptable!

Laurel and Hardy, one of our pet comedy teams, learned enough Spanish in two weeks

How do you like Nancy Carroll's sister, Terry? You needn't answer! Terry, who looks a lot like Agnes Ayres, is being given a fling in the talkies by Nancy's own producers



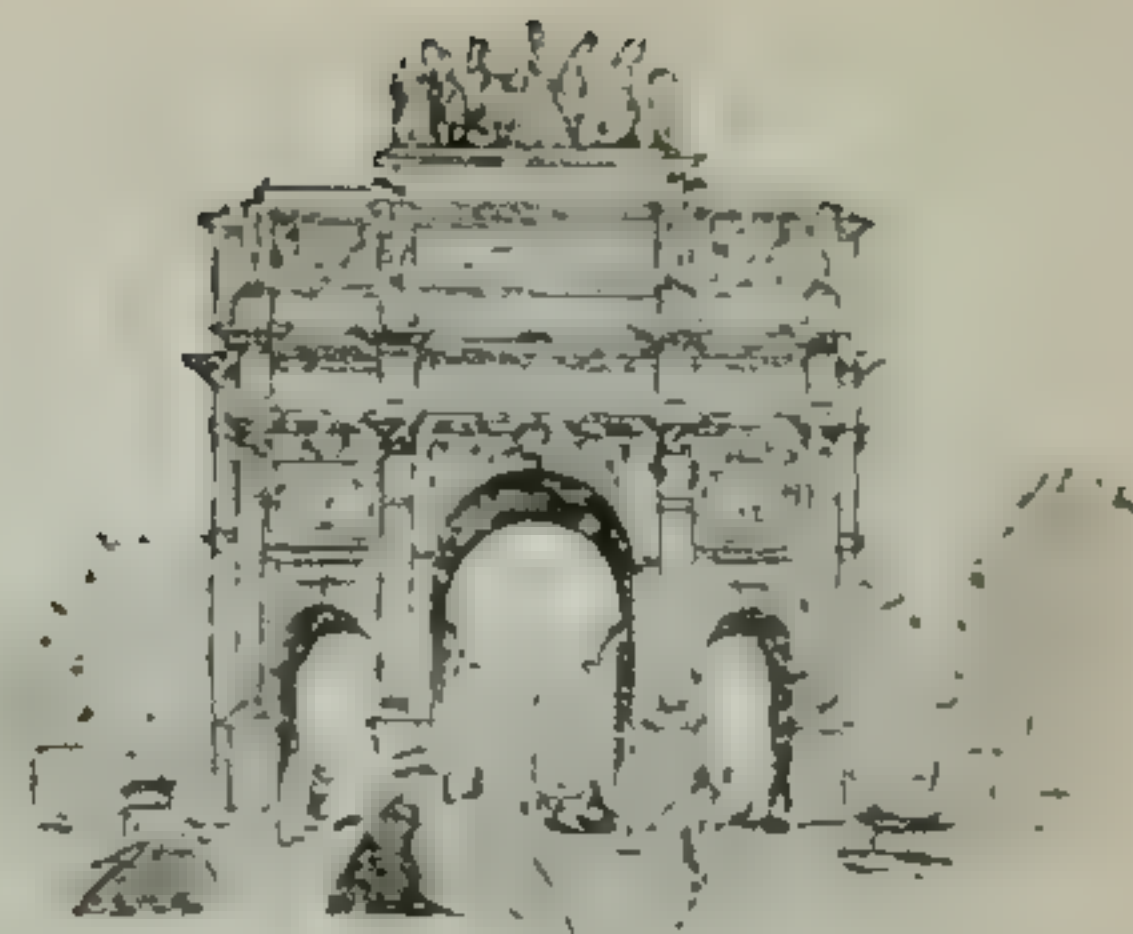
ACCORDING to a rumor that came right up and bit Old Cal on the right ear, Mary Brian will at last be rewarded with stardom. Paramount is not ready for the announcement, but plans are up and coming to make Mary a real superlunary.

It will be the top rung on the ladder of fame for a girl who has struggled many years for serious consideration. In dozens of pictures Mary was "just the ingénue." Her work in "River of Romance," "The Virginian," and "The Marriage-Playground" reveals that a new Mary Brian has appeared. In all her years at Paramount, and she has been there longer than any other featured player, she has never been starred.

THE First National fan letter department received a letter and a money order the other day from a boy in Canada, who requested that the money be used for a haircut for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

After the operation had been performed, he wanted a picture taken of Doug, Jr., to be sent to him.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS

"If soap irritates your skin you are using the wrong kind"

says EMILE MASSÉ

whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"THE beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.



*A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon
on The Rue Daunou, in Paris*

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P.S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5103

Retail
Price 10c

Through the Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]



One of the toy houses at Malibu Beach, that you read about so often. This one belongs to Director Robert Z. Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmsted, and the happy couple are at the gate to welcome a crowd of kibitzers from Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD has discovered a substitute for the eighteen-day diet.

It is the good, old-fashioned skipping rope of her childhood days.

Joan spends ten minutes each morning and evening, jumping "Salt, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper," mostly pepper. Doug, Jr., has fallen for the idea and the two newlyweds run races with their ropes, the one missing a jump being penalized by five additional minutes of leaping.

Joan claims that skipping the rope is both a game and a serious means of keeping oneself physically fit.

SOL WURTZEL, one of the big Spooch babs on the executive staff at Fox, is an ardent follower of the good, old Scotch game of golf. When he arrives on the links he is surrounded by caddies. Sol looks over the field, picks a boy, and hands him a printed card. It reads:

"Don't ask me for a job. Don't ask me to visit the studios."

NOW that Buddy Rogers is a star his family has given up their home in Kansas and moved to Hollywood. His father will sell the paper which he edited for so many years.

Buddy is immensely proud of his mother and one of his first gestures was to take her shopping. Buddy supervised the buying of all her frocks and was most interested in the selection of a costume for the football games.

The saleslady brought a plain black dress. Buddy shook his head. "Oh, I don't like that at all," he said. "Why, black is only for old ladies. Let's see something gay. Something very collegiate."

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have taken that old Spanish phrase, "I offer you my home" literally. They have turned Pickfair, with its servants, its cars and its grounds over to Monsieur and Madame Maurice Chevalier.

It is, by the way, the first time such a gesture has been made. Mary and Doug, you know, are touring Europe again. The Chevaliers have just come back and will use the mansion until they're located.

ROMANCES are budding freely on the Universal lot. Can you imagine Uncle Carl Laemmle as Cupid?

There's little Barbara Kent who is seen oh, ever so frequently, in the company of Director Paul Fejos and little Mary Philbin didn't nurse a broken heart over Paul Kohner very long.

She and "Big Boy" Williams are the most cooing of love birds.

SALLY O'NEIL is one of the most unselfish little kids in pictures. If ever there was a devoted sister Sally's it. She and Molly O'Day are going to do a picture together and they must look alike.

Molly had made her hair a good many shades lighter a few months ago, so Sally touched up hers to match Molly's. It never occurred to her to ask Molly to dye her hair black.

THE last word in "yessing" has been exemplified on the United Artists lot.

An eight pound boy arrived in the family of an assistant director. The young man was immediately christened Lewis, after Lewis Milestone, the proud papa's chief.

IF you don't believe that their press agents get the stars in some awful jams, listen to this. For years the Paramount publicity department has been grinding out stories about how Buddy Rogers does all his own stunts and has never had a double.

That was O.K. with Buddy until the other day, when he decided to take out a lot of insurance.

The underwriter shook his head. "I'm afraid the rates will come pretty high for you, Mr. Rogers," he said. "I've been reading in the papers how you fly airplanes and jump off bridges and do all those things yourself in the pictures."

And Buddy couldn't convince him of that well known fact that Ananias was the ancestor of all press agents.

BETTY COMPSON'S ability to play a violin in pictures today may be traced to the late George Loane Tucker's prophecy made to her ten years ago.

During the filming of "The Miracle Man," Betty told Tucker that she intended laying aside her violin because her successful picture career terminated her stage work. He said to her:

"Keep up your study of the violin, Betty. Within a few years we shall be able to film sound. Then your talents will be a priceless treasure."

MONTAGU LOVE was in the dining room at the hotel at Agua Caliente, when a man came over to his table and asked if he might sit and talk. Love acquiesced. In the middle of the conversation the stranger asked him to autograph the menu because he and his family had always admired his work.

As the man left, he said:

"I've enjoyed talking with you so much, Love, but I must confess that when I came over here I thought you were Irvin S. Cobb."

WHICH is not half as embarrassing as a conversation that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., indulged in recently. A man he had just met started talking about "The Barker," in which Doug, Jr., did some of his best work.

"Have you seen 'The Barker'?" the man asked.

"Yes, I have," replied Doug.

"Well, I thought it was a darn good picture."

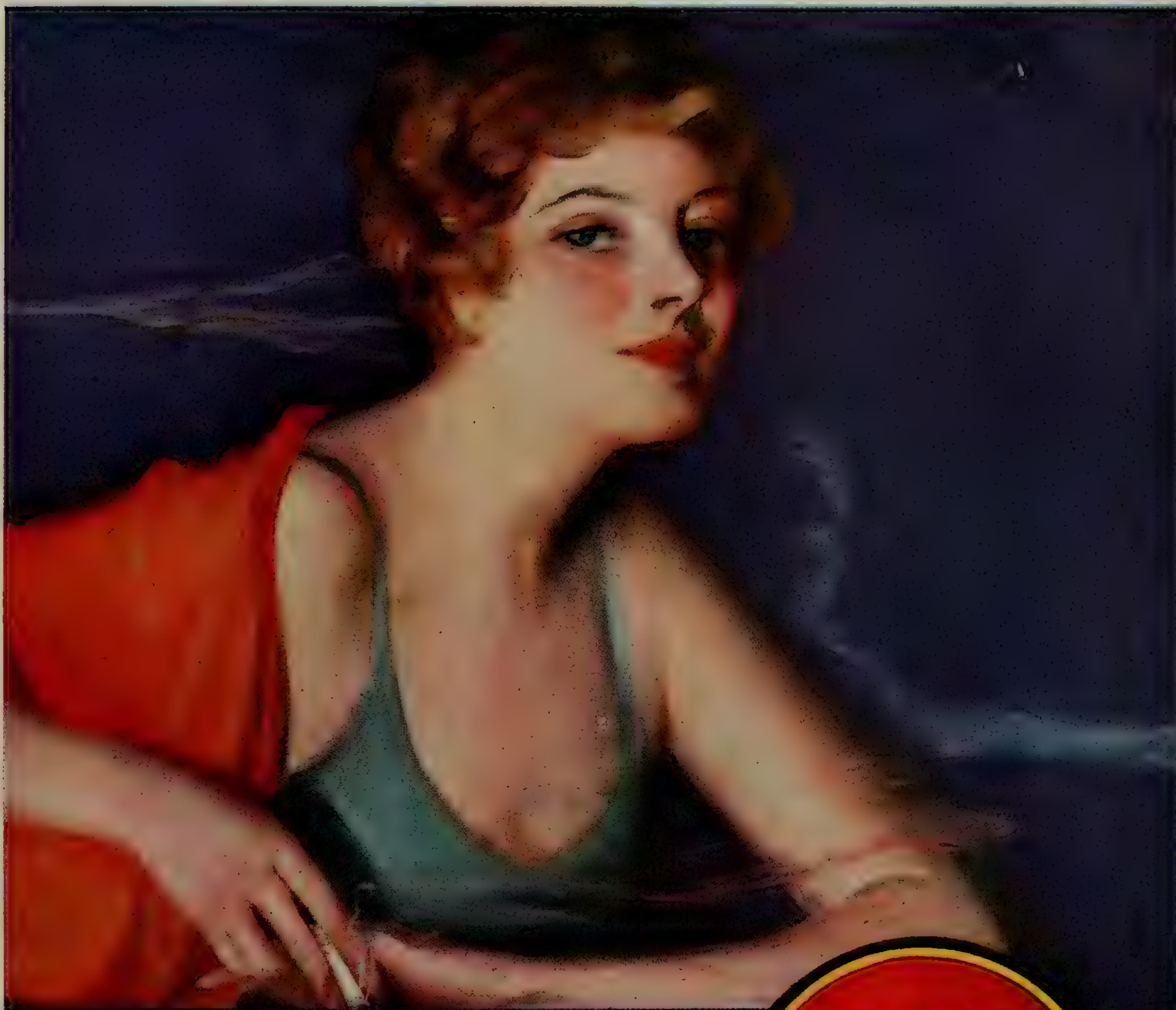
Doug, Jr.'s, swelling of pride was broken by his next sentence.

"All except for one character; it was the man who played opposite Dorothy Mackaill. He was awful. He just spoiled the picture

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Talking back to the mike. Vivian Duncan gets a report from the mixing room on how sister Rosetta's rich baritone is coming over



I do prefer

**LUCKY
STRIKE**
CIGARETTE

because



Toasting *removes*
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation and
coughing

Try Maybelline Eye Shadow



MAYBELLINE products may be purchased at all toilet goods counters. Identify the genuine by the Maybelline Girl on the carton.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

This delicately perfumed cosmetic *instantly* makes the eyes appear larger and intensely *interesting*! It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

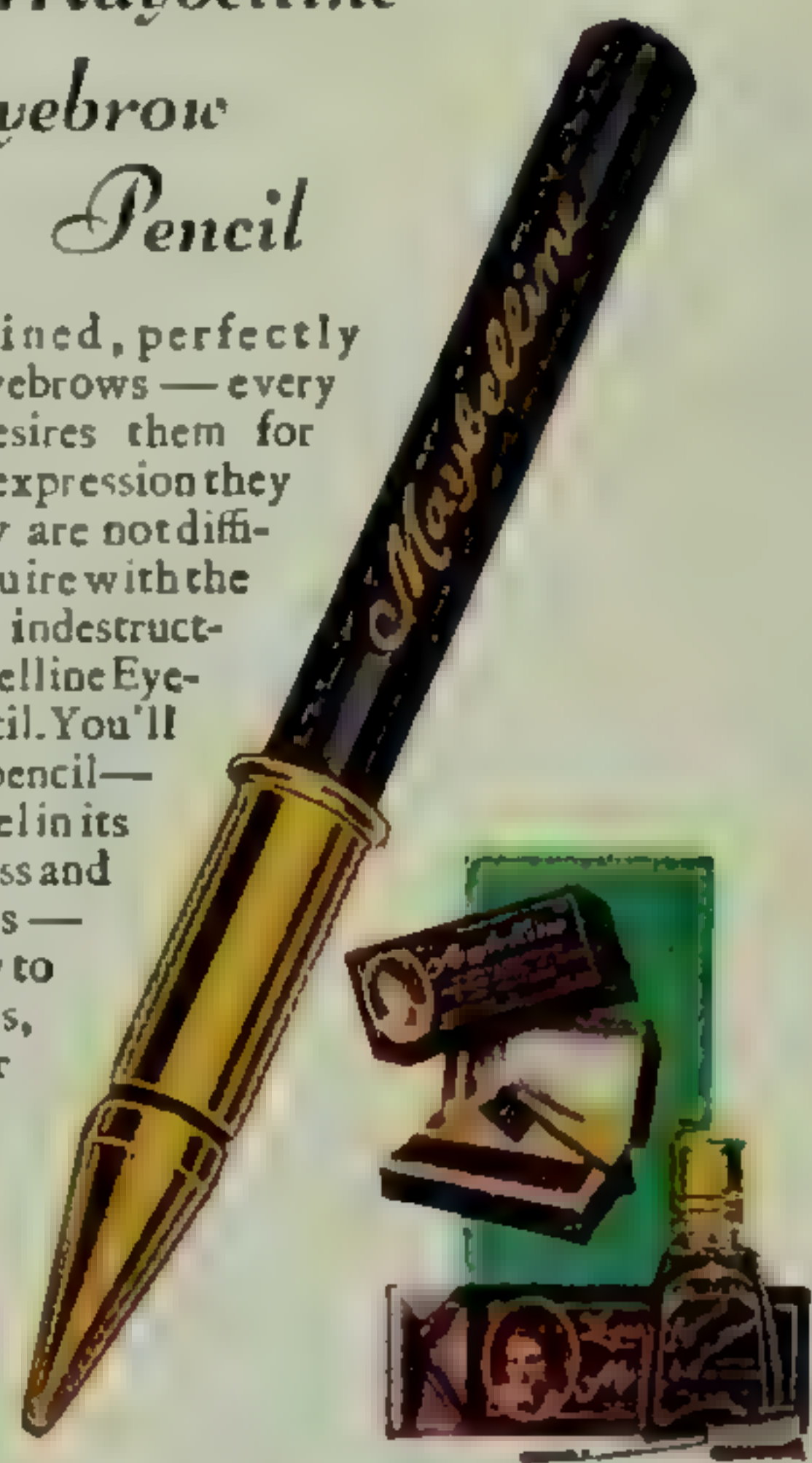
Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

Lashes Appear Longer by Using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Price 75c.

and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows — every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this pencil — you'll revel in its smoothness and cleanliness — it's so easy to use. Colors, Black or Brown, 35c.



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

When They Write Letters

*The stars show an infinite
variety of tastes, in note-
paper*

By Frances Kish

HOW would you like to get a personal letter from Clara Bow?

Well, then you know how Wanda *Blank* felt when the postman handed her a letter one day which began "Dear Wanda" and ended with Clara's characteristic, round signature.

Wanda is a real Bow fan. When Clara's pictures play her local theater she half-dries the dishes so she'll be sure of getting a middle seat in the fourth row at the first show. And then she stays up half the night composing a letter to her favorite, telling how wonderful all her pictures are and that the one she has just seen is the most wonderful of all.

Some time ago Wanda wrote her usual congratulatory letter and intimated that it would be the thrill of thrills if Clara would answer with a tiny note—just a scrap of paper that she could show to the other girls and cherish for her grandchildren.

And Clara answered her!

What's more, she asked a favor.

She wanted to know where Wanda bought her letter-paper with its tri-colored border, whether it could be ordered in quantities and with a monogram, who made it, if it could be had in a larger size and with a green border instead of blue.

Wanda didn't lose much time in rounding up the information, and the biggest thrill of all came when Clara's thank-you note arrived, on letter-paper just like Wanda's, a size larger and edged with three shades of green, decorated with Clara's name in Japanese-like letters. The plain envelope was lined in the lightest shade of green.

Clara is still using that paper for her personal notes.

MOST of the stars use very lovely but simple letter-paper for both personal and professional correspondence. Even such gorgeous and luxury-loving ladies as Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove have chosen papers of fine quality but unpretentious decoration.

Miss Dove uses a single, heavy white sheet, deckle-edged top and bottom, for some of her correspondence. Her name is engraved at the top in small, open, gold letters. Her double-sheet paper is pale gray, with silver lettering. All her papers have that artfully "pebbled" appearance which is so attractive and yet gives a smooth writing surface.

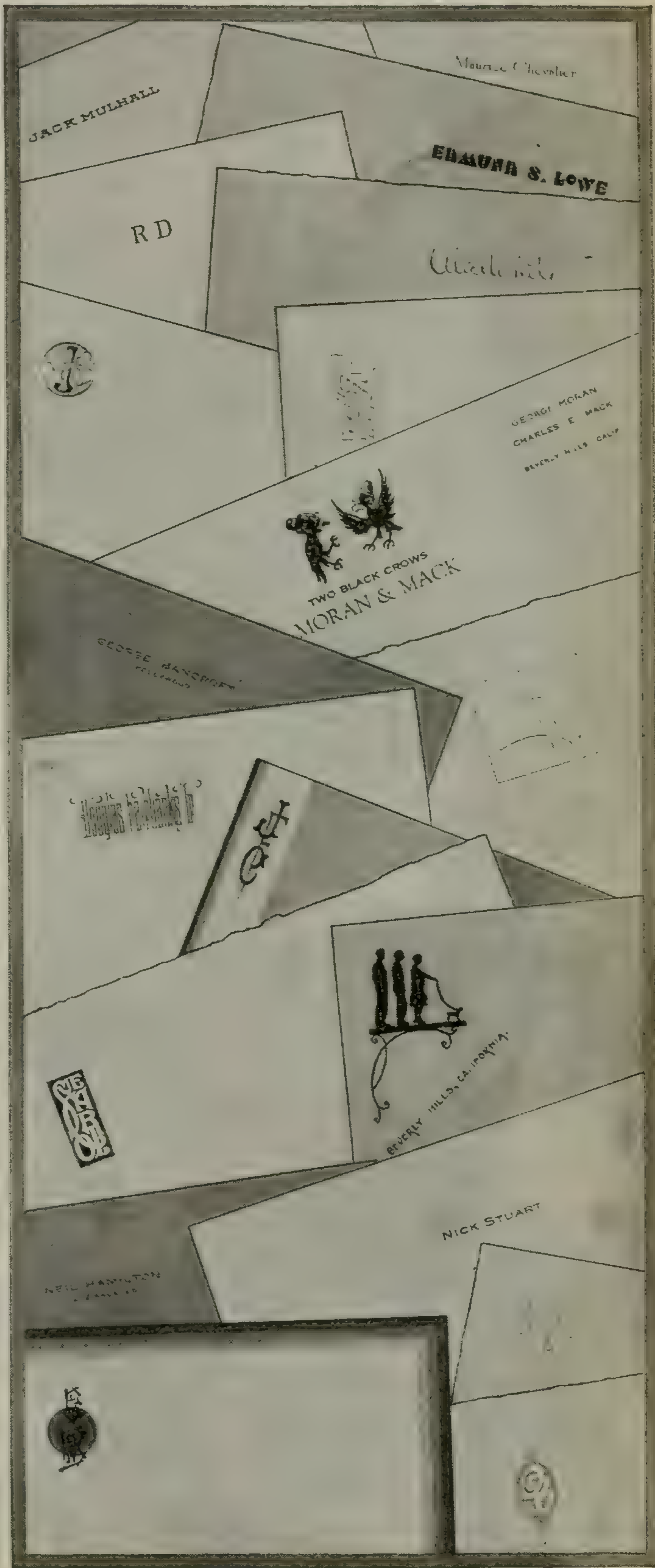
Miss Griffith's choice of papers is very like Miss Dove's, and her name appears at the top in small, plain letters.

Joan Crawford Fairbanks is still young enough to seek every outlet for self-expression, even in her letter-paper. Nevertheless, she has let good taste guide her, and her personal note-paper is really quite stunning and unusual.

It's a double sheet, rather dark gray, with a smooth finish. A narrow band of gold follows the crease; then there's a narrow band of the gray paper, and a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch band of white on which is stamped J, and below it, C, in green and gold, with a tall gold F to bind them.

Alice White found a way to make her simple paper distinctive. It's stone-gray and that crackly type which has such a nice "feel." At the top is a facsimile of Alice's signature, with its characteristic open dots over the "i's" and its line that is meant to cross the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Joan Bennett's circular monogram is right under Richard Dix's letterhead; Mr. and Mrs. Doug, Jr., just won't be parted, even in a letter-paper layout; the big D in the square stands for Dolores Del Rio; the four Gleasons (including the pup) turn their backs on Sue Carol; Clara Bow's distinctive paper is at the lower left; and, right, Carol Lombard's initials top Olive Borden's monogram



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

TERRY, AUGUSTA, GA.—The "cute boy" who played *Biff Bentley* in "Sweetie" was Stanley Smith. You'll find his biography further along in these columns. Helen Kane is not married. She won't tell her age, but we'd say about six at a rough guess. Jack Benny, the Old Master (of ceremonies), was married in 1927.

IRENE ROSELLA ROGERS, DES MOINES, IOWA.—There were four musical numbers in "Close Harmony": "Go Places and Do Things," sung by Nancy Carroll; "All A-Twitter," sung by Buddy Rogers; "She's So, I Dunno," harmonized by Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher; and a band number, "The Twelfth Street Rag," led and played by Buddy.

E. M. T., DEWITT, ARK.—Afraid you're fibbing, young woman. Only one of the enclosed clippings is from PHOTOPLAY. It's the one which says Richard Dix was born July 18, 1895, and it's correct. Just to prove there are no hard feelings—there was a biographical yarn about Dix in the February, 1927, issue.

D. DEAN, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Vilma Banky was Rudy's leading woman in "The Son of the Sheik." She entered pictures in Europe in 1922 and in America in 1925.

SASSY SUE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Now that Gloria's back in the front ranks I'll have to learn to spell the name of her husband again. The Swanson's three spouses in chronological order are: Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and Marquis James Henri de Falaise de la Coudray. Gloria has a nine-year-old daughter and an adopted son.

NELLIE KELLER, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The boy who died so superbly in that swell picture "Alibi," is named Regis Toomey. And thousands of young girls like you break out with gooseflesh when he flashes that smile.

ROGER BOARDMAN, SPRINGVILLE, N. Y.—Yep, that White girl did her own singing in "Broadway Babies." "The Girl from Woolworth's" is her next. Colleen Moore is recovering from an operation right now and hasn't a picture scheduled. Just between you and me the old Answer Man is Swanson-minded too, Roger.

SITA MARGARITA CASSIO, HAVANA, CUBA.—Is that your name or where you live? Sorry, but Alice Terry was born in unromantic Vincennes, Indiana, and her real name is Taafe.

M. G., JACKSON, MICH.—Leila Hyams is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Thelma Todd is 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and tips the scales at 117.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 104 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

R. M., LEONIA, N. J.—Lane Chandler played Warner Oland's secretary in "The Studio Murder Mystery." His real name is Oakes. The feminine lead was emoted by Doris Hill.

MARGARET SCHULZE, POTTSVILLE, PENNA.—You ask me what would have happened if Rudy had lived to meet Garbo. I'm a little hampered by the fact that I left my ouija board at home—but I'll answer by quoting the old puzzler about the irresistible force and the immovable body.

B. J., RIDGEWAY, S. C.—I believe the girl you're thinking of is little Armida, Gus (Star-maker) Edwards' Mexican protégé. There are two William Boyds on the screen and both use their own names just to make it more difficult.

ANNIE MACISENPOWER, APOPKA, FLA.—That name can't be right, Annie, but I did my best. Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, Mex., July 18, 1909. She has dark brown eyes and black hair. Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, Sept. 15, 1907. Blue eyes and light brown hair. Mary Philbin was born in Chicago, June 14, 1905. Brown hair and hazel eyes. Their latest pictures are: "Hell Harbor" (Lupe), "Behind the Make-up" (Fay), and "The Shannons of Broadway" (Mary).

VIRGINIA H., FORT SCOTT, KAN.—Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal played in the stage production of "The Desert Song" but not in the picture. Helen Kane's next is "Pointed Heels." Clara's partner in "Dangerous Curves" was Joyce Compton. David Newell and Dick Arlen were the men in the same picture.

MIRIAM BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Richard Arlen's most recent pictures are: "Four Feathers," "The Man I Love," "Dangerous Curves" and "The Virginians." Dick has just been signed for the lead in "Young Man of Manhattan," a swell story by Katharine Brush.

ROSE A. ADKINS, WEST HAVEN, CONN.—Charlie Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., twenty-seven years ago. He has brown hair and he's a very nice boy, Rose, but I wouldn't pay him a visit without warning him first!

RED, PORTLAND, ME.—Molly O'Day was Dick Barthelmess' lady love in "The Patent Leather Kid." She's Sally O'Neil's sister, you know. Clara Bow's cousin, William, has dark hair and a lot to live up to.

M. C. C., ASHEBORO, N. C.—Tom Mix is well up in the forties and married to Victoria Forde, who doesn't need sleeves in her dresses because she has so many diamond bracelets. Ken Maynard is 34, Frankie Darro 10, and Tom Tyler 26 years old. Ken's a benedict and Tom's a bachelor.

G. L. H., NEW YORK CITY.—Charles Ruggles, who scored such a hit in "Gentlemen of the Press" and "The Lady Lies," was raised to be a physician and not an actor. However, he deserted his father's drug business in Los Angeles, donned greasepaint, and has been treading the boards ever since. New York audiences remember him best in "Queen High" and "Rainbow."

G. A. C., FRESNO, CALIF.—You're right—a silent version of "The Isle of Lost Ships" was made in 1923—but Anna Q. Nilsson was the heroine and not Bessie Love, so we'll only give you 99. Milton Sills heroed in the old picture and Jason Robards, a likely lad who is in the Bordonni picture, "Paris," does the honors in the modern phonoplay version.

REBECCA GULLEY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.—Ramon Novarro's family tag is really Samaniegos, and his birthplace was Durango, Mex. It's all right this once, but don't ask me to spell 'em out again. Anita Page was Ramon's lady in "The Flying Fleet" (originally titled "Gold Braid"), and Harriet Hammond in "The Midshipman."

"WE," SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The Bachelor Girls Club, eh! Do you need an honorary member? David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1909. William Janney, the kid brother in "Salute," is 21 years old.

EDNA BISHOP, PARK RIDGE, ILL.—John Darrow was *Bruce Argyle* in "The Argyle Case." The little boy in "The Single Standard" was Wally Albright, Jr., also in "The Trespasser." The late Norman Trevor's last picture was "Tonight at Twelve." The theme song of "Wonder of Women" is "Ich Liebe Dich," which is only a fancy way of saying "I Love You."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

Swiftly .. in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable —and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
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- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
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Picture yourself as my mannequin . . . learn why "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"...Frances Ingram

SMOOTH as a bride's satin—gloriously fresh and clear. That can be your skin.

For my Milkweed Cream does much more than keep the texture soft and fine. It keeps the skin free from impurities. It guards against blemishes and wards off wrinkles. It gives to your skin petal-like smoothness that only a healthy skin can know.

Study, on my mannequin above, the six starred spots where lines and imperfections first appear. Scrutinize your own skin at the same six places. Then you will realize why the extra help toward a healthy skin that my Milkweed Cream brings is so vitally important in retaining the appearance of youth.

You may be older than my mannequin or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how old you are, if your skin is kept *healthy* it is bound to look young—no matter how young you are, lines and defects begin to stamp your skin as though with years.

Guard well, then, the six starred places — the column above tells how — and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

With its protective and pure ingredients, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

And, if you have any special beauty questions, send the coupon for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesdays 10:15 to 10:30 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Frances Ingram,
Dept. A20, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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The Best Music of the New Pictures

Some of the tunes
that will haunt your
dreams and set your
feet to dancing

By

Maurice Fenton

ONE of the great ideas behind conducting a column seems to be to start an argument. Here we are with a trifling one on our hands already.

Do you prefer selections with vocal effects, or does your taste run to straight orchestras? Some of the fans asked to be warned in order that they can give the "go-by" to discs with a snatch of yodeling in the middle of them. Others asked to be notified of the same thing because that's exactly what they want.

Our own preference has been forcibly set down long since and still stands. The trick comedian of the Oowah Boys may have the knack of tying us up in knots when we watch him in the flesh, but on a record there is nothing but his voice to recommend him, and we have found that he is seldom anything in the way of a Caruso.

For those who want to know, there is not a single piece of silent picture music this time, unless you include the waltz piece from "Deja" which, strictly speaking, does not belong. It comes from a French picture, and evidently the people on this side did not have time to translate the words.

Now to the other side of the fence. Records made by the original performers always seem to have an extra kick to them. Which is the reason we open with special reference to some vocals. For instance, this time we have the two Helens (Kane and Morgan) each with a double-sider, and there is also Irene Bordoni doing her own stunt from "Show of Shows."

Helen Kane has been shot at before in this column. We have noticed, however, that whenever we grab off a bunch of discs with one of hers in it, that it invariably finds its way to the top of the pile. Just as the crowd starts slipping into overcoats and the rush for the door begins, somebody ups and says: "What about putting on Helen Kane—just once more?" That's what we regard as public opinion, and pass it along. We only hope she never grows up.

BUT the old family music box hasn't helped Helen Morgan in her phonoplay work. On the back of her "Applause" number is "More Than You Know" from "Great Day" which is a cut above the other, and on Victor No. 22199 you will find two songs from "Sweet Adeline" which make up for any other mistakes. "Great Day" and "Sweet Adeline" are legitimate stage offerings. Can it be that the talkie fare is not robust enough for her?

But Bordoni is Bordoni. If you are one of those who don't know a thing about music, but do know what you like, here's a chance to test your taste. As for us, thumbs way up.

Before moving along to the orchestras, we want to mention another disc which lays claim to being a phonoplay by-product. On one side the Happiness Boys go terribly tough and sing something they think should have been put into "The Cock Eyed World." As *Sergeants Flagg* and *Quirt* they give noisy impersonations of the boys who won the war for L. Stallings, and sum up everything in "What Price Glory" and its sequel in three verses, with incidental

dialogue and sound effects. If for no other reason, this should be put into the archives to serve as a lasting souvenir of the hit of hits before the last but one, or was it the one before that?—these marvels flash by so quickly.

On the reverse side the same boys are a month or two out of date. "I Can't Sleep in the Movies Anymore" has not been a current complaint for at least three weeks. Even in Australia they are getting used to the surprising bass bellows of the hitherto silent star-ettes.

From the orchestras, the first sign of anything startling comes from "The Great Gabbo." These two numbers, in the same strain, have much in common with the picture to which they belong—one feels they should be so much better than they are. In any case, they make A-1 dance numbers and will help to keep the family warm during the next few blizzards.

RUDY VALLÉE'S "Vagabond Lover" selections seem to settle the question about singing with an orchestra. If they taught him nothing else at Yale, this distinguished graduate certainly knows how to temper his vocal chords to the storm in such a way that his chanting is quite unobtrusive and yet improves the general effect. The affair about the little kiss each morning and evening is an opus of Harry Woods. There's a big place waiting for him.

"Lady Luck" from "Show of Shows," done by Ted Lewis, should command the usual respect. We also recommend the Ben Bernie disc which, besides giving "Lady Luck" on one side and "Singin' in the Bathtub," from the same phonoplay, on the other, is an excellent specimen of the young maestro's work at its best.

Columbia does the better job with "You're Responsible" from "Tanned Legs." It appears that the tan was artificial after all. The trouble with the other version lies entirely with Johnny Johnson's soloist, who ought to go back to his bassoon or whatever he plays.

The rather plaintive waltz that Nat Shilkret has picked from "Deja" is out of the ordinary in that it contains a moving little change of mood in the middle. It is all very French, if you know what we mean by that, and perhaps we should blush when advising it. There's no accounting for tastes.



POINTED HEELS

Ain'tcha I Have to Have You	Helen Kane	Victor
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SHOW OF SHOWS

Just an Hour of Love	Irene Bordoni	Columbia
Lady Luck	Ted Lewis and Orchestra	Columbia
	Dick Robertson	Brunswick
	Ben Bernie	Brunswick

Singin' in the Bathtub	Eddie Walters	Columbia
	Dick Robertson	Brunswick
	Ben Bernie	Brunswick

APPLAUSE

What Wouldn't I Do for That Man?	Helen Morgan	Victor
	Charleston Chasers	Columbia

THE GREAT GABBO

I'm in Love with You	Ben Selvin and Orchestra	Columbia
The Web of Love	High Hatters	Victor

THE VAGABOND LOVER

A Little Kiss	Hal Kemp and	Brunswick
Each Morning	Orchestra	
	Guy Lombardo	Columbia
	and Royal Canadians	
	Rudy Vallée and Victor	
	Connecticut Yankees	
I'll Be Reminded of You	Rudy Vallée	Victor
I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You	and Connecticut Yankees	
	Hal Kemp and	Brunswick
	Orchestra	

SKIN DEEP

I Came to You	Henry Busse and Orchestra	Victor
	Oscar Grogan	Columbia

TANNED LEGS

You're Responsible	Johnny Johnson	Victor
	and Statler	
	Pennsylvanians	
	Merle Johnson	Columbia
	and Ceco Couriers	

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY

The Woman and the Shoe	Ben Selvin and	Columbia
Only Love Is Real	Orchestra	

DEJA

Love Me	Nat Shilkret	Victor
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NOT CLASSIFIED

Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt	Happiness Boys	Victor
I Can't Sleep in the Movies Anymore		

The thrift dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect



Buy a good tie or two with what it saves

There are a great many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.



ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]



Jeannette Loff wearing her new ivory satin evening gown. As you will notice, it is cut way down to here, but it is plenty of gown—and plenty of beautiful blonde

think boys want them to be, instead of determining to be themselves and striving to attract the kind of boys who appeal to them.

Men are so much more independent—without any good reason for it. If more girls cultivated that “take me or leave me” attitude perhaps fewer of them would be “left.” I don’t mean surface independence—the kind that makes you say and do things you don’t mean and gives the man the impression you are “hard-boiled” and heartless. I mean true, inner independence, which makes him know that you could be all things to the right person.

In every town, no matter how small, and surely in every big city, there are certain people who, by disposition, tastes, interests and environment, are adapted to one another.

It’s up to the individual to choose her group, even if she has to build it up over a long period, one friend at a time. And having chosen, there is no reason why she should become self-conscious and stay back in her corner.

Most of us are inclined to think that popularity is some mysterious quality that is a gift from the gods—either we have it or we don’t have it. And many of us get the idea that the gods forgot us when they gave out gifts.

But that isn’t the truth about popularity at all—as it isn’t true about most things.

Popularity is often a matter of opportunity, but even here the individual is not helpless. Opportunities can be made, can be courted, if they are slow in developing naturally. There are churches, community centers, classrooms, supervised dancing classes, clubs of all kinds. Join one or several of these groups. Or get yourself a hobby—stamp-collecting, tennis, bridge, ping-pong—anything that interests you and will attract to you the kind of people you want to know.

Build up your personality. Cultivate the most attractive side of your nature, the friendly, sociable side. Read books and papers and magazines, go to the movies, attend concerts—provide yourself with something to talk about. Refrain from petty gossip and petty jealousies.

Just light your lamp and let it shine, and you won’t need to worry about being popular.

SIS:

The 18-day diet was published in the October, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY in response to many requests from readers, but we did not endorse it at that time and do not now. You are not at all overweight—perhaps a few pounds under the normal weight for your height and age, so it would be unnecessary and unwise for you to reduce.

RITA:

If you could see the many letters that come to me every month from girls who want to be a definite, interesting type, you would stop complaining. You don’t need to wear colors and jewelry that will make you look too exotic, but since you are such a decided type, I think you should “dress up” to it. Any of the following colors should be becoming to you: Ivory and cream white; mahogany and dark brown; darkest blues; dark green; terra cotta, buff and apricot; pink in soft, pale shades. Go lightly on reds and use them more for trimming than for the body of a garment.

ALICE:

Try to improve your dancing, because that is a great social asset for a girl at college. Can’t you get some of the other girls to practice with you and help you develop new steps? Most young girls love to dance and are eager to teach what they know to someone else.

DISCOURAGED:

Don’t be! Since you use no other cosmetics except a light face powder, and you are careful of your diet and general health, it is logical to assume that the astringent is making your skin blotchy. Perhaps it is too strong for your requirements. Why not discontinue it for a while, and watch results? Then write me again if you need further advice.

MARIAN:

Yes, I think a cream rouge is an excellent choice, if you apply it with care. It gives a lovely transparent effect when used correctly. But don’t get the idea that all other rouges are drying. Perhaps your skin is unusually sensitive after your exposure to northern winds.

MARY L. H.:

If your friend does not eat the proper foods or enough food, she is bound to be underweight, and of course her legs will continue to be thin. A good exercise for normalizing the legs is as follows: Stand back a pace or two from a small chair, the back of which does not reach higher than your hip joint. Holding your body erect, raise your right leg and

swing it in a wide circle over the top of the chair, and back into position. Repeat with left leg. Alternate ten times.

JOAN:

Don’t continue to quarrel with your mother and don’t keep up that foolish silence. It’s not only old-fashioned for people to stop speaking to one another when they disagree—it’s a relic of the dark ages! We moderns have learned the art of being “friendly enemies”—and you and your mother should be real friends. You know you are really young enough to accept her judgment for several years to come, until your own is a little more mature. Put marriage out of your mind for the present, and just try to have a good time without letting one man monopolize your evenings or your heart.

CHICKIE:

If you have tried all the the well known local remedies for unpleasant breath and have consulted a dentist, I think you should go to a physician for examination. There may be some nose or throat condition that is responsible.



Bessie Love wears a pretty outfit designed for the smart deb, full of chic and all that sort of thing. It’s beige satin crepe, with a wide beaver collar. Non-crockable suede shoes and bag complete the ensemble

Keeping your Hands Lovely on 3 minutes a day

by Celia Caroline Cole, Beauty Editor of Delineator

4 Advantages the new Liquid Polish offers busy women

HANDS really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They are exposed to more damaging contacts. Neglected hands make one awkward. Hands should be so beautiful that one sits and looks at them with delight.

Light breaks in more and more brilliantly on manufacturers of nail cosmetics. Today women everywhere are using the new liquid polish because in it they are finding four very definite advantages. It is so easy to apply. For days and days after using it, their finger tips sparkle with a flattering lustre!



In fact, with one manicure a week, when you apply liquid polish, you can keep your nails always lovely in less than three minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

The new liquid polish doesn't peel off. Instead, it serves as a splendid protection for the nail. Properly used, it does not make the nails brittle. Always apply it starting at the half-moon, not at the cuticle.

Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle, apply a good cuticle remover. Never cut the cuticle. Push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in a beautiful cuticle oil.

Hands are so easy to beautify! What are you doing with yours?

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tip

First scrub the nails with warm soapy water, then gently apply an orange stick, wrapped with a thin layer of cotton and dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, around the base of the nail to mould the cuticle and bring out the half-moons.

Pass the orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that both protects and enhances the nail

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. For an especially brilliant lustre, apply two coats.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and just enough nail white under the nail to enhance the radiance of the polish!



MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN, formerly Countess Atlanta Mercati, says: "I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days and days after using it, my nails are delightful. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris



At the TERMINAL BEAUTY SALON of New York's famous ROOSEVELT HOTEL, they say:

"As our clientele represents the brilliant social life of New York, all the preparations we use naturally must be of the smartest. These women enjoy the assurance that the new Cutex Liquid Polish will keep their nails gleaming all the week through until the next manicure. And they are delighted that it does not peel or discolor."

A generous size bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Any of the other famous Cutex preparations 35¢ each.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ2, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie

WITH Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in the same opera there's no chance for dullness. In "Dangerous Females," a bright Christie two-reeler, they undertake to entertain a stranger. Marie thinks he is an escaped convict, pulls an elderly Theda Bara, gets him tight on blackberry cordial and calls the sheriff. Polly, trusting soul, thinks he's the new evangelist and almost dies of shame. Snappy farce. *All Talkie.*

THE LOCKED DOOR—United Artists

THIS rip-snorting melodrama would have been better had the dialogue stood up. It marks the talkie debut of the brilliant and beautiful young actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who gives a grand performance as the harassed heroine. Others—not so good—are Rod La Rocque, William Boyd (of the theater) and Betty Bronson. Exciting, but slowed by weak speeches. *All Talkie.*

THE SACRED FLAME—Warners

AN excellent stage play by Somerset Maugham that doesn't fare very well via Vitaphone. It's a pretty tragic story—about the love of two brothers, one a war cripple, for the same girl. The film is wordy and slow, but has the benefit of an exceptionally brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, Walter Byron and Pauline Frederick. *All Talkie.*

THE DUDE WRANGLER—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production

MRS. WALLACE REID has passed up those sex things she's been doing and presents a rollicking comedy of situations. The whole family will go for "The Dude Wrangler." It has true Western gusto, and a cast that should round up customers at the box-office. George Duryea is outstanding as the boy who breaks loose from ma's apron-strings. Lina Basquette is the girl. *All Talkie.*

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero

WHEN the censors got through with this German-made picture featuring Louise Brooks, there was little left but a faint, musty odor. It is the story, both spicy and sordid, of a little dancing girl who spread evil everywhere without being too naughty herself. Interesting to American fans because it shows Louise, formerly an American ingénue in silent films, doing grand work as the evil-spreader. *Silent.*



Gwen Lee wearing her favorite "Juliet" cap. It's a French model in antique gold, made to look like a marcelled coiffure. Hair or hat, it looks good to us

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners

ANOTHER Dolores Costello misfortune. What a pity that this gorgeous girl should be so woefully weak in every department of the art of acting! Here she plays a Russian peasant girl, married to an elderly baron, and in love with a dashing and noble young wastrel. Stilted and feeble. Not even the work of Grant Withers, James Kirkwood and George Fawcett can pull it out of the swamp. *All Talkie.*

WALL STREET—Columbia

COLUMBIA crashed through with this picture soon after last fall's financial panic—and timeliness was about all the film had to recommend it. The cast is headed by Ralph Ince as a big financier and by Aileen Pringle, gone very blonde. She is good for the talkies. The market crashes, and while the picture doesn't crash with it, it certainly does bend decidedly. *All Talkie.*

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl

IT was Better-Stories-Week in Hollywood, and Tiffany took it big. So did Joe E. Brown. He gives a thoroughly artistic char-

acterization of an apparently stubborn Swede who deadlocks a jury for five days because he "dawn't tink dat boy kill de man." A bit of his old clowning, but not enough to overbalance the tense, refreshing original story of what goes on in a locked juryroom. *All Talkie.*

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal

OR perhaps he wasn't. But right or wrong, we're with Barnum this time. To spare certain individual egos, however, no names will be mentioned. An exuberant young male who loves a pretty girl sells himself to her crabby pop by turning his abandoned homestead into a ritzy resort. Preposterous plot and poor gags toss it into the discard. *All Talkie.*

THE LOST ZEPPELIN—Tiffany-Stahl

AMAZING shots of a Zeppelin conquering the South Pole. Fascinating scenes of a tropical storm and the frozen fastness. But these don't make a story. There are some old friends here. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli. One of those triangles where the noble husband and his wife's lover set out on a daring expedition together. *All Talkie.*

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures

IT was no cinch to pick a follow-up story for Bebe Daniels. Almost anything would suffer by contrast with brilliant "Rio Rita." "Love Comes Along" is just one of those things. It all happens in a Mexican port village. There are bad men, dance hall girls, fiestas, and young love—that's where Bebe comes in. A hackneyed yarn is enlivened by Bebe's rich, vibrant singing. Lloyd Hughes, Montagu Love and Ned Sparks help considerably. *All Talkie.*

THE GRAND PARADE—Pathe

A PATHETIC little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loved a minstrel man who loved a burlesque queen. If you're fond of Gishesque heroines you'll care for Helen Twelvetrees in a big, weepy way. She, by the way, got a five-year contract on the strength of her performance, as did Fred Scott, who isn't much for looks but who knows his sharps and flats. Lots of songs. *All Talkie.*

ACQUITTED—Columbia

SAM HARDY is unquestionably the star of this underworld drama which packs a punch in every reel. He plays the rôle of underworld king with more-than-usual humor. The story is so cleverly plotted, and so well directed, that obvious situations are given a new, exhilarating slant. Margaret Livingston and Lloyd Hughes are adequate as the two lovers. Really worth while, if you crave excitement. *All Talkie.*

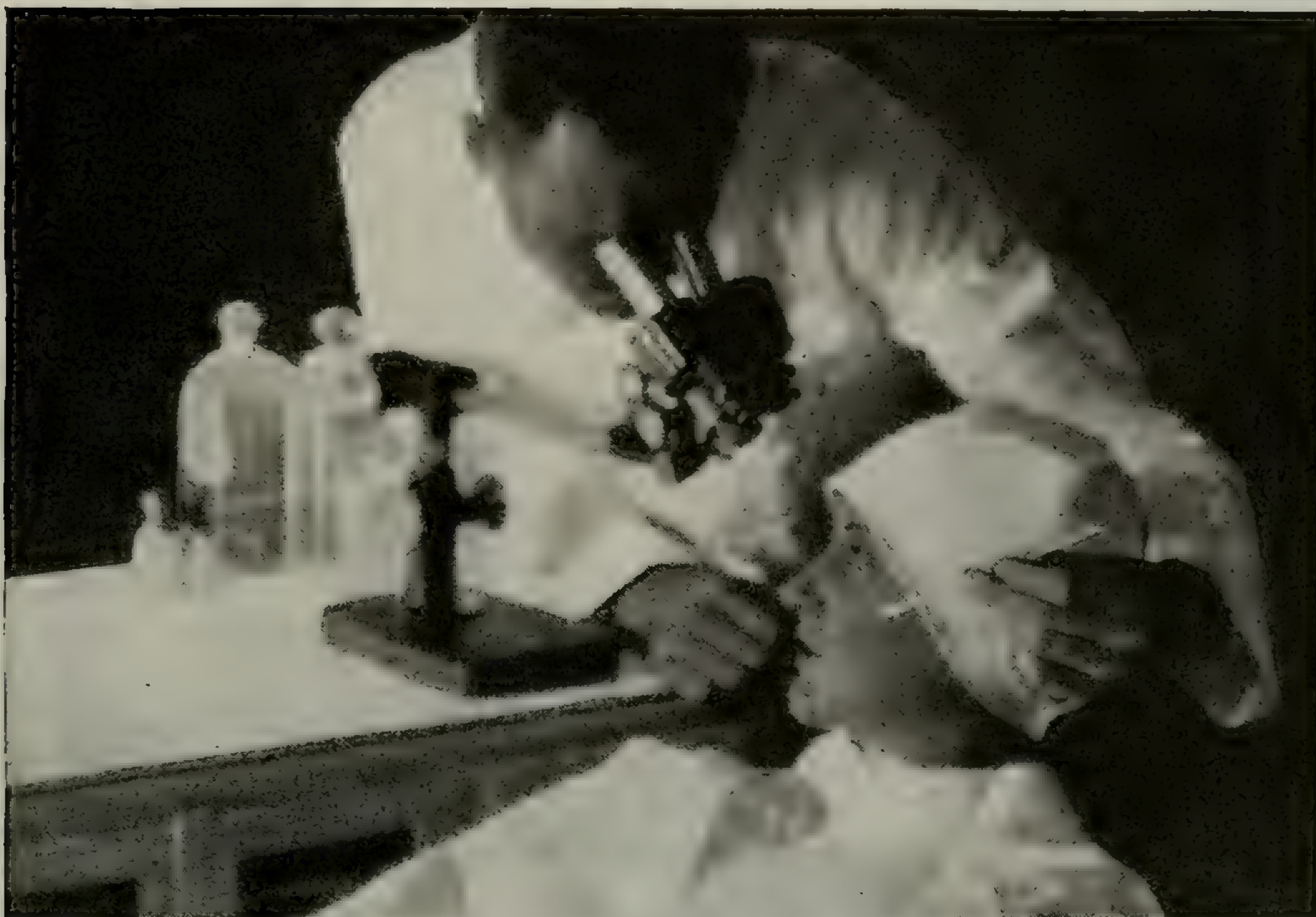
Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE

"No doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

A \$25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this simple truth:

Superficial cleansing is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depth every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly. He knows that greasy preparations, while softening for the skin, are not efficient cleansers. Only a liquid pene-



trates instantly into the pores and floats out the deepest dirt, leaving no clogging sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened by neglect soon becomes naturally fine with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

If the skin is dry it will be softened by a smooth facial cream, but only after every particle of soil has been removed by liquid Ambrosia. Correct treatments for each type of skin, endorsed by New York's leading dermatologist, given in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle. At all important department stores, drug stores and specialty shops, \$1, \$1.75, \$3. Write for generous free sample.

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AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

created by a chemist to the French court . . . named by the beautiful Empress Eugenie . . . for twenty-seven years made only to the private order of America's most notable women . . .



Everyone admires smooth, fair Skin

Passersby, as well as those who know you, pay admiring tribute to your complexion-beauty when you cherish it with Plough's Cold Cream!

Dip your fingers into the cool, white softness of this dainty cream and smooth it on your skin. Instantly there is a soothed, refreshed feeling, even after exposure to harsh, drying weather! Chapping and irritation vanish! "Tired" lines and "crows' feet" disappear—and the fear of wrinkles.

Then, day by day, as you continue to apply this rich, nourishing cream, your skin responds by becoming clearer, smoother and finer in texture, until it attains the appealing, youthful beauty that every woman so desires.

Plough's Cold Cream is available in two sizes, popularly-priced, at all dealers. Price 30¢ and 50¢.

Plough's COLD CREAM

Look for the Black and White Circle on the Package



Plough, Inc.

NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · SAN FRANCISCO

The IT That Failed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

to my "IT" (I had taken to holding little cheery conversations with it). "We'll get there yet. Look at Edison, and Ford, and Rockefeller. They started with nothing, too."

The next morning we were called for our first rehearsal and I discovered that my fears were partially groundless. I was to have a love scene. It was not with Miss Davies, but it was with a very charming girl named Julia Faye.

"And do we get married?" I asked Mr. Vidor. "Does she fall madly in love with me?"

"NOW don't worry about the rest of the picture," he replied. "We'll take care of that when we come to it."

"Yes sir," I said, and retired to a corner of the studio where I could practice without a lot of electricians looking on.

"Good old 'IT,'" I murmured. "I knew you'd get your chance."

They didn't get to my love scene that day, however, and, as a matter of fact, they didn't get to it for another week.

I was rather grateful for the delay, on the whole, because it gave me more time for practice. I was also becoming better acquainted with the technique of making talkies and had learned the meaning of most of the jargon, such as "out of sink," "playback," and "ants in the pants." It was all very interesting.

And then, one Thursday, Mr. Vidor told me to be on the set promptly at 8:30 the next morning. My love scene was to be the first thing "shot." You may imagine my excitement. I hardly slept a wink all night. And promptly at 8:30 a. m. I appeared. And promptly at 4:30 p. m. they got to my scene.

There was, first of all, a rehearsal. Miss Faye and I, seated on a romantic porch, went through the age-old gestures of Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, Paolo and Francesca. Of course, I held myself back somewhat. I didn't want to waste everything just on a rehearsal. And then, when we had finished, another thought occurred to me.

"Mr. Vidor," I suggested, "don't you think that perhaps the scene would be more effective if I took off my glasses?"

"No," he replied. "It was great. Do it just that way."

"But with glasses," I argued, "the romance—"

"Don't change it," he said. "All right—everybody quiet—this will be the picture."

Bells sounded and doors swung shut. Lights were "hit" and blazed up into our eyes. The studio became hushed. I could hear myself perspiring.

"They're turning over," announced a voice. We waited while boys held scene numbers in front of turning cameras, and then, at a signal from Mr. Vidor, we began. I took a deep breath. My time had come.

"You know, you've got the most beautiful eyes," I said, and gazing deep into Miss Faye's orbs I slowly dilated my nostrils and let her have the full benefit of my weeks of practice.

If I do say so, who shouldn't, it was a great scene. Mr. Vidor agreed with me.

"It'll be a wow," he said, when it was all over—and that seemed to be the general opinion of the cameramen and electricians.

"I can hardly wait to see it," I breathed happily.

Mr. Vidor was right. It was a wow. I have seen the picture. I went to see it last week for the first time. I had left Hollywood before it had been finally revised, "cut" and "released."

And last week I saw it. I took with me the young friend who had been so disappointingly unaware of my "IT" before I had left for the Coast. I wanted to make her feel just a little bit ashamed of herself and a little bit regretful for lost opportunities.

"You're very good," whispered my companion, "and very funny."

"I know," I agreed. "In these early scenes, I'm supposed to be sort of a crazy man. But wait—"

We waited. My love moment came nearer and nearer. The Stewart "IT" was about to be vindicated.

"Now," I breathed.

THE scene shifted. It was a porch. Julia Faye was sitting there. Someone was approaching. She looked up. It was I.

"You know, you've got the most beautiful eyes," I whispered. And the audience began to titter. I looked around angrily.

"Shhh," I said. But it did no good. They began to laugh. Everyone was laughing. And the loudest of all was my companion.

"You're a scream," she gasped. "Honestly, you've never been funnier in your life."

I said nothing. But I did a lot of thinking. And when the picture ended and we were filing out of the theater I came to a conclusion.

"It was those glasses," I muttered. "Darn him, I told him."

"Who?" asked my friend.

"King Vidor," I replied. "And he calls himself a good director!"

I wrote Mr. Vidor a letter. I have as yet not received any reply. But wait until they ask me to do another picture. Just wait.



Here's a chance for Californians to have a good snicker at Eastern film weather. This is Rupert Julian's Paramount company on the murky shores of Long Island Sound, making a scene for "The River Inn." Helen Morgan stands before the light at the right, and Charles Ruggles is kneeling over the body. That spot should be marked X

A N OLD BEAUTY SECRET

THE LAUGHING, KISSABLE LIPS OF YOUTH...

At last it is discovered—the baffling secret for the glorious youthfulness of mouth and perfect teeth which were the fame of Aztec beauties. The Aztecs chewed gum! It was gum from the Sapota tree, the same that you have in Wrigley's Chewing Gum today. Chewing Wrigley's, therefore, is but making use of that simple, inexpensive, old Beauty Secret.

The FLAVOR LASTS



AIDS DIGESTION

K-7

The luscious young lips and enchanting smiles of Aztec beauties are yours today. Merely follow the simplest of their great Beauty Secrets—chewing gum for lovely curves of the mouth and healthy, even teeth. Wrigley's is the same as the Aztecs chewed only it has a more perfect "chewing resistance" to give just the right moulding to the lips. Chew Wrigley's with a certain degree of regularity each day. Try Double Mint . . . it's peppermint flavored.

Did She Steal Clara's Picture?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

in comedies and Westerns she turned to the last stand of the failure—Poverty Row.

She had been thought a brilliant kid, a youngster with a great deal of promise. She discovered that she wasn't. A lethargy had settled over her. She could taste the tedium of the studios where quickies were made. Daily she saw the horde of has-beens who told her of the brave days of metaphorical Booths and Barretts.

She knew she didn't belong in the tawdry atmosphere of Poverty Row, the other, tragic half of Hollywood.

It is difficult to understand Jean's wise eyes in a town like Hollywood. It is hard to know what went on behind the flaccid mask of her face. She made the gestures, she smiled, she put on make-up and, as she crossed the threshold of the decaying studios along Sunset Boulevard, she knew that she was a failure.

PASSIONATE, intense, vivid people give up in disgust. They go home, they bark at fate and give themselves over to bitterness and tears. But Jean Arthur is not of that temperament. Lethargy had claimed her. She went on in the unglamorous, unromantic career that fate seemed to have allotted her because there was nothing else to do.

And then someone at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw her and called her over to take a test for a Billie Haines picture. She didn't expect to get the part. She didn't expect anything now. Anita Page was chosen, but Jean took her test to Paramount and it got her a contract.

She was elated for the first time since she had signed the first little contract with Fox, but the next bitter blow was a part in "The Canary Murder Case" so small and so lacking in any chance for a real display of talent that she was ashamed to come to the studio after the picture was released.

The pictures had whipped her. She was the victim of an inferiority complex. Everything she touched had turned to failure. There was nothing left to do but finish out the miserable contract and marry or take a secretarial course.

It was impossible for Jean to fight for existence on the screen. She had come to the place where she didn't believe in herself any more.

One afternoon she burst into an executive's office and put her head on his desk and wept, really wept, for the first time.

"I can't do it. I'm rotten. I'm no good. I can't go on."

It turned the trick. The admitting of it in words, when before she had locked it up within her, did something to her. The executive

talked to her as she had never been talked to before. He told her she was in the game and that there was nothing to do but lick it. He added, for good measure, that she didn't have any spunk and if she ever expected to amount to anything she had to go out and do her job and do it well, without inhibitions, without nonsense, without thought of failure.

Something happened to her then. Something as intangible as all the things that have happened to her. She left the office and went out to do her job. That job was the lead in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" and it began her success and gave the needy talkies an actress of rare ability and charm.

Certainly nothing actual has happened in Jean Arthur's life. Hers has been a drab career. She has pitted herself against herself and has never met in open combat any of the Gorgonian dragons of Hollywood.

"I, myself, have never been anything," she said, "that's why I like to act now. I like to be somebody else."

Along with her success came a complete metamorphosis in the matter of dress. When she was first brought into the wardrobe department, Travis Banton, the designer, was about to commit Roman hara-kiri and fall on his shears. Because she was so undecided in coloring he thought she would be difficult to dress, in spite of her lovely figure.

But when he began to work, her passive mind was so attuned to every chic suggestion that she became one of the smartest dressed women on the lot. "She wears clothes like I've never seen another picture girl wear them," Banton says. "She is a perfect example of absolute smartness."

Essentially, she is a quiet person. She lives on the outskirts of Laurel Canyon in a little frame house that might be an old English hunting lodge in disguise. Pewter plates are stationed on racks. Long divans are covered in some sort of rep material. There is a picturesque St. Bernard dog to roam the place, and vines hug the side of the house.

SHE reads and rides horseback. Nothing much else. No parties, simply because she gets so frightfully tired about one o'clock in the morning.

She has been called somewhat of a dumbbell in Hollywood because she isn't a whoopee girl. A self-admitted negative personality is not understood in the cinema city. Calmness and the ability to relax are unknown qualities. Deep pools are a rarity among the rushing torrents and the bounding streams of the most active city in the world.



They rehearse for weeks just for one scene. Sammy Lee, noted Broadway dance director, puts the maidens of the merry-merry through the preliminary paces of a new Metro phonoplay



85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater,



than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors re-

gard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.
- 4 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe*, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



"I prefer new wonderful Mello-glo Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores", says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps ugly shine away".

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New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

**MELLO-GLO stays on longer —
Will not enlarge the pores — No
pasty or flaky look — Does not
irritate the skin — Made by
a new French process —
Famous for its purity.**

Beautiful women everywhere proclaim the marvelous difference in MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its colors pass the United States Government's rigid test. It is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed to give perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and reproduces the tint of youth.

Less powdering—a smoother finish—and a natural looking complexion—with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Do not let your pores grow large or your skin rough and aged. Use MELLO-GLO and look younger!

No face powder was ever made like it—only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and this new process. There are no substitutes. Get MELLO-GLO and keep your complexion young. MELLO-GLO is a square gold box of loveliness for one dollar, at any toilet goods counter.

Strange Talkie Tricks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

just like a big ship under draft," said a naval officer, serving as technical advisor.

The sound was incorporated into the picture, adding a great deal to the realism of this particular scene.

IN "Dr. Fu Manchu," the house of the scheming Oriental medico was supposedly built over water.

Now, it wasn't practical to build a set over the Pacific Ocean, and there was no water in the Los Angeles River. Still, there had to be the soft swish of water against pier posts below.

Nothing could be more simple than to go to the property department, find an ordinary washtub, fill it with water, and then swish it gently.

The sound was perfect. Moreover, it could be used for the lapping of waves against a docked ship.

When it comes to racing car effects, a motor attached to a drum gives the right reverberation.

You can almost smell the exhaust.

Another method frequently used to give the effect of a motor leaving the curb is to attach the microphone to the exhaust pipe. It sounds more like the motor than the motor itself.

The whir of an aeroplane's motor reproduces very nicely, but it won't do when a scene is taken within a studio.

It's simple to race the engine of a Fordson tractor.

You could give Lindy the blindfold test and he couldn't tell one from t'other.

"Wings" was made in the very early days of sound effects.

The studio was puzzled about the sound of tanks in their grim, relentless pull across a battle-scarred field.

Chains in a tin can gave the harsh noise most realistically.

It almost seems too bad to give away the secret of that thrilling mine explosion of "Dynamite."

It was one of the most effective moments yet brought to the screen.

However, a real mine explosion would have been utterly impossible.

Disregarding the danger to the actors in the picture, the explosion would have blown out every sound tube in Hollywood.

Sound tubes are more delicate than a confirmed hypochondriac. Even the substitute created an unearthly din.

A long trough of compo-board was built, reaching from the top of the stage to the floor. Down this lengthy trough cannonballs were rolled.

It gave the deep, menacing sound, the rumble and the reverberation.

Any explosion is difficult to record satisfactorily.

There must be concussion and pressure back of it if the sound is to be realistic.

REVOLVER shots are as elusive as Peter Pan.

Technicians have experimented by firing guns over the microphone and under it, at close range and at a distance.

The microphone has had blankets over it, and paper sacks.

A revolver shot is still murder as far as any great progress is concerned.

The best substitute to date is to fire a cap that will produce smoke and no sound. The report is doubled in later. In "Madame X" the revolver was fired into a barrel.

For some reason a real bullet is better than a fake. The cap produces a sort of "plop." There is no concussion whatever. Usually, in machine gun warfare, real charges are used.

It has been said, however, that pebbles on a drum-head sound pretty good.

One of the strangest instances of sound-doubling is made for the drop of a super-charger from an aeroplane or a battleship. Sound for this high-frequency shrill whistle is actually made through no sound at all. Alternating currents of light on the sound track does the trick.

In the playback one gets the shrill, thin whistle of the shell as it cuts the air.

They do say the trick can be done even more simply—just turning an electric fan into the microphone.

That is hearsay, however.

Speaking of some fancy combustions, one of the studios "plopped" a balloon for the explosion of a hot-water heater.

One of the neatest tricks of the month was doubling for a roller coaster. To get the real sound would have necessitated the laying of five thousand feet of cable. Even harder than it sounds, and that's pretty hard if anybody rides up in an ice-wagon and wants to know.

The sound expert was wandering disconsolately about the lot when he stopped in front of an incinerator. A joyful smile spread over his face.

"A H, hah!" he shrieked, or some such ejaculation of joy.

The elevator inside the incinerator, used to elevate the rubbish to the top where it could be burned, made a noise just like a roller coaster.

In these hectic days you are liable to find a sound effect any place—in your coffee, in your hair—there's no telling.

When it comes to animal and bird imitators, Hollywood is full of them. Even your best friend will tell you that he's a whole barnyard in himself.

It's pretty hard to get the clear, dulcet bray of a donkey at the precise moment you want it. Nor is it easy to time the love call of the razzo bird.

Reason will tell you that an imitator is all to the berries at times like these.

There is a man in Hollywood who is working steadily with his imitations. He has hit upon a unique method of advertising his accomplishments.

He stands outside of the studio gate. Whenever a director passes he bursts into sound effects.

He can make a noise like a goat, or a pig, or anything with feathers on with the single exception of a marabou boa.

It is tricky business—these sounds. One studio wanted the sound of a horse falling. Everything was tried including the throwing of a real horse. It wouldn't do. A pile of gunny-sacks pitched on the floor was right to the dot.

An ordinary pumpkin makes a nice "squash" like the fall of a dead human body.

ENGINES record perfectly, switching, air-brakes and all. The filming of "Thunder," the Lon Chaney picture in which the star was supported by an engine, was duck-soup. On the other hand such a seemingly simple thing as a raindrop gives a technician gray hair. A baby's heart-beat was recorded with vivid realism in "Sal of Singapore," but just try and get a pay-telephone to sound right.

But, everyone will tell you that the world's most difficult job of doubling is with the human voice.

If it is done at all it must be perfect, and perfection isn't achieved very often. So in case you hear the Pathe rooster singing "Cara Nome" in Italian you can be pretty sure that Mary Garden isn't doubling in.

Look for this SIGN

People are learning that there's a difference in SOUND QUALITY

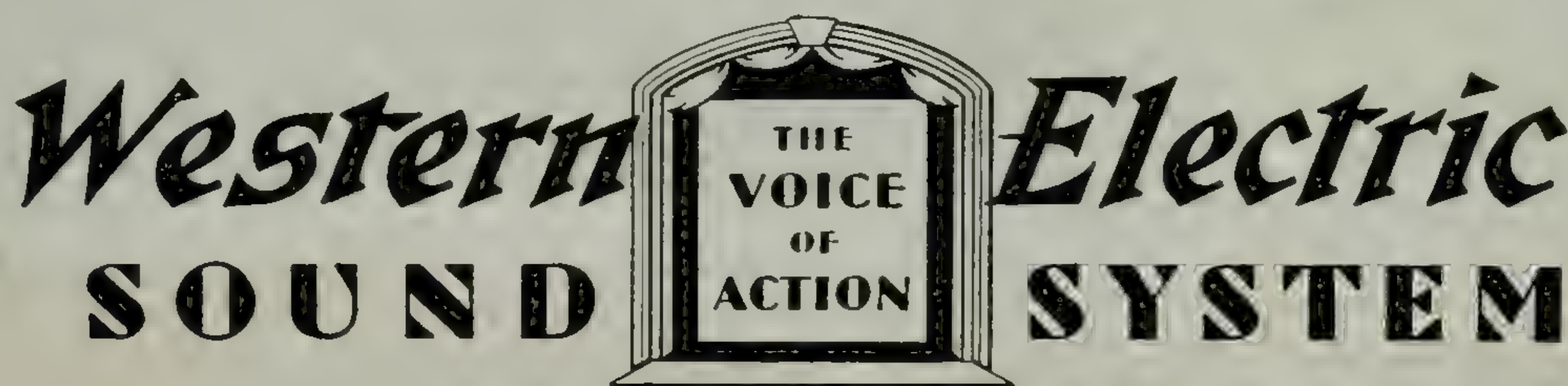


THEATRES equipped with the Western Electric sound reproducer are featuring that fact in lobby, programs, and newspaper advertising. Exhibitors display the name because the Western Electric sound system assures reproduction in the same clear and life-like tones which went into the making of the picture.

The satisfaction you have enjoyed in listening to your favorite actors and productions on the stage can now be duplicated by hearing their

voices reproduced with absolute fidelity in the sound picture. But there is a vast difference in the quality of sound. People are learning to discriminate in selecting theatres for their sound equipment as well as for stars and pictures shown.

Western Electric made your telephone. Its experience in voice-transmission apparatus was indispensable in this similar problem — the Sound Picture. That is why the Western Electric sign in a theatre is your assurance of quality.



MADE
BY THE MAKERS
OF YOUR
TELEPHONE

It's not because her friends WON'T tell



perhaps they are not sure themselves about Feminine Hygiene

IN HER anxiety, it is natural for the newly married woman to believe that her friends know more than they tell her about feminine hygiene. True, they may have been married longer. True, they may seem more experienced than she. But they themselves have probably received advice upon this subject so *different*, so *conflicting*, that they hesitate to pass it on.

Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the kind of antiseptic which is employed. Much as the doctor and trained nurse approve of hygienic cleanliness, they will not condone the use of poisonous antiseptics. They know too well the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions. Zonite is a safe and effective germicide for feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Zonite booklet tells all facts

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Exposing Ronald!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

which can, on occasion, get very judicial, "is no excuse of the Hollywood law."

"Apparently you're wrong," said Colman. "My ignorance and a press agent's story have built up a tradition around me. Look here," he suddenly burst out, "you're not going to expose me, are you? You're not going to go out and tell everybody that I don't bite little children's heads off when they trespass on my property?"

"OH, no," said I, "certainly not." And I reached for my little blue note-book and yellow pencil.

But I'm tired of having Ronnie Colman get away with the racket any longer. I'm just sick and tired of it. He's a grand guy. He'll tell you all about the latest biographies in one breath, and run on about Bill Powell's iniquities in the next. He has an excellent taste in caviar, and knows which fork to use for which course. He's just affable enough to be nice and not so affable as to be a sap. He really likes people—the kind of people who should be liked—and goes out quite a good deal to the kind of parties to which civilized people should go.

He plays tennis and rides horseback and he doesn't sit up in his lonely hermitage and hibernate through the long winter months. Laughter rings in the halls of the Colman mansion and he entertains at dinner three or four times a week.

In fact, he does all the best things there are to do in this world and avoids making all the unpleasant gestures because he's Ronald Colman and nobody ever told him that he had to be bored to be popular. He's had no malicious digs in the movie columns because

most people are afraid of him, and his dignity keeps fans from tearing the buttons off his coat for souvenirs upon the rare occasions when he does go out in public.

All in all, he's a grand person, and you can while away hours of chatter with him if you're in a whiling away mood. The Colman aloofness is all a myth. It got woven into the pattern of Hollywood legend and it's all a lot of bunk.

There's no reason why he shouldn't give a big press tea and let people spill gin on his carpets and burn cigarette holes in his upholstered chairs. "Except," he said, "that if I were a newspaper man and if a star were very nice to me I'd think he was only doing it to get a little publicity." He's so sincere about the whole thing. He has it so perfectly reasoned out.

THERE'S no excuse for his not going to opening nights. "Except," he said, "you get writer's cramp signing autograph books, and a stiff collar is uncomfortable for a whole warm evening in a picture house, when you can see the same film in a nice projection room."

Oh, I could go on and on. I could recount all of his sins of omission. But you get the idea. Around his head is a halo of mystery. Nobody knows whether he prefers blondes to brunettes. Nobody ever has the faintest notion "who was that lady you saw him with last night."

And it's all a gag. It's the Colman racket, and after this story is printed he shouldn't be allowed to get away with it any more—but he will, because he's just that kind of person!



Underwood and Underwood

Inventor C. Francis Jenkins sitting before his receiving instrument, which is designed to respond to both words and images at the same time. In other words, a television machine. Don't rush out tomorrow and pay thousands of dollars for one. Maybe in ten years we can get them cheaply at our own furniture stores



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Are you side-tracking one cigarette brand for the next? That's it...you're not quite mouth-happy! So switch permanently to Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. Stay mouth-happy with that constant, moist-cool, mouth-comfort which Spud brings...which lets you enjoy Spud's choice tobacco leaf and blend without limit...right through two packs a day, if that's your cigarette appetite! It's Spud's 16% cooler smoke doing the trick...heightening all the more, your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Veteran smokers, novice smokers, heavy smokers, light smokers...they're all hailing Spud as the 20-Century freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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SPUD

CIGARETTES

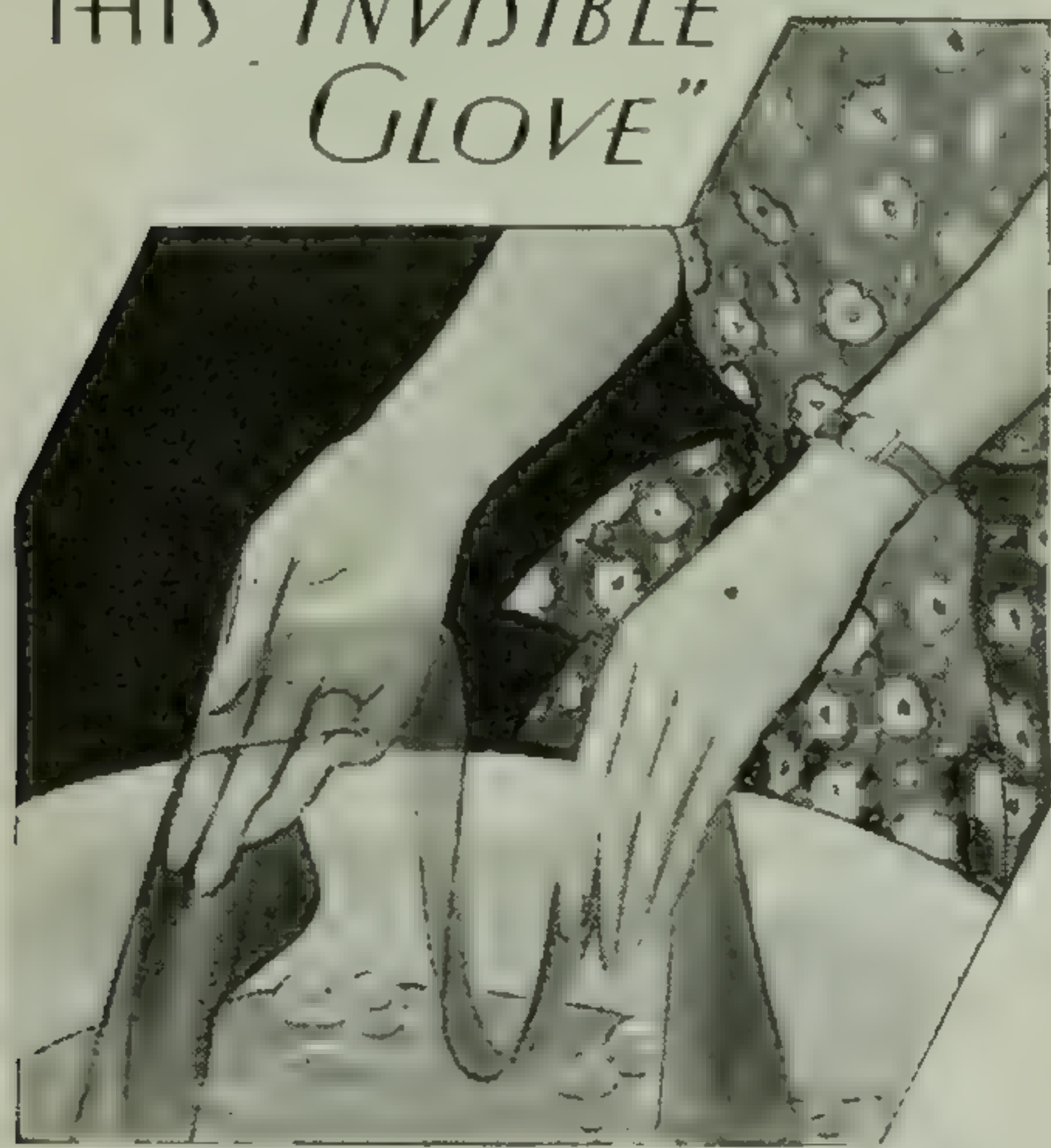
JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten...continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.



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Hosiery must be washed . . . and often. But it's not necessary to ruin your hands doing it. No, indeed! After you dry your hands, just use a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. This clear, sparkling, liquid lotion does not require the usual bothersome massaging, for it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. Because it protects the pores like "an invisible glove," Chamberlain's safeguards the beauty of your hands as nothing else will. Your favorite toilet goods counter has it, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or we'll send our ten cent purse size FREE. Just use coupon below. Chamberlain Laboratories, 212 3 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

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The Villain Unmasked

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

as a microbe under a magnifying glass.

When rehearsal was over, the coach called me over and told me that it must have been an error in casting that gave me the part, and maybe I'd better go in for writing essays instead. Gosh—that was an awful moment! The only thing that saved it was a note from Bill, thrust into my hand when the coach wasn't looking. On it he had written, "You put about as much feeling into your acting as a wooden Indian, but I'd like to help you if you'll let me. How about taking you home tonight?"

The note, still preserved for posterity, is not for sale at any price.

I lived three miles from the school—and insisted on walking home. There was a full moon, and it must have been pretty cold—but I can't remember that. But I remember the moon, because Bill quoted those lines from "Omar" about "Yon rising moon that looks for us tonight—" But he said "Good-night" at the door and went away—and the next I heard of him was when the Kansas City Star printed his picture under that stock caption, "Local Boy Makes Good," and told how Bill was playing *English Eddie* in Jane Cowl's company in "Within the Law."

From that time on every newspaper in the country kept me informed as to Bill's progress, but I was still in the Middle West and Bill was shuttling between Hollywood and New York. But one rainy morning this winter in New York, I picked up a paper and Bill's name flashed out at me—as it had a way of doing. He was with Dick Barthelmess, spending a few days in New York.

I called the hotel and a vibrant, yet strangely familiar voice answered from Bill's room.

"Do you," I asked, with my heart pounding against my tonsils, "remember a girl you quoted 'Omar' to in Kansas City—about sixteen years ago?"

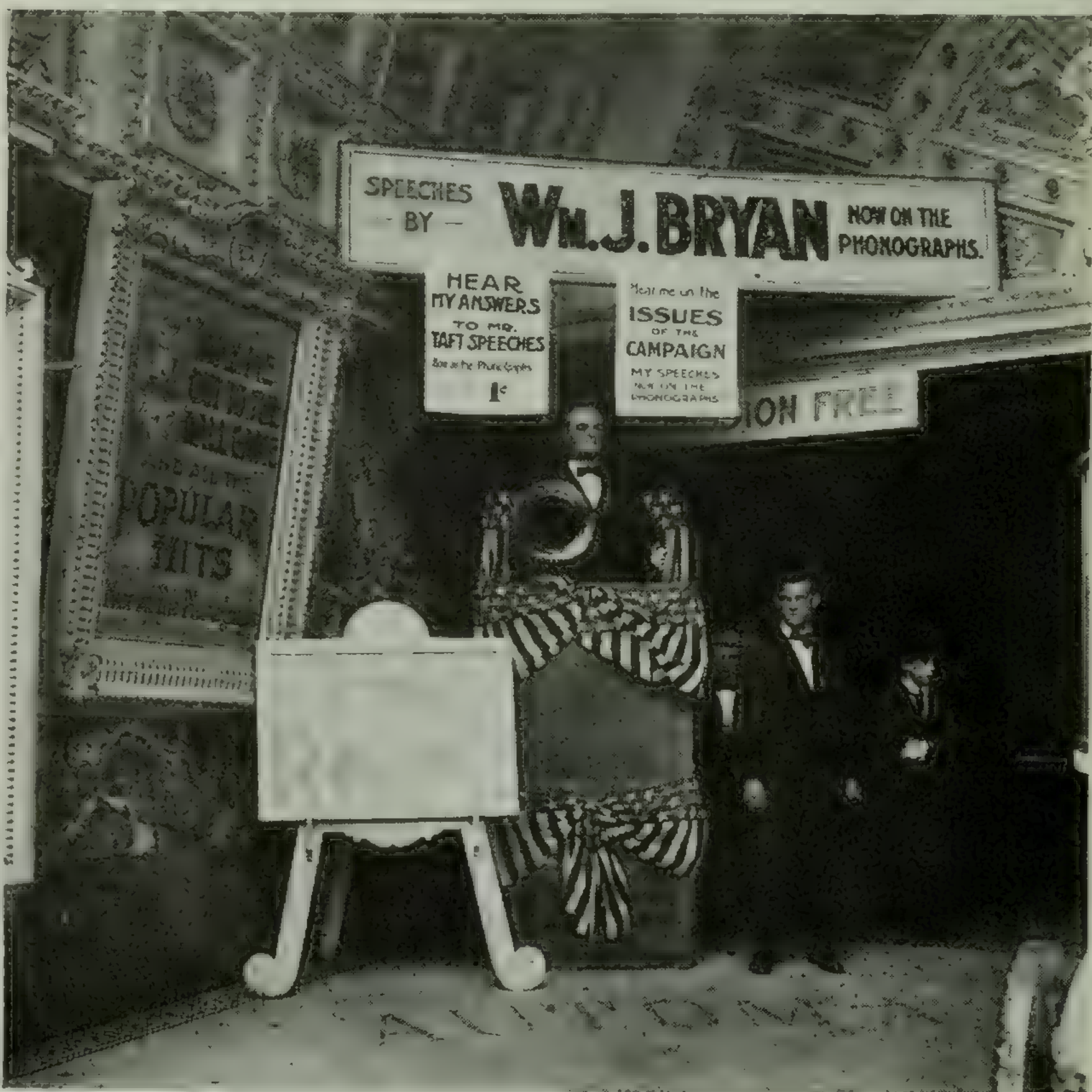
"Good Lord!" the masculine voice groaned, "was I doing things like that sixteen years ago? And who are you and how much will it cost to never mention the matter again?"

"You called me an immature little fool once," I reminded him, "and I've been waiting a long time to get even. I want to interview you for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE."

"Never, Leonora," Bill answered. "You know me too well. Come over and talk to me—have dinner with me—help me see some of the New York shows—but don't ever let the world know what a self-conscious young jackass I was. I thought by carrying around a heavy load of dignity that I could cover up the inferiority complex that was eating me."

"The awful truth was that my family was ashamed of my ambitions to be an actor and tried the best they knew how to make a respectable business man out of me—believe it or not, I once was earning all of fifteen dollars a week as a bookkeeper before I broke away and came to New York to a dramatic school. But now that I've created an illusion of sleek sophistication, I can't shatter it by letting the world know that anyone knew me when my neck was too small for my collar. And imagine a movie villain quoting 'Omar'—without any ulterior motive, too! Be a good little girl and spare my blushes!"

But I didn't promise—and I'm glad I didn't—because, after all, while I may shatter a lot of illusions, I'm getting a chance to unmask a first-class villain and reveal him as a mighty likeable—I almost said *lovable*—boy.



The cradle of the moving picture. Back in the days when there were nickelodeons instead of cinema cathedrals, this penny arcade on Fourteenth Street, New York, did a flourishing business—with the aid of Mr. Bryan!

WIN \$1000.00 WITH YOUR PEN

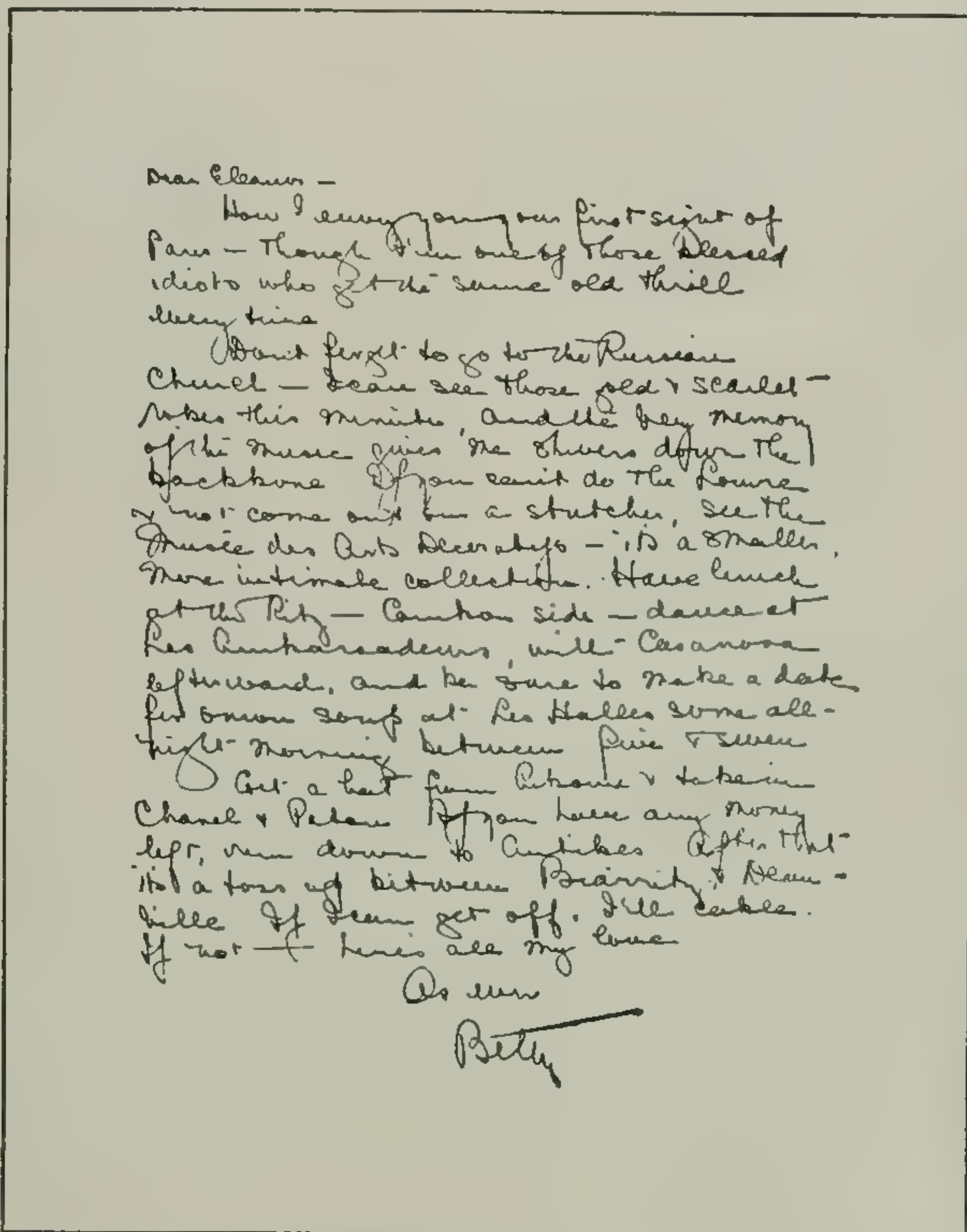
Enter this \$2850.00 prize letter-writing contest . . . 355 awards;
Cash prizes range from \$1000.00 to \$10.00



WHEN a friend removes to a near-by city . . . or starts on a trip around the world . . . or leaves for her vacation, your hearty wishes for new happiness go with her. But what a glow it will bring to her heart to find that you have taken the trouble to write her a note about it. So small a thing to do, but how much it means! And if you haven't such a friend, you will have some day, so write the letter now, for practice. Besides, the Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.—which probably made the stationery that is on your desk this very minute—will award \$700 in prizes for the eighteen best farewell letters, and one hundred additional prizes of Eaton stationery. Breezy, informal, yet informative is the bon voyage letter above, which Miss Betty Thornley, the fashion magazine writer, sent recently to another young voyageuse. It may serve as an interesting example to you. Read how simple it is. Then get out your writing paper. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.



Miss Betty Thornley (in private life, Mrs. Edward Gordon Stuart) lives in New York. Her recipe for enjoying it to the full—judging by her numerous travel articles—is to leave it as often as possible.



TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

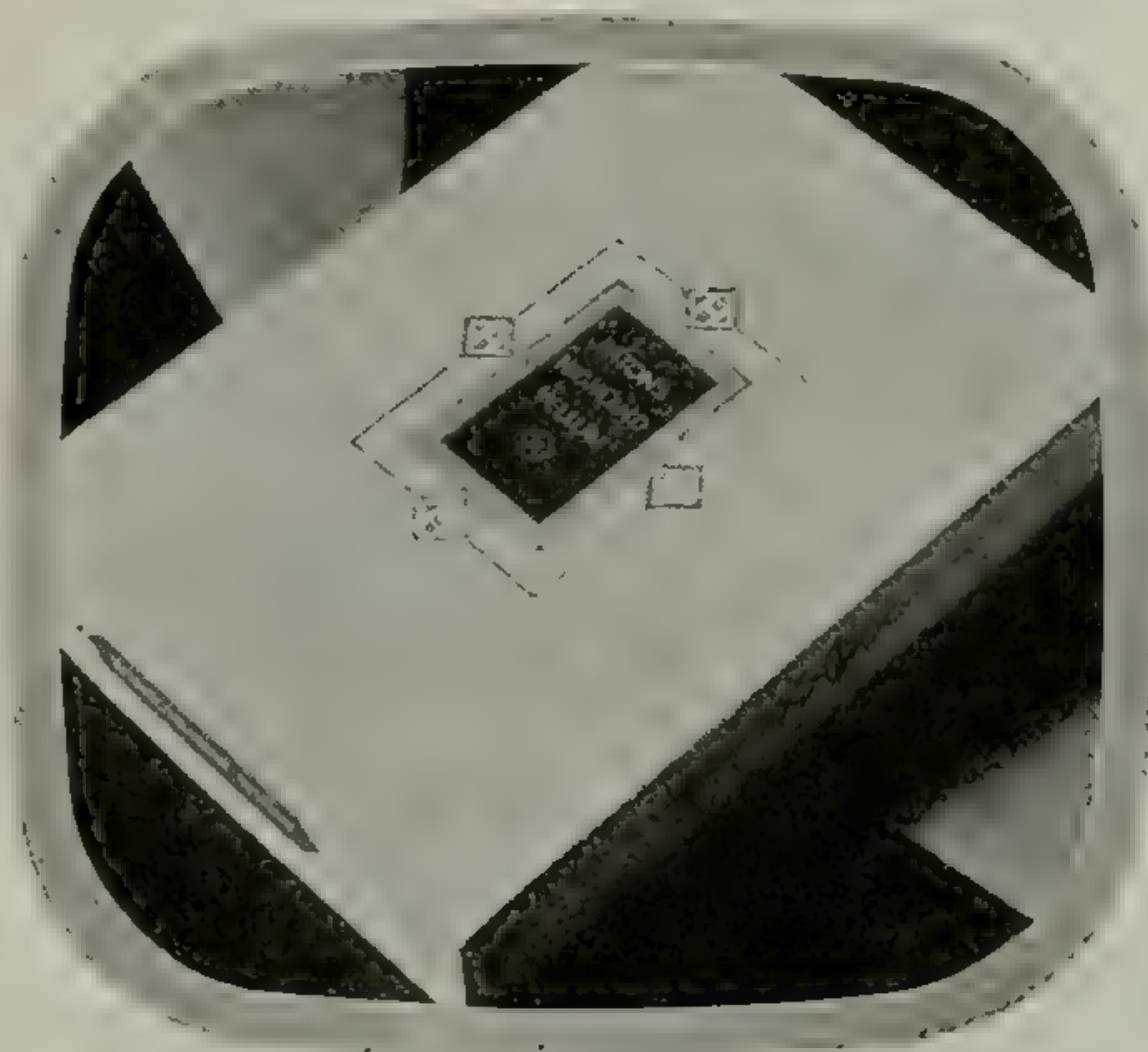
CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case

of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



In Eaton's Highland Vellum, Eaton, Crane & Pike have introduced a writing paper so unusually fine that it can scarcely fail to win your approval. The surface is velvety. The colors are in exquisite taste: blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory and white. The decorative motives are distinctive, and for gift purposes, it may be had in richly decorated boxes. Briefly, it is such a paper as you would expect the makers of Eaton's Highland Linen to offer you. Smart and modern, it is quite reasonable in price. 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

When They Write Letters

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]



ARTISTS EARN MORE



WHY not train your ability along art lines if you like to draw? Art is a vital part of today's business. Advertisers and publishers are paying large sums of money annually to those who are trained in Modern Art. Successful magazine and newspaper artists are making fine incomes today. A great many successful students of the Federal School of Illustrating now earn from \$2500 to \$6000 a year—some even more.

Drawing is a fascinating study as taught through the Federal Home Study Course in Illustrating. You can learn while you earn if you wish. More than fifty famous artists have contributed exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course.

Their experience helps you to become a professional. In your spare time at home you may receive thorough instruction in all branches of Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, and Window Card Illustrating.

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"t" but is really just a decoration. The dark blue, glossy ink is effective against the gray ground.

Dorothy Mackaill and Lillian Roth selected papers that are identical.

Lillian's envelopes, however, are unlined and are long and narrow.

Dorothy likes the squarer type, with a rich blue lining.

The papers they use are oblong single sheets in cream white.

An attractive effect is produced by narrow horizontal markings which are a part of the paper itself.

Both these stars include their address—Hollywood, California—under the name at the top of the sheet.

So does Fay Wray, except that she gives her address merely as "Hollywood."

BEBE DANIELS' note-paper is surmounted by a handsome gold crest which bears the legend, *Semper Paratus* (always prepared), a significant one in view of her recent talking and singing triumphs.

The double-sheeted white paper is beautifully watermarked, giving a somewhat fancy but not unpleasing effect.

Loretta Young uses a single, oblong sheet in white, with her name enclosed in an odd-shaped decoration in the left-hand corner. Louise Fazenda's paper is pale gray, with her name engraved in lavender ink.

Constance Talmadge uses a pale gray double sheet, with light blue, close horizontal lines in its weave.

A simple CT appears in one corner of her stationery.

For less formal purposes she has a heavy, white, double sheet with a funny little "Krazy Kat" drawing and the initials C A T reproduced at the top.

Joan Bennett's cream-white paper is ornamented with a cut-out monogram in silver and black.

Dolores del Rio uses a single, pale gray sheet, with a large D enclosed in a square engraved in blue at the top.

Gray stock and blue ink seem to be favorite star-combinations.

Olive Borden chose pale blue paper with a dark blue and silver monogram.

Norma Shearer's letter-paper is gray-white, watermarked in geometrical design, and decorated with a circular monogram in dark gray and silver.

The envelope is lined in a matching dark gray.

Carol Lombard's note paper is quite different. It's double-sheeted, long and narrow, in mottled blue with tiny silver edge. Her initials are in dark blue.

Betty Compson's single yellowish-tan sheet is heavy and crackly, with her name and address engraved in brown ink.

The large, almost square sheet appears to be specially adapted to Betty's generous handwriting.

SUE CAROL'S white letter-paper has a stunning black and gold decoration. On close examination the curves and curlicues spell out Sue's name.

Most of the male stars use a single sheet, square or oblong, not too large. Strange to say, the range of colors is greater than in the papers used by the girls.

For instance, some of Buddy Rogers' paper is pale green, and the nickname "Buddy" is used instead of the more formal "Charles" on both letterheads and envelopes.

Clive Brook, Neil Hamilton and George Bancroft are some of those who have chosen a light-weight, single sheet in dark tan, engraved in simple, black letters.

Richard Arlen uses a pale tan, mannish paper, engraved in gold.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., couldn't resist a flourish or two.

Or possibly his letter-paper is a gift from Joan and is of her selection.

It's a single white sheet, with his name engraved in handsome tall, slender black letters against an embossed gray ground. It's extremely masculine, however, and quite impressive.

Maurice Chevalier's letter-paper is engraved with his name in plain lettering.

He uses a small, single sheet at times, and for more formal correspondence he prefers a double sheet of the same paper, with a narrow edge of dark blue to match the blue-lined envelopes.

William Powell, who, by the way, uses his middle initial "H" on his stationery, Gary Cooper, Nick Stuart, and Jack Mulhall, all prefer plain white sheets.

Dick Barthelmess likes gray, and so does Ramon Novarro.

RD, engraved in a rich brown on heavy, double-sheeted white paper, expresses Richard Dix's taste in letter-paper. With it he uses a heavy, unlined envelope.

Hugh Trevor's white paper is watermarked in small squares, his monogram forming a small oval at the top.

THERE'S no missing Edmund S. Lowe's name in man-size letters at the top of his tan paper.

The Gleason family is represented by a tan paper and brown ink combination—and there they all are, even the dog, silhouetted in the corner.

For formal invitations, most of the stars use small single or double sheets, which are monogrammed.

Ivory finish is a favorite choice.

Daintily monogrammed place cards, with narrow pastel or silver edges, are very popular.

Special note-size paper is gaining favor for intimate little personal notes.

An old book of etiquette, in a chapter called "The Whole Art of Correct and Elegant Letter Writing," lays down these rules:

"To write on very coarse paper is allowable only for the most indigent. To use gilt-edged and perfumed paper for business would be ridiculous.

"The selection of paper ought always to be in keeping with the person, age, sex and circumstances of the correspondents.

"Ornamented paper is designed for young ladies and those whose condition, taste and dignity presuppose habits of luxury and elegance.

"Distinguished persons, however, reasonably prefer simplicity and make use of very beautiful paper, but yet without ornament."

Although today's customs allow a little more latitude in ornamentation, the same basic rules for good taste in letter-paper prevail. And, with few exceptions, Hollywood abides by them.

SO, remember this. When you write letters to the stars, it isn't necessary to use extravagantly-priced paper.

But if you want your letter to mark you as a person of discrimination and breeding and so add weight to your remarks, choose your paper for its quality and good taste in color and decoration.

Even in 1930, "distinguished persons" still prefer simplicity.



"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

What to do for dull dry hair

My dear Miss Carroll: Do I have to brush my hair one hundred strokes a day? I don't want to—because after months of training, I can coax a fairly good wave into it. And I'm not anxious to brush it out!

My hair is naturally dry, sort of a straw heap, very thick and coarse. And I don't think it has the gloss it should have. It seems to be "all ends" over my head.—Miss V. W., South Bend, Ind.



The idea of calling your hair a "straw heap," when probably it merely needs a simple treatment to make it shining and smooth! First, I'm going to ask you to use a shampoo made especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's a smooth golden liquid that makes a wonderfully soothing, fragrant lather . . . and besides olive and vegetable oils, it contains *glycerine*—just enough to make your hair more lustrous and tractable!

Then you must do something to stimulate your scalp and those under-active oil glands. If you won't use a brush—though I strongly advise it—will you try massage? Prop your elbows on your dressing table, and drop your head until your temples are cupped by your palms. Then make nice little merry-go-rounds of your finger tips—but gently and slowly. This will help to bring the bright lively glints into your blondish hair!

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.



H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is a special shampoo for oily hair . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic *astringent* which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

Relief from dandruff—out of the pines

Dear Jean Carroll: I have red-brown hair that's about a yard long. It used to be very thick, but now I have so much dandruff, that my hair comes out in combfuls. I intend to enter college next term, so I'd like my hair to look its best. You see, my eyes and hair are nearly the same color!—Miss S. C., Lynchburg, Va.



Oh! I can just see that head of gay lovely hair! You must get right to work to thwart those pernicious little dandruff germs! The very best way to do it is by scrupulous cleanliness—shampoo, shampoo, shampoo! Yes, every time tell-tale white flakes appear you should wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Soap . . . doctors have recommended this soap for years as a splendid treatment for dandruff.

Between those tonicking piney shampoos, remember to brush and brush your hair! And don't forget that brushes and

combs can carry these persistent dandruff germs . . . wash them every day! Be faithful to this treatment, and your hair *will* respond!

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in —radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System in the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

“ ” ”

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 16-B, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

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and as beautiful
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

DO you long for beauty, for the divine glow of youth that comes only with perfect health? Just try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, for a few nights. Thousands have been delighted with the way color returns to the skin when pimples and blotches vanish, with the joy of feeling full of life, tireless and energetic from morning till night. These tablets, a fine substitute for calomel, and far easier to take, were for 20 years prescribed to folks bothered with liver trouble and constipation.

Gentle in action—wonderfully effective

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.

\$80 to \$150 A WEEK

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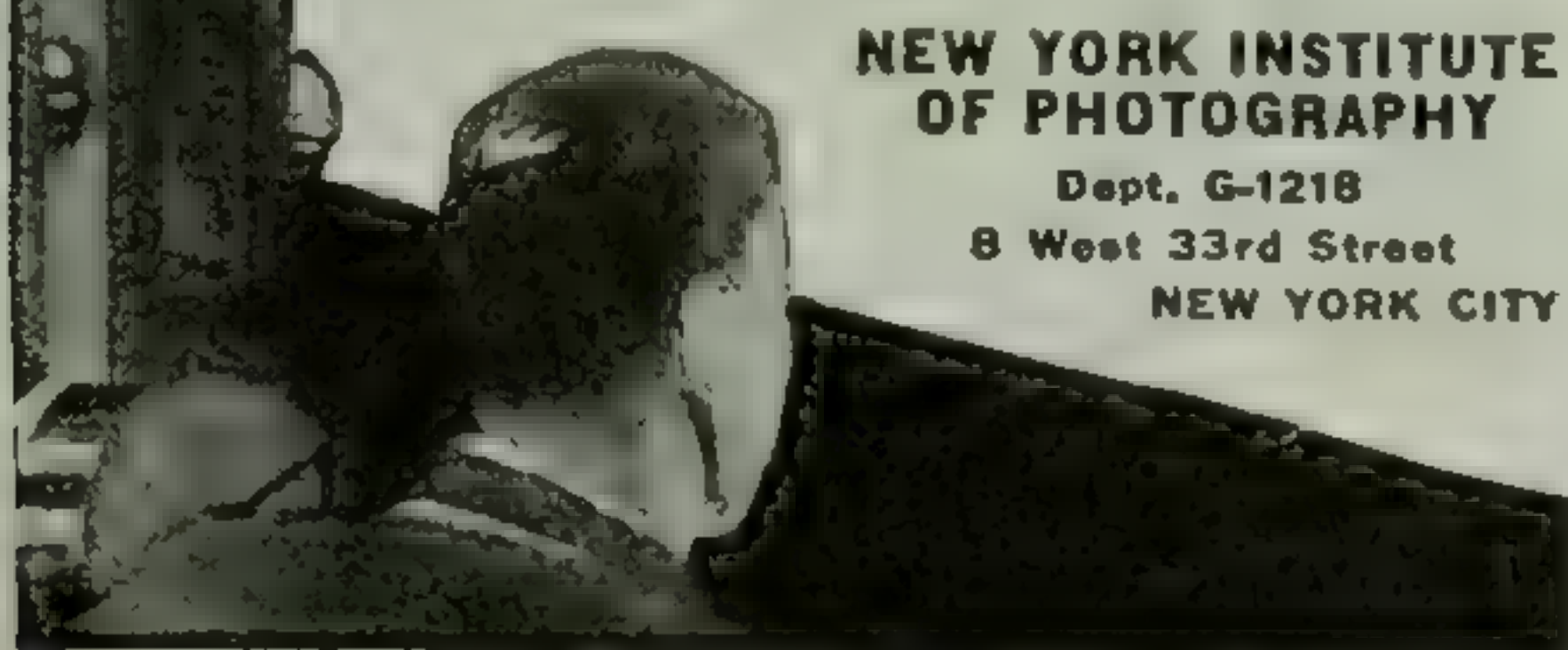
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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

BELLE BAKER ("Song of Love," Columbia) is a vaudeville veteran of many years' standing, famous for her character songs and much beloved by two-a-day audiences. She is also noted for her rendition of "Eli, Eli," Jewish religious song, as an encore. "Song of Love" is her first picture experience. She has appeared in musical comedy.



BERT WHEELER ("Rio Rita," Radio Pictures) is a noted graduate of vaudeville, first to revue and musical comedy, and now to the talkies. After a long laugh-making career in the theater, he played the same part in "Rio Rita" for the screen that he played on the stage for Ziegfeld. A great hit, he has been signed for more films by Radio Pictures.



POLLY WALKER (Radio Pictures) is a discovery of the silver-haired George M. Cohan, who featured her in "Billie," a musical comedy he produced in the fall of 1928. Before that she had played in several shows without kicking up much dust. In "Billie" she scored a personal triumph, and Radio, busy with musical films, signed Polly right on the dotted line.



MAE CLARKE ("Big Time," and "Nix on Dames," Fox) rolled to Hollywood on the crest of the big stage tidal wave, and has made good in Fox pictures. Only 19, she is the wife of Lew Brice, vaudeville comic and brother of the famous Fannie Brice, and appeared with Lew on the variety stage. She first clicked opposite Lee Tracy in "Big Time."



ROLAND YOUNG ("The Unholy Night," M-G-M) is one of the stage's distinguished leading men who has made better than good in talking pictures. An Englishman, Young has for a good many years been a great Broadway favorite, usually in high comedy. He is noted for what the rubber-stamp calls "whimsical charm." Famous in "Beggar on Horseback," on the stage.



JACK BUCHANAN ("Paris," First National) has long been a luminary of the London musical comedy stage, and a great favorite of the silk-hatted song and dance man school. America saw him in the famous "Charlot's Revue," with Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie. His spot in the English theater compares with Clifton Webb's in ours.



LOUISE CLOSSER HALE ("Paris," First National) scored a sensational success in this Bordoni picture. She has for many years been a great favorite in the theater, in such fine plays as "Mr. Pim Passes By," and dozens more. She acted as Gloria Swanson's coach and advisor during the making of "The Trespasser." Just ask Gloria about her!



TED LEWIS ("Is Everybody Happy?" Warners) is a young-old veteran of vaudeville, musical comedy and revue—a Circleville, Ohio, boy who made good in all the big cities. The noted bandsman and singer of laugh, clown, laugh songs appeared in the first edition of the famous revue series, "The Greenwich Village Follies," and in several others.



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— it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

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ful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely... of pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color... and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't* waste Kleenex. And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

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Once you know Kleenex you'll find a score of uses for these lovely little tissues. Many use them in place of handkerchiefs—and certainly they are far more hygienic and comfortable, especially when one has a cold!

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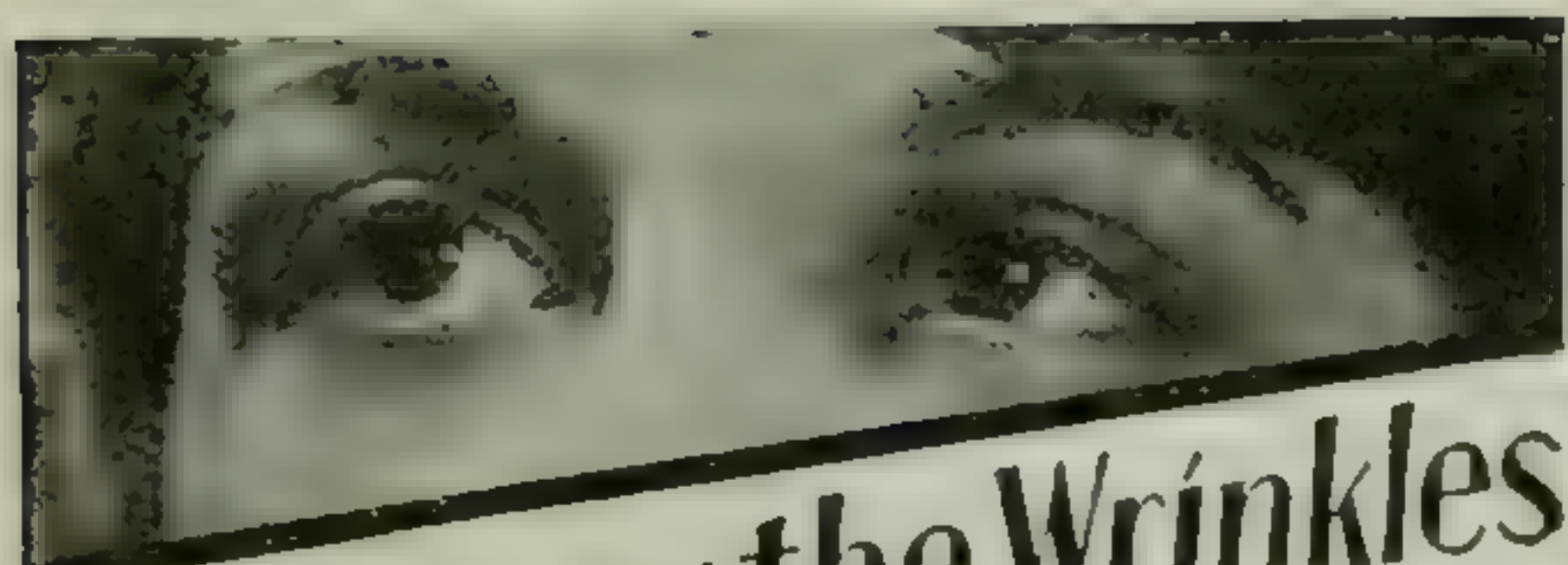
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Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
Olga Baclanova
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Kathryn Carver
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Richard Dix
Paul Guertzman
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Emil Jannings
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Frederic March
Adolphe Menjou
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Charles Rogers
Ruth Taylor
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Tim McCoy
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Dorothy Burgess
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
June Collyer
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Mary Duncan
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor

George Jessel
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Don Terry
Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson
Davey Lee
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lina Basquette
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Ruth Elder
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan

Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmlle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin

Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut

Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson

Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
William Boyd
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis

Alan Hale
Jeanette Loff
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill

Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Olive Borden
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dolores Del Rio
Roland Drew

Rita Carewe
LeRoy Mason

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



Miss Marion Shilling complements her vivid personality by dressing for her part in "Lord Byron of Broadway" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) in a smart two-tone brown and tan broadcloth suit, with the color theme carried out in her "Pagan" Selby Arch Preserver slippers.



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Dating Anita

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

explained Mrs. Pomares, "but we have a lot of fun."

I believed it. They are the most unto-themselves-sufficient family that I have ever met.

I wondered what would happen when Anita fell in love, and was in a marrying state of mind.

Would her family go to the altar, too? That thought lingered with me.

When her singing teacher had departed, Anita sat in on the card game. She admitted she was a very poor bridge player, so the game was changed to hearts.

DURING the course of the evening, between camera set-ups, I had about five minutes alone with Anita. At that I think I was unusually favored.

The fellow that courts her will be like the man that wanted to spend an evening alone with one of the Siamese twins. She is probably as unsophisticated as any nineteen-year-old girl you could find.

When she was fourteen she had seen "Brown of Harvard," and had been highly intrigued by Willaim Haines. She likes being his leading lady, and says he seems just like a big brother to her.

"When I first worked with him I was almost afraid to go on the set," she reminisced. "Billy is such a joker that I expected to find tacks on the chairs. But I don't think he likes to play tricks on people unless they're the sort that take it big."

AT eleven the Pomares family began to hide yawns back of hands.

I'm quick at hints.

It must be time to go. It was my first date with an entire family. The idea was a bit novel, and I'm not sure that I'd always want that kind of date hereafter. But I had a good time, and it certainly was sweet music to the bank account.

Anita asked me to join them on one of the excursions to the beach. And that sounded rather interesting.

Papa asked me to come back and play bridge, and with a glance at his wife, suggested that I might feel perfectly free to bring along a couple of good card players with me the next trip.

After handshakes all around—anyway I held Anita's the longest—Papa walked to the car with me.

And as my brother Elk, Sam Pepys, always said—and so to bed.



"What's that funny looking thing?" asks Lew Cody, just around after a long illness, of Director Sam Wood, while Mary Doran looks on. "That, my boy, is a microphone—the terror of Howlywood," says Sam. "Step right up and pat it. It won't hurt you—much!"

Service

BUSINESS today is based upon service. The "grab and run" manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.

People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

*If you neglect the advertisements, you are
missing one of the most vital features
in this magazine.*

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Plain or two-toned
 rugs made in
 taupe, blue,
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 etc.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

for me." And more of the same thing, until Doug Jr.'s ear burned. But he was a good sport and left the man in peace.

THE height of something or other is the suggested theme song for any Hollywood actor. "I'm Up to My Neck in Options and Head Over Heels in Debt."

IF you are ever fortunate enough to be a visitor in the Chaplin studio, don't "bite."

Charlie was giving a group of us an "imitation of an auk" on the set one day, when a very young reporter asked him if it were true that he was to do "The Fall of Rome" next. Chaplin, recognizing the fine, Italian hand of his studio jesters, soberly replied that he had been considering the matter.

"In fact, my composers already are tentatively framing a theme song," said the man who shoots all such on sight.

"A theme song?" queried the cub, growing more excited. "What will it be named?"

"Nero My God to Thee," replied the comedian.

NO longer can Edmund Lowe's friends say that he has never shown embarrassment in public.

It has long been the proud boast of many that Lowe is always nonchalant. So perfectly poised is he, that not until recently has he ever been "fussed."

Eddie had to learn to play a ukulele in "The Bad One," a new picture. He dislikes the instrument and has said plenty about the beach sheiks who play them. But films are films and Lowe's orders from his director were to learn how to play.

A brand new uke was delivered to him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Anxious to see how near he could come to a tune, he sneaked off to an obscure corner and began thumping the strings.

At this moment Sue Carol, Sally Eilers, Olive Borden, Sharon Lynn and Ed's wife, Lilyan Tashman, rounded a corner.

Eddie lost that celebrated Lowe poise and

turned a lovely tomato red. Now he's gunning for the scenarist who wrote a story that demanded ukulele playing.

WHATEVER else you say about Hollywood it's a colorful city. Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, and their brother, all drive red cars. When they leave home in the morning you can't tell them from a three-alarm.

AN amusing story is making the rounds about an executive and his wife who visited Agua Caliente, the gambling resort below the Mexican border. O. Henry could have made a grand story about it.

The wife, with the aid of cosmetics and a youth complex, has been waging a bitter struggle with age.

She was standing at the roulette table with a roll of bills in her hand.

"What number shall I play?" she asked, coyly.

"Play your age," suggested a friend.

The slightly passé ingénue put a fifty on number twenty-two.

Thirty-seven was the winner.

They led her from the gaming room, screaming. Quite mad, poor thing.

NO really swanky house in the movie colony is now complete without a bar. You know what ees eet a bar, keedies? Papa Volstead doesn't like 'em a bit. The bar is as important these days as the tonsil varnish that goes with it.

An English motion picture star has a bar in the back of his house, arranged like an old London pub. There are English showbills and pictures from the music halls.

Another star, one of the glittering ladies of the films, has a trickier arrangement. A bookcase in her library is controlled with a secret button.

When that button is pressed the bookcase swings out. Behind that bookcase is a commodious bar. A sliding wall panel opens from the bar into the drawing room.



Not so long ago he couldn't get a contract. Then came "In Old Arizona," and the screen found Warner Baxter's voice. Now he sits in this palatial bungalow dressing room on the Fox lot and wonders what to do with the next million—well, thousands—of dollars

THEY say Will Rogers almost had hysterics when he saw the thirty thousand dollar dressing-room bungalow built for him on the Fox lot. Will doesn't wear any makeup, and he dresses at home before he comes to the studio.

He has scarcely set foot in the grand building on the lot, except to open the door and throw in some riding boots. The only thing that really annoyed him about the whole thing was the lack of a stable.

SPEAKING of dressing rooms, Norma Talmadge's swell bungalow on the United Artists lot has become sort of a guest house. Fanny Brice moved in during the making of a picture. Aileen Pringle, on the lot for the Harry Richman picture, was the next star to bask in the luxury of Norma's satin-interior house.

TWO of the great screen lovers, according to report, had a difference of opinion at a recent party. As the story goes they went out on the front lawn and proceeded to fight it out.

A studio executive was told of the affair.

"Rats!" he said. "If they got in a fight, they both ran."

D. W. GRIFFITH'S present activities in putting on the life of Lincoln, brought another story to the Round Table. The first time that D. W. filmed the great Abe, half a dozen actors, made up as that noted president, paraded the lot for Griffith's scrutiny. A visitor took a look, then gasped:

"You don't mean that all of those Lincolns are to be used in the picture?"

"Surely, madam," replied Lloyd Ingraham, the studio jester.

"But why?" demanded the bewildered woman.

"Well, you see, our 'Booth' is an excellent actor but somewhat near-sighted. Therefore, Mr. Griffith is giving him a wide range of target."

"Well, I never!" breathed the visitor.

IT is our sad duty to report that Mons. Charlie Farrell, fire chief of Toluca Lake, has become the gayest man about town of them all.

To the opening of "Sunny Side Up" he escorted Mlle. Lois Moran, and only a few nights later he was seen at a formal dinner party for John McCormack with Mary Duncan.

DO you remember the vivid Dorothy Dalton who skyrocketed across the screen as a Thos. Ince star in "Flame of the Yukon"? Several years ago Dorothy married Arthur Hammerstein, the noted stage producer, and left the screen.

When Hammerstein produces for United Artists his musical romance, "Bride 66," none other than Dorothy Dalton will play the leading rôle.

Dorothy knows how to talk, for she scored a success on the stage several years ago in "Aphrodite."

OUR own little Lois Moran has blossomed out considerably. If one looked one saw her dancing at Mayfair parties with Mickey Neilan and if one looked again one saw her being brought in to openings on the arm of Charlie Farrell.

Now if one cares to look very hard one will find her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove and lunching very *tête-à-tête* with Director Clarence Brown. The last seems to be the most serious of all.

JACK OAKIE isn't temperamental or pulling star stuff, but he's a determined young man, and no one puts anything over on Jackie. He had been working all day at the Radio Pictures studios where he was borrowed for "Hit the Deck."



This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women . . . RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess, is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

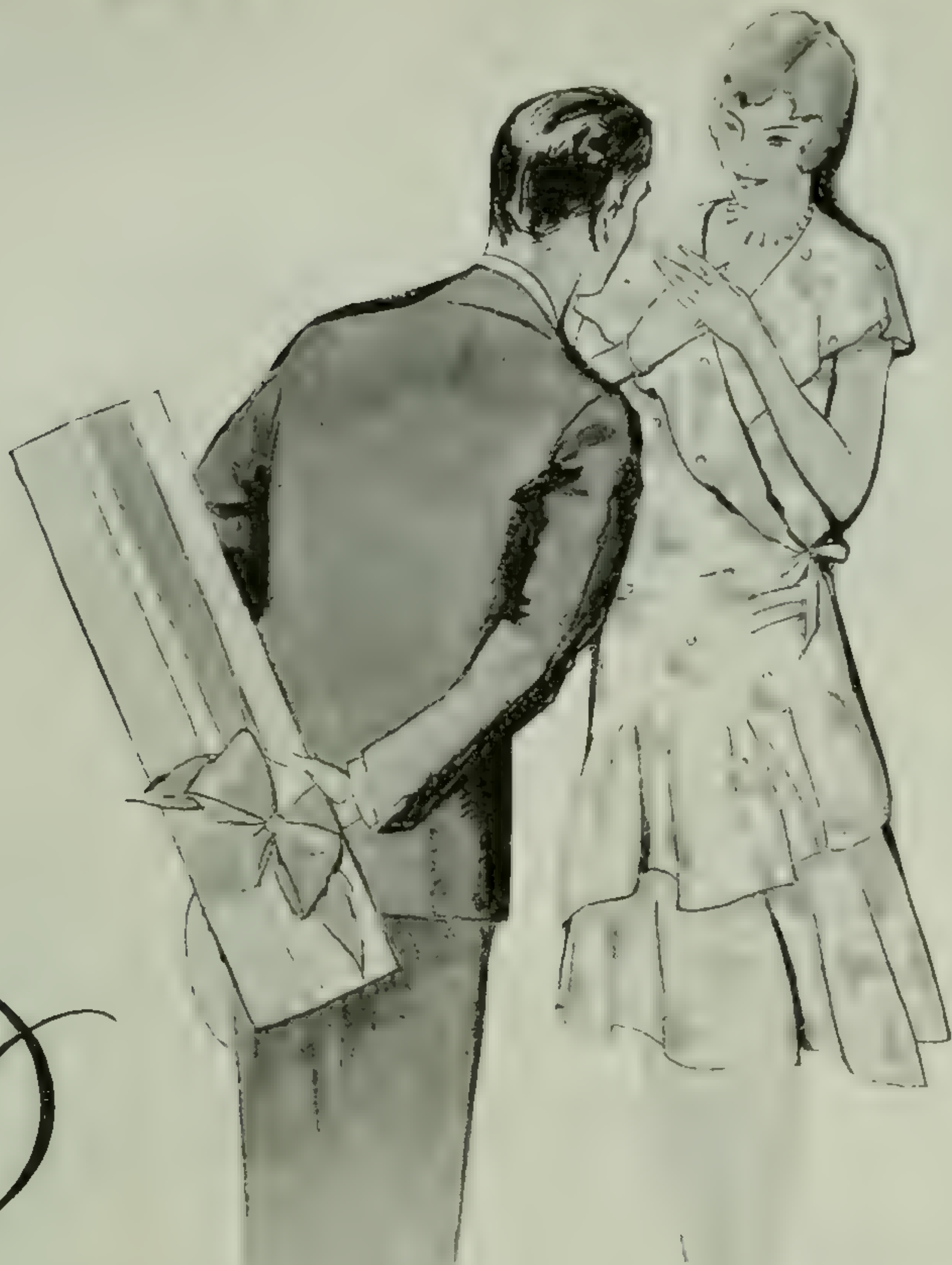
Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS



Roses are red violets are
blue & she is expecting
FLOWERS from you

One night Paramount, his home studio, called him back for retakes. He worked all night. He showed up at Radio at noon the next day. The company had been waiting for him for a little matter of three hours.

"Well," said Jack, "I won't work all night and all day. You'll have to fix it up with Paramount some way."

They've been trying to fix it for weeks now.

"I WOULD like to announce," said the master of ceremonies, "a Gus Edwards protégé."

Fifty people rose and took a bow.

WHEN William Collier, the famous stage star and now under contract to Fox, heard that Jimmy Walker had been reelected mayor of New York, he sent him an enthusiastic wire of congratulation.

"Glad that the City of New York has renewed your option," was the sentiment expressed.

Walker wired back:

"Thanks a lot for the greetings. Stop. Hear you are making a speech at the John McCormack dinner party tonight. Stop."

ONE terrible embarrassing moment marred Victor McLaglen's transcontinental air-trip. In Washington, he was introduced to President Hoover. Vic was properly impressed with the occasion, but he spluttered and stuttered for the right thing to say. All he could think of was:

"Pleased to meet you, your worship."

IF enough theaters open, Anita Page's mother and father are going to get a chance to see the world. Anita, you know, never travels alone, so papa and mama divide the chaperonage.

When Fox opened a new theater in San Francisco, Mama Pomares looked after her daughter, on the trip. When Mr. Fox presented a new house in San Diego it was Papa Pomares' turn.

And yet Anita seems thoroughly content with this state of affairs. There's one girl with a single track mind. Her career is all important.

REMEMBER little Raquel Torres who was chosen by Director Van Dyke to play the lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas"? Then she was just a cute little Mexican kid who wore red dresses and loud jewelry and called everybody "darling." In the past year she has become a charming, poised young woman. Her gowns are long, black affairs in perfect taste and her hair is sleek and beautiful.

Before, the men said, "Gee, she's a cute kid!" Now they look at her and murmur phrases about love and life and the moon and romance. These cute kids do have a way of growing up in Hollywood.

But, on second thought, any girl can do it in Kokomo.

YOU might as well get used to it. You've got to hear all the engagement rumors about the stage people, too.

Now Jeanette MacDonald (you'll be mad about her in Chevalier's "The Love Parade") is engaged to Robert Richee, one of those big New York brokers you read about.

"APPLAUSE," the Paramount picture of burlesque life, starring Helen Morgan, brought out a wealth of new acting talent. Paramount has brought three members of that cast to Hollywood.

Fuller Mellish Jr., who played Helen Morgan's lover, has been cast as the ne'er-do-well husband of Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son."

Joan Peers, the daughter, will have the in-

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g  nue r  le in the next Moran and Mack comedy. And Henry Wadsworth, the gob sweetheart, is playing the juvenile in Evelyn Brent's new picture.

SPEAKING of Fuller Mellish Jr., he left New York on such short notice that he forgot to stop the papers and the milk, and he left his radio on full blast.

GOOD news seeps from the Paramount lot. They counted noses recently—and some of the noses WERE noses—and found that they had nine comedians under contract.

The laugh list—

Skeets Gallagher, Jack Oakie, Moran and Mack, Charles Ruggles, Harry Green, Eugene Pallette, Hal Skelly and William Austin.

A noble gang, and distinctly a talkie product. Oakie, Green and Ruggles are three of the fastest comers in picture history.

Plenty of laughs from Paramount—and laughs are what the screen needs right now!

ADD heart throb note: Sally Starr, a vest pocket edition of Clara Bow, who is knocking 'em for a row of sound effects out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's, is being taken to all the social events by Bobby Agnew, who is doing a talkie come-back.

PAUL MUNI, who makes a thousand and one faces for Fox as a character star, is going to be allowed to demonstrate a few hundred clinches, for a change.

In short, the Movietone boys are going to allow him to strut his S.A. In his next picture, we learn, Paul is going to play a Paris Apache instead of characters with putty noses and crepe-hair whiskers.



The peasant note persists in Hollywood dressing. Lilyan Tashman's skirt is dark green flat crepe, while the blouse, in chartreuse, is trimmed peasant-fashion, with tassels and doodads

A "Beauty Shampoo"

in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

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Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of... soft, rich, creamy lather... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.



Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

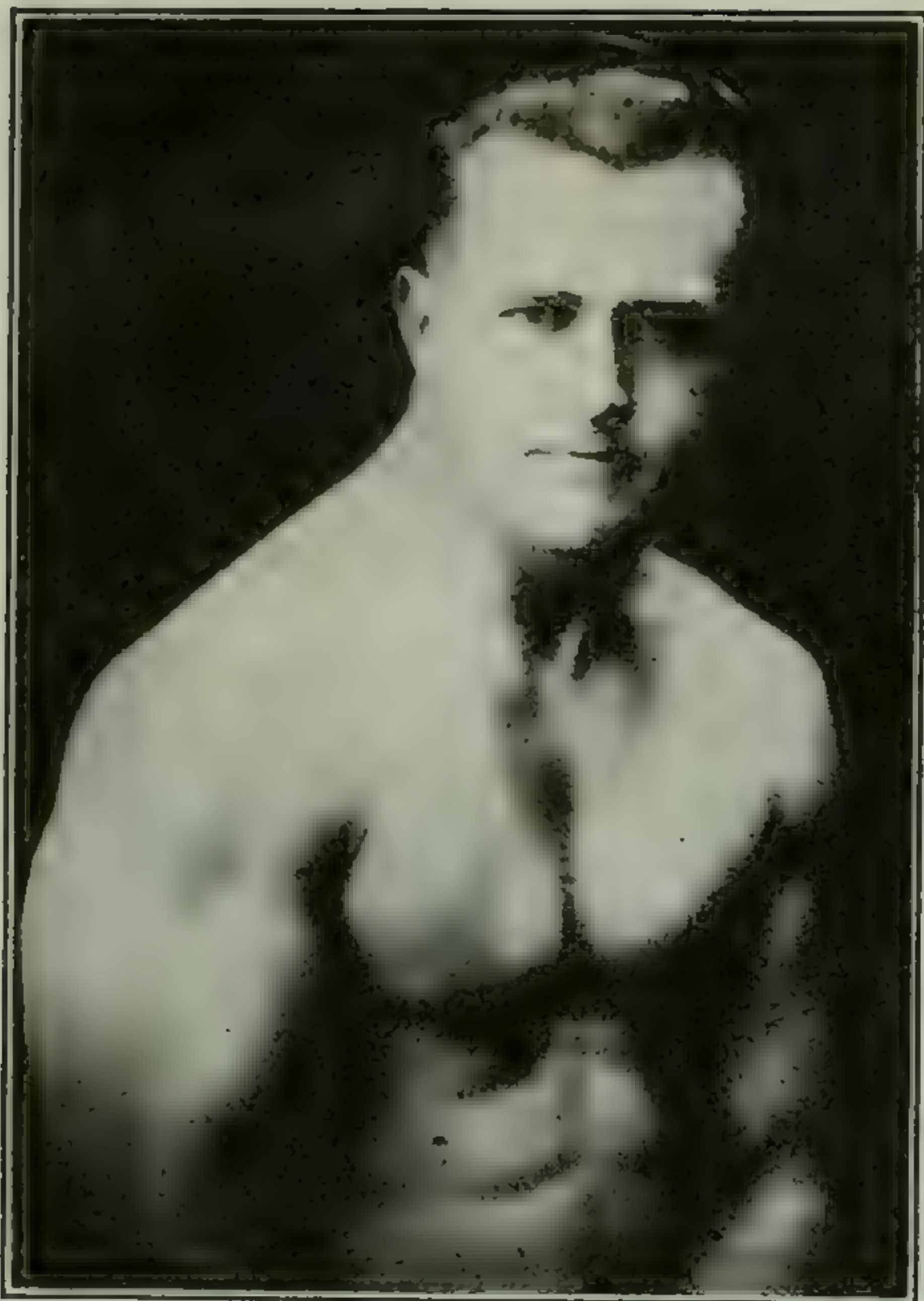
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You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter... anywhere in the world.



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance"

Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. *Kill him!* If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success. That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them! It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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Dear Sir: Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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Street.....

City..... State.....

ANOTHER marriage has gone clunk on the rocks of Hollywood—after both parties had left the place!

Camilla Horn, back in Germany, is suing her husband for divorce, with his full consent. Here's what the gentleman, Klaus Geertz, has to say:

"I am tired of being a husband in name only. Camilla and I were happy until she became a film star in Hollywood. Then I saw little of her."

Camilla, who did pretty well as a leading woman in the silent days, is about twenty-two, while Klaus is thirty. She is now working in German pictures, a victim of old Mike, Hollywood's demon.

THEY do say that Mary Nolan has one hundred thousand dollars in the best "ice" mined in Kimberley, salted away in a safety deposit vault. Anyway, Mary isn't worrying about those rainy days. She's got an umbrella.

EUROPE runs to catch up with the talkie parade.

About 120 theaters in Germany have now been wired for sound, and fifty more in northern Europe are all set, most of them with German equipment—chiefly a system called "Klangfilm," a laugh in itself.

Germany's first talkie of its own, called "Land Without Women," speeded up the race. And as the French have released their first all-talking film, "The Three Masks," it looks as though another year will see the foreign studios almost in step with Hollywood—at least, in the matter of bulk and speed of production.

I don't dare mention quality. Great Britain is now so self-conscious and touchy about Hollywood's supremacy that it is almost causing a rupture of diplomatic relations—on their side of the water. We're just sawing wood and making pictures.

CLARA BOW got hold of some bad—now don't get ahead of Old Cal—food, while week-ending at a resort 125 miles from Hollywood. She felt ptomaine coming on in a bad way. Clara felt she was going to be sick, oh, awfully sick. She was a guest in a large party and without a car.

So Clara just called a taxicab and started for her home in Beverly Hills. When she got there she paid a bill that would have bought the car, and went to bed for a few days until the ptomaine was over.

STRANGE are the ways of something-or-other.

George Jessel was first considered for the part Jolson took in "The Jazz Singer."

And Eddie Dowling turned down the part in "Broadway Melody" that made Charlie King famous.

MARIE DRESSLER is having the time of her life playing the old woman of the wharves, *Marthy*, in "Anna Christie."

"All my life I have wanted to be tragic and to emote all over the place," Marie confessed, "and now I'm having my innings."

Dressed in a frowzy hat and tattered clothes, Marie's *Marthy* is a sight to bring tears to the eyes of the lovers of stark realism. They may make a tragedienne of our Marie yet.

FIRST NATIONAL studio seems to have gone foreign. The place is overrun with extras in fancy costumes; Russians, Italians, and English soldiers on duty in India predominate, with smatterings of girls in Gypsy, Hindu, and Oriental costumes.

"Song of the Flame" is using over five thousand Russian extras; "Bride of the Regiment" something like one hundred Italians; and "Green Stockings" a troop of British soldiers stationed in India. While "Show Girl in Hollywood" is using the different costumes to illustrate how extras look on a studio lot in informal attire.

Incidentally, "Show Girl" company is using all these different extras, picking out the most picturesque for certain scenes.

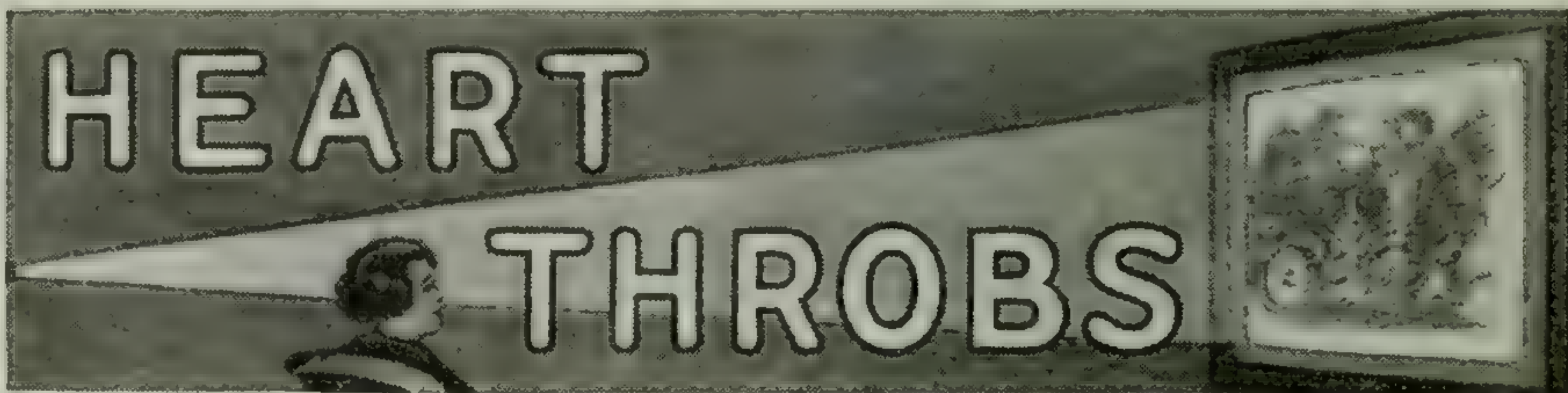
MAYBE Fatty Arbuckle is afraid that his public is not quite ready for his return to films. At any rate, he is going to make a vaudeville tour to see what response he gets before he begins work with Jimmy Cruze.

He is not the Fatty of old. His troubles have put a few wrinkles in his face and taken off twenty or thirty pounds.

OUT at Caddo, where President Howard Hughes holds birthday anniversaries for his still unfinished "Hell's Angels," a visitor on the lot approached the set and queried Pat Somerset. Indicating two players in the scene, she inquired:

"May I ask who those players are?"

"Certainly," replied Pat, promptly. "Miss Jean Harlow, sitting, and Mr. Wyndham Standing."



Chicago, Ill.

Have you ever gotten to the place where it seemed you couldn't go any farther? Just the same old thing day in and day out? Well, being a housewife and mother brings moments just like that often and often.

After the boys' shoes are soled and the girls' school dresses bought there is little left for mother, who set out years ago with her young head full of hopes and dreams.

That is the time when she needs a big push to keep her from becoming an "old, unsympathetic, fault-finding

parent." So at these times mother scrapes a quarter together and goes to the neighborhood movie. She tries to pick one that shows the latest fashions—the things she dreamed of having, but just hasn't seen her way to get them—and a beautiful home, like the one she wants for her kiddies, and most of all a love story.

It's nothing short of a miracle what an hour with our favorite dreams will do to us and we go home with a light heart, and begin hoping and dreaming all over again.

Mrs. D. H.

THE theory that everyone has written a book, or is going to write a book, has a firm subscriber in Raoul Walsh, the director of "The Cock Eyed World."

An embryo authoress got by the ogre at the gate of the Fox studio and walked in Walsh's bungalow on the lot. She had a story to sell and an unending line of chatter to sell it with.

Walsh finally saw a light in the clearing when she said she had no car.

"I'll have my chauffeur drive you home," he said, drawing a breath of relief.

The lady departed with many thanks.

Late that night he was still looking for his car and driver.

When the exhausted chauffeur finally arrived at midnight, he found out that the budding authoress lived in Santa Barbara, 112 miles from Hollywood.

IT has long been Cecil B. De Mille's custom to pension the animals who appeared in his pictures. He sends the horses and dogs to his ranch and keeps the geese, doves and ducks at his place in Laughlin Park.

The animals seem to know that they're protected and will never have to work again, and they have a superior attitude to all the other beasts on the place.

The other day C. B. was driving from the studio when he discovered a traffic jam near his house. He drew up closer. Two of his ducks were leisurely crossing the street while motorists honked frantically. The attitude of the fowls was, "You'll just have to wait. We were the ducks who worked in 'The King of Kings.'"

YOU can count on George Jessel to keep a crowd in good humor. Georgie was master of ceremonies at the premiere of "Sunny Side Up" at the Chinese Theater. He was introducing El Brendel to the audience. El is one of the best scene-stealers in filmdom.

"I wouldn't have you in one of my pictures," he said. "I'd rather have Al Jolson."

ONLY a marked coincidence kept Helen Twelveteens on the screen.

When the Fox studios decided not to renew her contract, Helen was discouraged. She made up her mind that she was a failure in motion pictures. So thinking, she packed her bags and was prepared to return to New York and the stage.

Two days before her scheduled departure (she had made her railroad reservations) she visited the Pathe studios with Dorothy Ward. While awaiting Dorothy, she was seen by the casting director and invited to take a test for "The Grand Parade." She agreed and twenty-four hours later had been signed to a new contract at a much greater salary than Fox had paid her.

DURING the filming of his new picture, Eddie Dowling was stricken with a very bad cold. So badly was he affected that he could not speak his lines without coughing.

Was Dowling worried? Not that you could notice. He merely re-wrote the story so that his character had a bad cold for a few sequences. Then he coughed to his heart's content.

JACK BENNY, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comic, was able to wisecrack about the crash in the stock market, although he lost with the rest of them.

"All it needed was a theme song," he said. "I suggest 'How Was I to Know?'"

MUCH has been said and written about the scarcity of eligible young bachelors in Hollywood. Despite their scarcity, such popular girls as June Collyer are in demand and



EVERYONE WILL BE OLDER TOMORROW ... YOU CAN BE LOVELIER!

TOMORROW comes, and another tomorrow, but what has that to do with beauty? Time need not be your enemy, make it your friend. Look lovelier with every passing day!

The secret is a simple one: give your skin intelligent, day-by-day care. Proper daily care—and only that—will guard your beauty and increase it. But this facial treatment must be faithful, and it must be suited to your type of skin!

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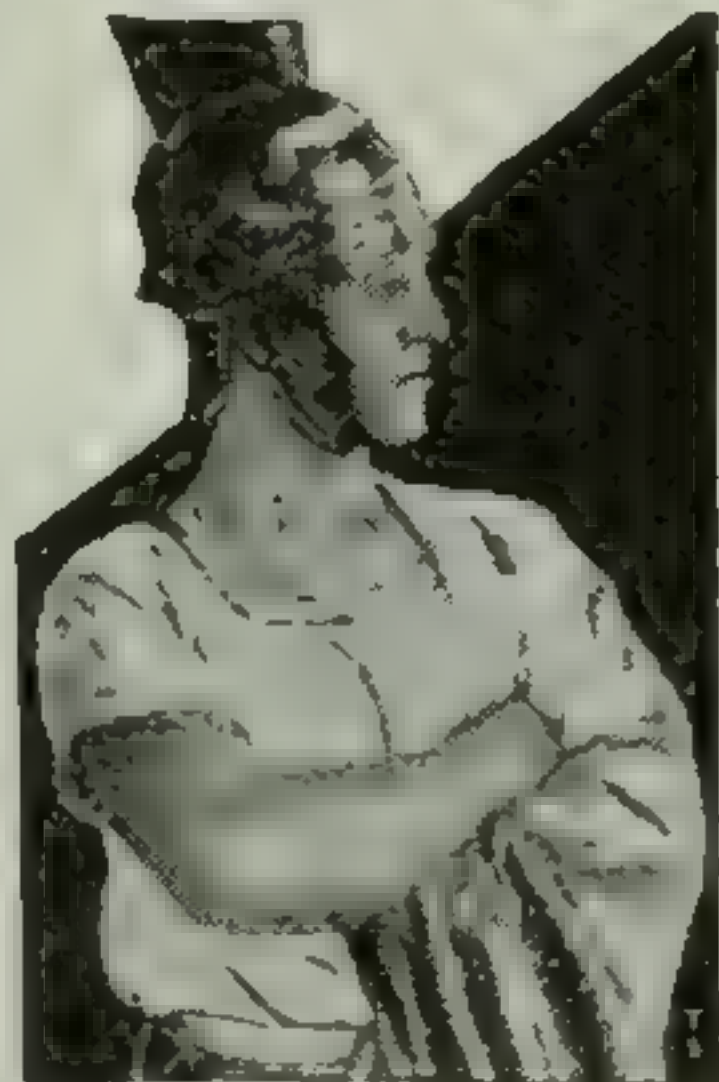
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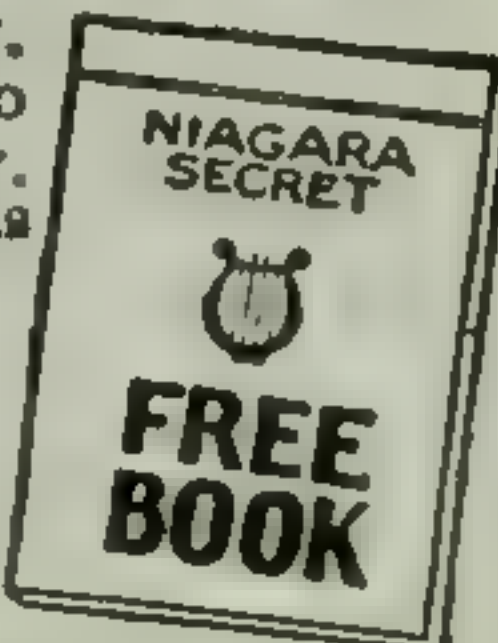
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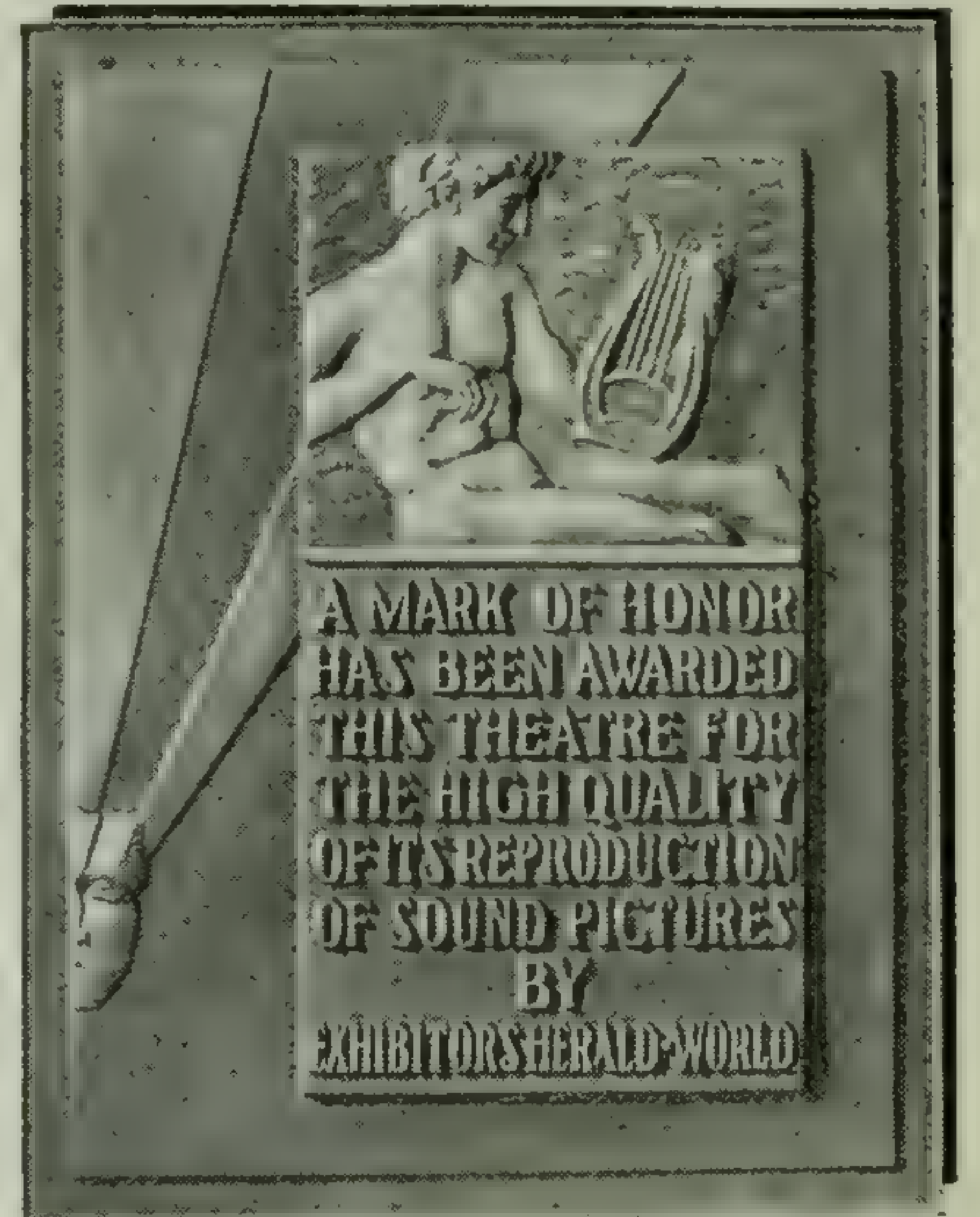
Niagara School of Music, 363 Cleveland Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y.



have their date books filled up weeks in advance. A certain young leading man said to be much enamored of June telephoned her for a theater date.

"I am sorry, really I am, but I shall be busy every night this week," June told him. And when he asked for an evening during the week to follow, he learned that June was also dated up that far ahead.

"Then if you don't mind, I'd like a date with you some night next month," returned the young actor. "This is the fifteenth. What about going to a theater with me on the tenth of next month?"



Encouraging the exhibitor to see that his talkie apparatus gives off sweet sounds. The Exhibitors Herald-World, a trade journal of the photo-play, awards this plaque to those movie theaters whose sound dinguses are of the best and truest

And believe it or not, the date was made and kept and the two are now seen together quite often.

AGAIN it has been proved that the great and beloved pictures of the past possess a terrific tugging power at our hearts and pocket-books. The Paramount Theater, in Brooklyn, decided to show a grand oldtimer after the last evening show, allowing the audience to remain for it without charge.

One night "Beau Geste" was shown—and 1,500 patrons stayed till after midnight to see it. Others which kept and held enormous crowds were "Cobra," "The Humming Bird" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The old silent ones, with great stars and great stories, can still smack us down. To their original worth is added the charm of "remembering when." The day may come when managers will bootleg us old silent pictures.

JIMMY GLEASON reports the following story as the best he has heard this season. It was tied onto Rob Wagner, writer.

It seems that Wagner, when he first came to Hollywood, bought a second hand typewriter from a shop on the Boulevard. It had formerly been the property of a moving picture star.

When he came to use the machine, Wagner found the capital "I" was completely worn out!

OF course they're very sensitive about it, and you don't dare bring up the subject. But one of the best jokes of the season is on the Radio Pictures studio.

A huge battleship set was built for "Hit the Deck," in which Jack Oakie is the star. In fact the set was so huge that when it was completed it was discovered that there was no room to set the cameras.

But movie efficiency is of a high order. One side of the stage was knocked out, and the cameras were set in the street outside.

HERE'S an angle on the late Hollywood 18-day diet that no one ever thought of until it happened.

R. N. Schaffler, member of the firm which manufactures many of the country's penny weighing machines, says collections doubled since the grapefruit fad hit the ladies!

There are 5,000 of the contraptions in Los Angeles alone, and collections for last year were 30,000,000 pennies.

LUCILLE GLEASON'S little wire-haired terrier played a couple of months with her on the stage in "The Shannons of Broadway."

When the picture was begun another dog was used, but one day Lucille happened to have her pet on the set with her. The scene progressed and when the terrier heard his cue he dashed on before the cameras.

THIS entertaining business is pretty fierce in Hollywood, particularly if you have a beach cottage.

Pauline Frederick has hit upon a unique scheme. She has a lighthouse attached to her seaside manse. When she wants company she turns on the light. In the daytime, if she is receiving, she hangs out a flag.

Clara Bow borrowed a big sign from the studio, advertising her picture, "Dangerous Curves." The sign is out when she is in. No sign, no whoopee, no dangerous curves, no Clara.

WHAT are you going to do when a double won't double?

Vivienne Segal, Warner Brothers' singing star, would like to know.

One of the sequences of "Golden Dawn" called for a healthy rain storm. Since there was to be no singin' in the rain, the valuable Segal larynx was to be spared. Another girl was to take the drenching for the star.

The only hitch was that the double looked over the scene, and decided she wouldn't get wet after all.

Vivienne Segal doubled for herself.

The Toughest Location Trip Is Over

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

There are dozens of stories to be told—of hippo, crocodile and lion hunts; of black nights in the jungle, of the terrific labors of filming a motion picture drama in an uncharted land. All the members of the expedition will look back on the African location trip for "Trader Horn" as the high adventure of their lives.

And yet it wasn't all hot sun and toil and tsetse bites. I have a picture of the crowd burying their noses in real Pilsener on board a German ship, for instance—but let's not go into that.

Let's give Mrs. Carey the last good word on Africa before the film speaks for itself.

"At Nairobi I rented a seven room house for myself, Harry and our two children," she told me. "We had four house and garden servants and a nurse. The grounds contained a tennis court. We maintained a car. And the cost of the whole kit was 300 shillings a week—about \$75."

So that's a light word on dark Africa, where a little band of American technicians and actors made motion picture history, on the toughest location trip of all time.

"I wonder why no one ever comes to my house TWICE"



"THEY like to have me at *their* homes—but they've always *some* excuse to stay away from mine. There's something wrong, somewhere—but I can't find out what it is."

A charming woman, and a home that looks above reproach. Yet that house is shunned by all her friends—and no one has the heart to tell her *why!* Unpleasant odor—how many lovely homes are really spoiled by it! Friends do find it hard to speak of it. And you, yourself, cannot know when your own home offends—you are too long accustomed to its all-pervading presence. So many things can cause it, too, things that aren't your fault at all. Cooking odors, the soapy smell of laundering, stale tobacco smoke, dampness, neighborhood odors—anything! Even in the most spic-and-span home you can never be *sure!*

Yet it is so easy to put *your* home beyond suspicion—to banish forever the social handicap of unpleasant odors in the home. Vantine's Incense. Just burn a little every day and see how wonderfully it changes things. Every hint of bad odor

vanishes at once; you have a home that's a joy to step into—a house where every room has the sweetness of lovely flowers. It's just like that. Dances and parties seem always gayer, luncheons, dinners, evening calls take on a new delight in that *extra* touch—the delightful fragrance of Vantine's Incense. Even when you're home alone, reading or resting or listening to music, the loveliness of Vantine's Incense is so restful, so refreshing.

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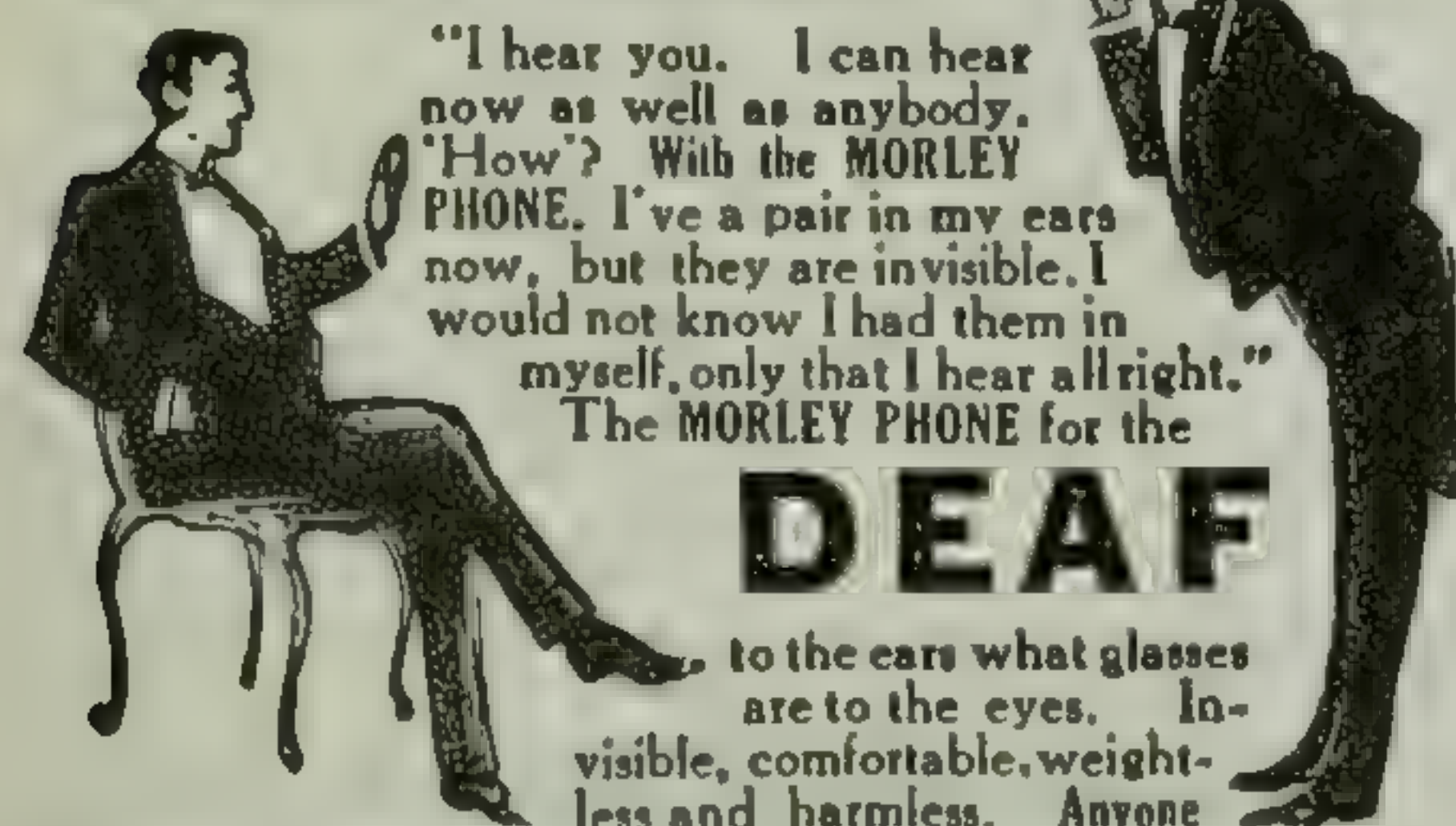
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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THE following item appears obscurely in a back page of the issue of PHOTOPLAY for February, 1920—

"Jean Acker, who has been appearing in Metro productions, and Rudolph Valentino, a leading man, were principals in a speedily arranged marriage last month at the home of Joseph Engel, in Hollywood. Valentino proposed in the afternoon, was accepted, procured the marriage license at the home of the county clerk, and the two were married at midnight."

Only that and nothing more. Before the Front Page days, but even then Rudy worked fast.

A LOT of striking pictures unroll and get reviewed this month. We lead off with "Eyes of Youth," in which the eyes of Clara Kimball Young cut up, and follow with "Scarlet Days," a D. W. Griffith picture which had in its cast such folk as Clarine Seymour, Carol Dempster, Richard Barthelmess and Ralph Graves.

Maurice Tourneur had just made the first film version of Joseph Conrad's "Victory," with Jack Holt, Seena Owen, Wally Beery, Lon Chaney and Bull Montana. Wally Reid's new picture is "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," and Bill Hart wears a dinner coat in "John Petticoats"—one of his frequent efforts to get away from the little pinto hoss and that thar open-space nobility.

And our reviewer hands a panning to the new Chaplin picture! It is called "A Day's Pleasure," and our professional observer says it is a little too vulgar here and there to be quite right for the women and kiddies.

OLIVE THOMAS, the first Mrs. Jack Pickford who was to die so tragically in Paris, writes us a long piece on the "Follies" girls who had made good in pictures up to 1920. On the list, besides herself, were Martha Mansfield, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Rubye de Remer, Kay Laurel. Oh yes—and Will Rogers. . . . Here are what the stars are getting in 1920, according to a story in the February issue—Nazimova, \$13,000; Geraldine Farrar, \$10,000 (when she isn't in opera for less); Theda Bara, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Viola Dana, and a host of others ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000. It is interesting to note that in 1928 Mme. Nazimova, after going broke making pictures of her own, appeared with the Civic Repertory group, an art theater, in New York, for almost nothing a week, playing great tragic rôles from her repertoire.

WHOA! Here's Eric von Stroheim getting choked by a jealous husband! It's a scene from his first big success, "Blind Husbands."

In 1920, Von had more hair, and was even then wearing his bangles on his wrist.

A PICTURE of Bert Lytell hugging Alice Lake for the camera. Good old Bert, in 1930, is getting married again—this time

to Grace Menken. . . . A picture of Dorothy Dalton as *Chrysis* in "Aphrodite" on the stage. How that show made the boys sit up and stare ten years ago! . . . Marguerite Snow, Jimmy Cruze's first wife, is back in pictures. . . . Jane Novak, the beautiful blonde, is joining Mickey Neilan's company. . . . A film magazine in Denmark just wound up a popularity contest. Mary Pickford won it, with Marguerite Clark a good second. Fairbanks topped the men, followed by Bill Hart. . . . Comedian Ford Sterling is being sued for divorce by Teddy Sampson, and Pauline Frederick is legally requesting freedom



Ten years ago Nazimova was getting \$13,000 a week in Metro films. In 1928 she was appearing on a New York stage for very little indeed

from Willard Mack. . . . And they say that Lottie Pickford is returning to the screen.

MARY PICKFORD'S newest is "Heart of the Hills," in which she romps and suffers about the mountings, in the company of Claire MacDowell, Sam de Grasse and Fred Huntley.

KITTEN, NEW YORK.—Al Jolson has never been in pictures, but you can reach him by mail at the Winter Garden, New York. Maurice Costello will probably send you a picture. Write him care Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Marjorie Daw is 17. Send along the cupcakes. I am four million years old, and hang my whiskers over the foot of the bed at night. Oh, yes—Bebe Daniels is 19, and is now with Yes, Mr. De Mille!

Hot Tamale

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

advised his partner, preparing himself for a nap.

After a lunch at San Diego, they rolled across the border and arrived at the steel and stucco magnificence of the Agua Caliente Jockey Club. Mr. Torrance herded the president into the clubhouse, where Violetta lay in wait on a green wicker lounge.

The blasé Mr. Zoop trotted briskly through

the mob of weathered habitués and then permitted his jaw to hang slack as he caught sight of his future employee. Under Spook's tutelage the girl had discarded her Hill Street silhouette for the native garments. A ruffled skirt of midnight blue, slashed with scarlet, billowed almost to the floor, an orange basque showed her trimly arched back to its best advantage, and the Andalusian eyes shone like velvet from

beneath a headdress of creamy lace, fastened by a blood-red cactus flower. Abe's amazement was slowly replaced by a leer of triumph. "Zis moost be Senor Zoop," cooed Violetta. "You look so kind, joost like ze ozzer gentleman tell me."

"Torrance is always right," gulped Abe, still resembling a freshly-landed codfish. "Didn't he swear you'd make the Queen from Sheba bust out crying from jealousy? Now if he's got as good judgment about that horse—"

"We're just in time for the third race," interrupted Spook. "I'll get down a bet on that Hermit, if you'll excuse me."

"Five hundred for me," Mr. Zoop called after him. "I feel lucky."

"I 'ave good fortune, too," murmured Violetta. "You like me, yes? No?"

A THIN layer of business caution overlaid Abe's admiration as he watched her.

"Of course," he shrugged, "maybe you wouldn't screen so well, but we'll find that out quick enough, and if you get by you'll be added to 'Betrayed in Barcelona.'" In his heart he knew that a brunette is the easiest of all types to photograph, and his ear throbbed appreciatively to the silken voice.

"A real Mexican in Mexico!" he chanted. "To make it perfect, a song you could sing?"

"I zink so."

"Fine," beamed Abe.

Miss Velasquez nodded eagerly, and forgetting herself in her excitement, obliged with a stamping rendition of "Walking with Susie," complete with gestures.

Mr. Zoop looked perplexed, then smiled blandly. "I didn't want no Yankee imitation," he said, "but it shows me you've got the makings of an actress. What I'd like is something swish-swish and Spanish, y'understand, like 'La Paloma.'"

"I weel seeng eet for you later," promised Violetta.

Mr. Zoop stumbled to the verandah, squinting through his field glasses, and one minute and nine seconds later he possessed the knowledge that a knobby dark horse had run the six furlongs fast enough to nip Hermit at the wire. His wails of anguish were checked by the purple-faced Spook who appeared, flourishing the useless mutuel tickets.

"Can't understand it," frowned the ex-con man, as he watched the winning mount being lead away by its triumphant owner. "Hermit was the class of the field; there's something rotten."

"Maybe it's you," said Abe rudely. "You been honest too long, that's what's the trouble." His glance turned on Violetta, who registered the most ravishing grief. "But I'm still ahead on the afternoon," he grinned.

"I weep for you," declared the girl softly. "My heart she goes boomp wiz sorrow."

"SAVE them tears for some director," said the president. "Supposing you go over well, we got to publicize you. You come from a swell family, learned to play the harp in a convent and got big estates, I wouldn't be astonished?"

"But no," sighed Violetta. "I am poor girl. I have nozzing but beauty."

"You got to have estates; they all do," said Mr. Zoop firmly. "Mortgaged or not, it's fashionable. Furthermore, you got to be a madcap."

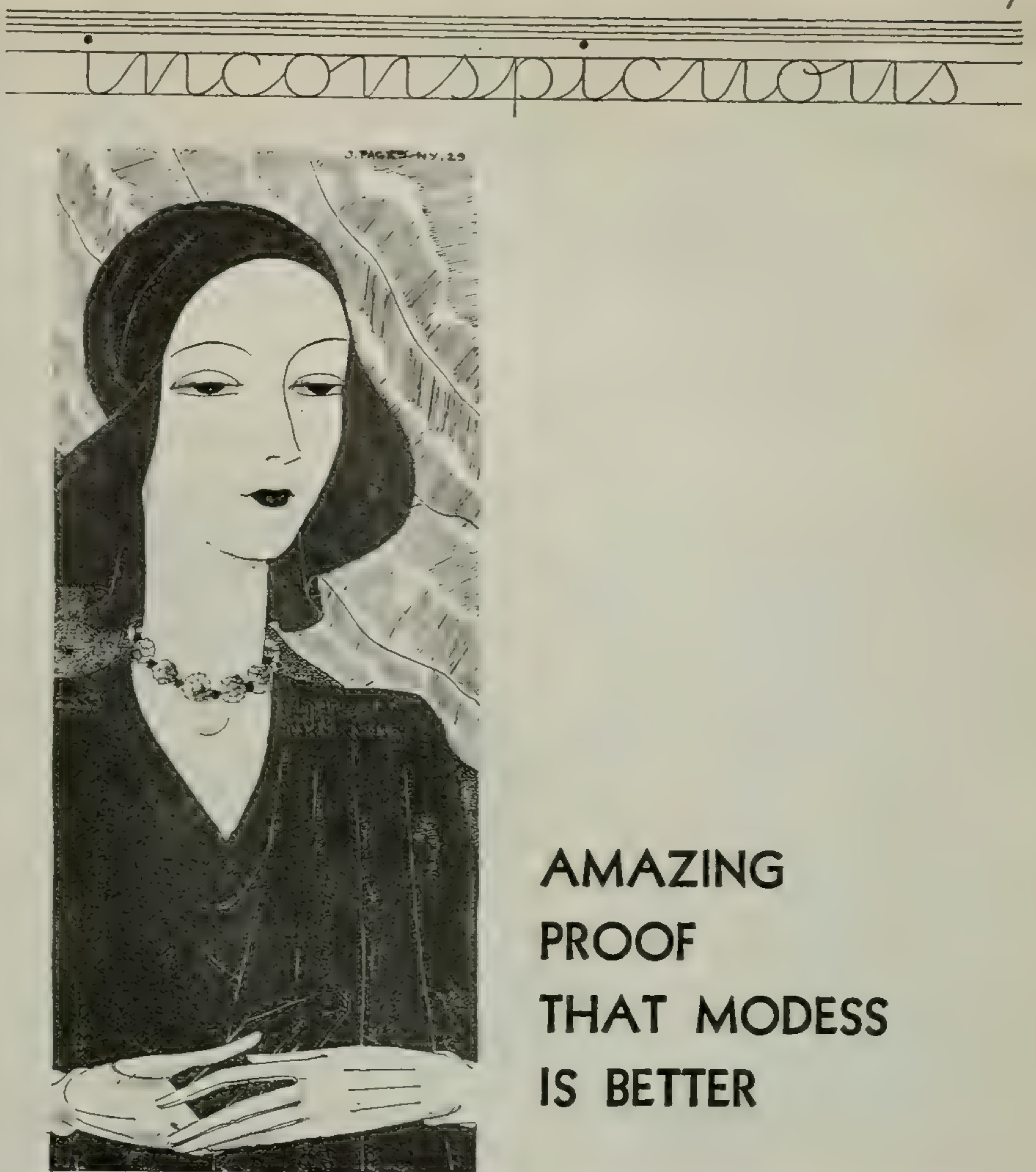
Violetta hunched her lavender-bronze shoulders and gazed appealingly at Mr. Torrance.

"That means you have to say 'damn' and 'hell' before interviewers," advised her discoverer. "Lots of pep, and all that rot."

"The public demands it of the Latin temperament," seconded Abe.

"But zat ees not real Mexico," pouted Miss Velasquez. "We like to have our siesta, our lofe, our moosic—all slow and dreamy like ze smoke from ze cigaritto. We—well, for crying out—I mean, oo, I have ze fright!"

A handsome, sarsaparilla-complexioned



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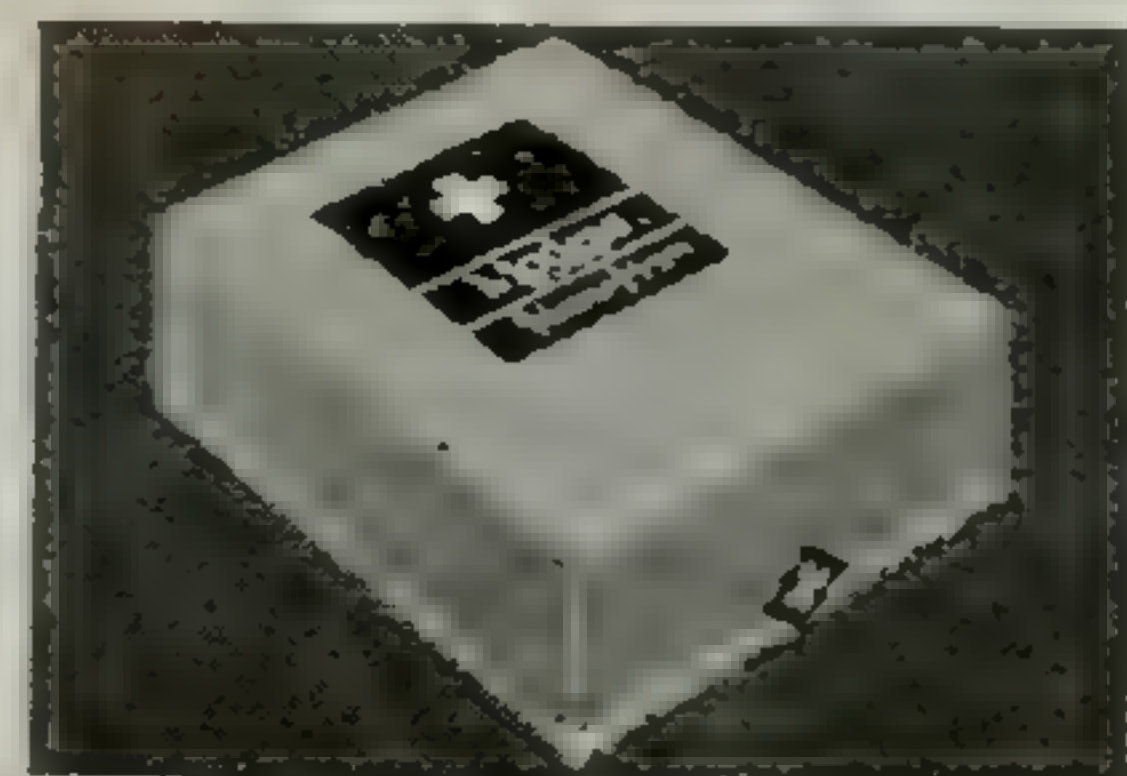
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SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

stranger was bowing low before her with an extravagant sweep of his five-gallon hat, and the eagle eye of Mr. Torrance identified him as the owner of the horse which had beaten the sluggish Hermit. The intruder sported the gaudy habiliments of a theatrical bandit, nevertheless he seemed intensely real; and even the saw-toothed rowels on his nicked spurs jingled with emotion as he streamed forth a flood of velvety language.

THE startled Violetta nestled close against the bulky Spook. "For heaven's sake," she whispered. "I can't understand a word he says. And would you look at the eyes on him!"

In truth, the admiring optics of the Mexican protruded like those of a rampant bull, and Mr. Torrance felt called upon to blunder into the breach.

"Outside, bum," he boomed. "Vamoose! Lady no likee—savvy?"

The flashy stranger transferred his attention to the ex-con man, and rasped out a series of vicious sibilants.

"I read the book; I never saw the picture," said the imperturbable Spook. "Come on, Pasquale; gangway for a movie star."

The word "movie" being more or less international, it had its effect upon the admirer, for after one baleful scowl at Violetta's protector, he continued to leer seductively at the damsel herself. "Saluta," he murmured, bending almost double as the trio started to leave.

Mr. Torrance became aware that a crowd had gathered and was watching the scene with a sort of hopeful awe. Their attitude made him a bit curious, and he buttonholed a hard-featured gentleman as they reached the door.

"Who is that frijole guzzler?" he inquired.

"Tomaso Bustamente," said his informant in a reverent whisper.

"Sounds like a new telephone exchange."

"Button your lip," said the hard-faced man from the corner of his mouth. "Ain't you never heard of Bustamente, the brigand? Why,



Brooklyn, N. Y.

A little friend of mine is a patient at the Montefiore Hospital for Incurables up in the Bronx. For ten long years she has lain strapped to her bed unable to use her nether limbs. Having had only a limited amount of education she cannot read very well, but she does love to look at pictures and there is nothing that brings her such delight as the pictures of the stars in PHOTOPLAY.

I used to throw out old editions of magazines, but now, knowing how much enjoyment she derives from their contents, I take as many copies as I can along with me when I visit her.

Her perusal of PHOTOPLAY is the one ray of light in a life of unhappy darkness.

Motion pictures are shown there once a week and all the patients gather in the social hall to view them. Can you imagine the happiness of my little friend when she recognizes the stars from PHOTOPLAY and can discuss with a reasonable amount of assurance a good part of their history—past and present!

She wishes me to thank you for all you have done for her.

F. M.

that bird's got half Mexico eating out of his hand. When his horses run, they win, seeing that none of the other jockeys think they'd look good with their throats cut."

"Senough," chirped Abe. "I feel like I'd dusted off the electric chair."

"Don't worry; he's on his best behavior at the races," said the other. "But it's lucky he didn't spot you in some lonesome coulée. He ain't called the Scourge of Sinaloa for nothing."

Messrs. Zoop and Torrance, with Violetta between them, stepped smartly to the automobile and embarked for the land of liberty at seventy miles an hour. The dew of alarm which sparkled on their foreheads evaporated as the border drew nearer, and by the time they re-entered San Diego Mr. Zoop attempted jocularity.

"The Scourge of Sinaloa, eh?" he croaked. "I pretty near said to him, 'Stand back, Noah Beery,' but for why should I waste my breathing on a foreigner? A swell menace he'd make, with them mustachios and revolving eyes. Imagine him trying to scare us. Heh-heh-heh—I'm laughing!"

"But I am not," said Miss Velasquez, her black opals glazed with memory. "He ees sooch a queeck, bold sort of man. I am afraid——"

"There, there," soothed Mr. Torrance, winding a protective arm around her. "Don't worry, Violetta——"

The girl's bosom heaved hysterically. "It's not that, you big elephant!" she whispered. "I'm afraid I won't see him again."

WITHIN six months Violetta Velasquez was established in the hearts of the people as firmly as weight reducing, second mortgages, and the belief that it was possible to pick good horses from bad ones.

From a minor bit in "Betrayed in Barcelona" she had risen to the altitude of a featured player, and developing a sequence of coy Latin tantrums on the way, she had incited the critics to employ such adjectives as vivid, vital, vixenish and voluptuous.

This led inevitably to dealings with a finance company, which, after the required signatures had decorated the contract, obligingly produced a pink stucco mansion and two cars; also a welter of Filipino servants and a regimental looking college girl who acted as private secretary, in the hope of getting material for a nebulous book to be entitled "Sewers of Hollywood."

Not forgetting her father, Violetta pensioned that astounded person to a life of alcoholic stupor—provided he remained in Albuquerque.

Hand in hand with fame had come an avalanche of mail, including a sultry letter every fortnight from Tomaso Bustamente, who had managed to see her pictures between raids.

These epistles, apparently written with a pickaxe dipped in red ink, were carried by Violetta to a linguist in Yucca Street, who translated them as literally as he dared, for the Scourge of Sinaloa had no more restraint than the editor of a tabloid.

She gathered that Tomaso's heart was burning a hole in his bolero jacket, and that if the accursed gringo government had not refused him permission to enter California, he would come bursting through her window with a knife in one hand and a wedding ring in the other.

ONE warm afternoon, Violetta stretched her willowy person on a day bed and gave herself up to thoughts of the man she'd seen only once.

What a conquering gaze he had! She shivered deliciously and speculated on his love-making abilities.

There was a crisp knock at the door. "It's the interviewer from the *Sunday Sun*," announced the secretary. "Dear me, did you forget what I told you about being ready?"

"Why can't they let me alone between pictures?" complained the drowsy Violetta. "I

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never get a chance to rest in this game, and it's got me frazzled."

The regimental secretary compressed her lips. "Rubbish," she said briskly. "Up you get this minute; here's your maid. You know very well that Mr. Zoop will be furious if you avoid publicity."

Miss Velasquez yawned felinely, and in a few minutes was drooping down the staircase, assuming a yellow negligée and her accent *en route*, and by the time the bottom step was reached the metamorphosis had taken place.

"Oo, la-la!" she trilled, skipping into the library. "Pouf for ze pippie who do not like Violetta—zey can go to hell. Whoopee!"

THE interviewer was a personable young woman, who hid a keensense of humor and an excellent set of brains behind a rather woodenish front. She had looked forward to meeting the sparkling Violetta, and for over an hour the latter tinkled along with her repertoire of tricks.

"One thing more," said the interviewer. "What gives you the biggest thrill?"

It was on the tip of Violetta's tongue to say "Sleep," for she was wondering how much longer her eyelids would stay open without propping, but she smiled wearily and substituted "Lofe."

"Love?" The interviewer's eyes shone with eagerness. "But Miss Velasquez, your name has never been connected with anyone. Please let me be first on the secret. Who is he?"

"I lofe ze little fat Abe," cooed Violetta, "and oh, how mooch I lofe my pooblic, but yes, zere ees anuzzer. He is my dream man!"

"What's he look like?" asked the practical writer.

"The same as Lindbergh, only dark," said Violetta, thinking she might as well make a good job of it. "I have seen him only in my

dreams, but he ees so real to me he moost exeest somewhere. All he has to do is call, and I weel fly to heem. Ah, ze passion, it chokes me!" The delighted interviewer departed, stammering her thanks.

When Mr. Zoop inspected the next issue of the *Sunday Sun* he discovered that **VIOLETTA VELASQUEZ SPENDS EVENINGS WITH GHOST LOVER**. Ideas were surging inside his head and he went into a huddle with Mr. Torrance, after which Violetta was summoned to the Zoop sanctum.

"A nifty girl like you shouldn't have to tangle with no ghost," he chuckled when she arrived. "So we got things fixed different. Give a glance on Cupid!"

"What's got into you?" asked Violetta uneasily. She had gradually eased out of her dialect when talking with Abe, and now spoke at least as intelligibly as anyone around the Stupefaction lots. "What if I do fancy a fellow I can't see? It's good publicity."

"We got a better racket," said Abe roguishly. "You're going to have a fiancé, a fiancée."

"Chalk your cue and try again."

"**I AIN'T** no pool-roomer," said Mr. Zoop with dignity. "Engaged you'll get, but that don't mean you have to love the guy. It's fashionable, see, and we already arranged for you to hook up with Oswald Challenger, the pride of Blotts Brothers Pictures."

"That Kansas rabbit! Why, I've never even met him."

"Ain't you romantical?" asked Abe. "Can't you raise at least a little gooseflesh at a phoney engagement with what Blotts claims to be the reincarnation of Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"I'd trade him in for a French novel," snapped Miss Velasquez. "I won't do it."

Mr. Zoop's patent leathers fell off the desk with a thud and he struggled upright, trying to



International

A couple of young fellers Hollywood and the talkies bound! Joe Weber and Lew Fields, one of the most famous comedy teams in American stage history, off to take part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's old-timer revue, "Just Kids"

look like Nero. "We're teaming you with him because you're contrasting types," he stated, "and you don't have to be bothered with him except for stills, premières and so forth. And think of the publicity! First we'll have a flock of rumors, then the actual announcement, and after the nap has worn off we'll pull the denial. It's a sure-fire stunt, Violetta, so don't get combustible."

THE two weeks which followed found Violetta's slender shoulders sagging beneath the yoke of Art. Besides having to rouse herself to a false animation while she pranced through the scenes of "Monterey Mustard," her spare time was occupied by a series of gushing poses with the somewhat oafish Oswald Challenger (née Dinglebender). He viewed Miss Velasquez with an antipathy quite equal to her own, and grew frenzied writing explanatory letters to his sweetheart back in dear old Topeka.

The engagement spread over the country in a rash of gloss prints. Photographs of the couple on the beach, beneath an apple tree, or disintegrating artichokes. A sepia study of Miss Velasquez burning incense before a painting of the beloved. Vice versa, plus a he-man pipe. Tennis stuff, with the racquets held in a grip that assured Bill Tilden and Helen Wills there were no hard feelings. And when her joints grew creaky with fatigue the gallant Violetta kept the ball rolling with gurgles about "My beeg, blond Ozzy—I weel bite my initials in hees neck!"

Siestas were becoming extremely scarce, so it was with relief that she inspected the *Times* one morning to read that her Nordic nemesis was *hors de combat*. The two inch headline leaped at her:

OSWALD CHALLENGER HIT BY TRUCK!

Movie Star Knocked Unconscious
But Injuries Only Superficial.
Violetta Velasquez in Frenzy!

A moment later a shrilling telephone announced the excited Mr. Zoop. "You heard the good news?" he yelled. "Horseshoes we're having, baby, it's the front page this time. It's me that had you put in a frenzy. There's more in this than met Oswald's eye, or—"

"What do you mean?"

"The truck what hit him was wearink a pair of pants!" howled Abie. "Somebody socked him at Orange Grove and Sunset, and rolled him into the gutter, but Blotts wangled the papers to make it sound pitiful. He's at the Emergency Hospital, and it's your move to dash down and make a stall at nursing him. I'll have the cameramen and reporters meet you there and don't forget to be hysterical."

The erstwhile Eliza slammed down the telephone. Every inch of her yearned for relaxation, but she dutifully put on a semi-mourning costume of Quakerish grey and trailed to the hospital with carefully moistened eyes.

Late in the afternoon she left the disgusted Oswald to flutter his pulse under the attention of several worshipping nurses, and drove home to find the regimental secretary doing picket duty in the reception hall.

"There's a—a person waiting in the library," she said disapprovingly. "I found it impossible to understand him, but I thought he might be a relative. Quite handsome in a barbaric sort of way." She tittered nervously. "I felt positively naked when he looked at—oh, mercy!"

THE library door flew open with a crash and the dynamic Senor Tomaso Bustamente catapulted into the hall. The Scourge of Sinaloa was not looking his best, for, as a concession to American customs, he had arrayed himself in a badly fitting campus cut suit and blinding yellow shoes with bulldog toecaps. Nevertheless, he advanced with considerable élan and dropped on one knee before the star.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" he intoned, covering her hand with a rapid fire of kisses that sounded like a



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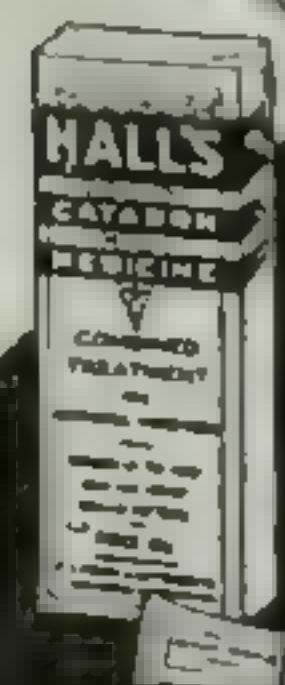


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body of water being struck with a paddle. "Ah-h-h-h-h, I love you!"

A volley of Mexican followed this declaration.

Violetta stared blankly at him, admiring the sheen of his blue-black hair, his compelling voice, the masterful way his eyes held hers, and then she looked beyond him to her secretary.

"GET that interpreter on the phone," she ordered. "Tell him to hop out here right away."

And for the next twenty minutes she exchanged soulful glances with Tomaso.

"Senor Bustamente," said the interpreter, going into action with a rush, "says he wishes to marry you and that he will spill the blood of any man who interferes. He offers you his hacienda in Sinaloa, his fortune, his thousands of cattle, his heart, and, between ourselves, very likely his undying jealousy. Also, he says he has stolen enough to be honest for the rest of his life."

"Explain why I can't talk much Mexican and tell him I think he's a knockout," said Miss Velasquez. "And ask him if he socked Oswald."

When the question was put the Scourge dropped an unholy wink, shook his head until his golden earrings tinkled musically, and then launched into more language.

"HE says you are not meant for any pallid gringo and asks you to fly with him before dusk. He has an airplane waiting at Glendale and wishes to leave before the authorities find out he is here."

Violetta thrilled with mingled fear and ecstasy. A home in the Sinaloa hills! She had heard tales of the enchanted mountains, blued by distance, and the fog that drifted in from the ocean; of star-canopied nights that throbbed with the lilt of muted guitars. She drew a deep breath.

"Ask him what he does with his afternoons."

It developed that Senor Bustamente did nothing but recline in the shade of the cypress, sipping tequila, nibbling sickly-sweet cactus candy and knocking off the odd forty winks whenever he felt inclined.

"He has dancers and an orchestra of his own," ended the translator, "and if you desire to hear an opera singer he will kidnap one from Mexico City. Your wish is his command."

Violetta pinched herself, but no, there was

Tomaso wagging his head in eager confirmation, and almost before she knew it she was in his arms, wearing an expression that none of her "pooblic" had ever seen.

"Si," she whispered.

"Ah-h-h-h!" exulted the Scourge, and as he kissed her tigerishly he rolled his eyes around to make sure that none of the U. S. Border Patrol had caught up with him.

MR. ZOOP sniffed suspiciously at a perfumed-orange envelope addressed in jagged hand writing, and turned it over and over in his trembling hands.

"It's from her," he faltered. "Maybe it's bad news. It smells kind of wanton."

"Open it up," said Mr. Torrance impatiently. "The girl's been gone for a week now, and it's almost time for her next picture to start production."

Abe's shoe-button eyes stuck out like currants in a bun as they deciphered the scrawl, while Spook peered over his shoulder. The letter read:

Dear Abe,

Just a line to tell you I'm now Mrs. Bustamente and don't have to work any more, so I can lie around and get fat, which is the way my husband likes ladies. A girl has got to go sleepless in Hollywood, but I was doing my best to hang on until you sprung that engagement gag. You drove me to this, Abe dear, but also I wish to thank you because your ideas brought my husband on the run.

I know my contract calls for one more picture and I want to be fair. I won't come back to Hollywood, but if you want to bring a unit up here I will work my head off, and also will provide two personal private bandits to keep the tarantulas and rattlers away from you. Outside of them, it's a swell country.

Much love and a great big yawn from
Violetta.

P. S. Of course, if you decide to sue me instead, I would have to reveal the secret of my birth, which would make you look foolish. Ask Mr. Torrance—he knows.

P. P. S. My husband is teaching me to speak Mexican.



From the storehouse of memory comes this picture of Blanche Sweet at the age of nine. Pretty, blonde and beribboned, even then!

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What 30 Stars Say About Long Skirts

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

dark clothes. Yes, I believe the mode will return next summer stronger than ever—it's so comfortable and cool."

BESSIE LOVE likes the new styles so long as they are not carried to extremes. She thinks that "the day of the short skirt is past and that women, seeing the increased attractiveness of longer skirts, will wear them for a long, long time. But," says Bessie, "I don't believe that the average woman who has become accustomed to the freedom, convenience and practicability of the short skirt, will ever favor the extremely long and cumbersome garments for street wear."

She adds: "I have never worn a sun-tan make-up. With my very blonde hair I never thought a dark skin would be becoming. I like to see a naturally tanned skin, but I do not like artificially sun-tanned make-ups. I rather imagine that the vogue for brown skin will not be as great next year as it was during the past Summer."

"I always wear stockings. I like to see bare legs, if they are tanned, but I don't think bare, white legs are attractive. I rather imagine that young girls will continue to go stockingless for sports, but I believe that older girls and women are growing tired of the fad. After all, a sheer chiffon stocking is much more attractive than a bare leg."

BEBE DANIELS sponsors long skirts for afternoon and evening wear, but she believes four inches below the knees is an awkward length for any woman to adopt for street and sports wear. Bebe says, "I am having my new sports clothes made as short as my old ones, and all my formal dresses are of ankle length."

Bebe, who spends a large part of her time at the beach, declares, "Being tanned never bothers me. I do not think a heavy burn is advisable nor becoming, but a good healthy brown that results from consistent outdoor exercise is always attractive." She goes on to say, "I have never gone stockingless and I do not expect to. Having bare legs may increase

one's savings, but they detract from the neatness of one's appearance."

MARY BRIAN wrinkles her brow and says doubtfully, "I do and I don't. Some gowns, especially the formal ones, look divine sweeping the floor, but when I see a smart woman walking down the street in a suit that almost hides her ankles, I get an impression of dowdiness. For the present I shall wear my sports things about four inches below the knee, my afternoon dresses two inches longer, and my party frocks will get acquainted with the ground. And I just adore the natural waist line."

"I'm not the sunburn type, so my opinion is a bit biased. I like to see a blonde with a deep sunburn—but so few women burn smoothly and attractively. I will not acquire a coat this Winter, and most of my friends are paying frantic visits to beauty specialists for bleaching treatments, so the vogue must be making its final bow along with short skirts."

"As for the no-socking idea, I believe it quite correct during the Summer months, with light colored sports frocks and low-heeled sports shoes. It is so comfortable in hot weather. I am sure it will return next Summer."

NORMA SHEARER, famous for her stunning wardrobe and her ability to wear it, says enthusiastically: "The new styles are charmingly feminine and tend to make women appear taller and more graceful. They remind me, somehow, of a Gibson girl walking in a Greek garden. I think that after their triumphant debut they will have a long popularity."

"I have never used a sun-tan make-up. A natural tan is very effective, especially on either vivid blondes or vivid brunettes, but an artificial sun-tan make-up is usually very unattractive."

"I have never gone without stockings. I like to see stockingless legs, but very few women have legs perfect enough to withstand the bareness. Stockings enhance the beauty of the leg and hide the defects which are so apparent when the leg is bare."



Those funny things you see here aren't sea monsters hung up to dry, nor odd animals shot by cameramen. They are the padded hoods used to cover the cameras and keep their clicking out of the microphone. Taken during the making of a scene for Corinne Griffith's "Lilies of the Field"

ANITA PAGE believes that "the long skirt will be just a passing fad for the girls of high school and college age. After becoming accustomed to the freedom of the short skirt, the younger girls will not be very anxious to undergo the restrictions of long skirts. But," she adds, "I do not think they will ever return to the knee-length dresses. They will find a happy medium between the very short and the very long."

She goes on: "I love to see brown skin on vivid brunettes, but I think it detracts from blonde beauty. Moreover, a natural tan is not easy to acquire and I abhor the artificially brown skins. They always look so blotched and messy when submitted to close inspection. I believe that the girls are growing tired of all the work and worry in putting on an artificial tan and that the craze is rather dying out."

"I have never followed the bare leg craze. The same effect is so much more attractively gained by wearing tan-hued chiffon stockings. With the coming of the more feminine styles in clothes I believe that even the school girls will go back to wearing stockings."

ANN HARDING admits that she has never been ultra-modern enough to subscribe to the stockingless fad or wear her skirts above her knee caps. However, she says: "An ankle length skirt is picturesque for formal wear, but it is easy to see how it would interfere with driving a car, playing tennis, golf or hiking. I believe knickers will soon be the favored mode for sports. I think that extremely short and skimpy skirts have had their day for street and formal wear, and I am willing to prophesy that by next Spring the street dresses will be well below the knee, with frocks of a dressier nature still longer."

"Most women will continue to discard stockings for sports wear, or to substitute ankle hose, but stockingless legs will seem out of place with the longer and more tailored clothes women will adopt for the street."

"Women who go in for sports will have the golden tan which comes from exposure to the sun, but I do not think there will be so much dark brown skin in evidence. Altogether, I think women are bent on recapturing their own heritage of femininity."

BILLIE DOVE likes the long skirts for evening wear, but believes that for sports the hem a little below the knees is more practical. She thinks a hem-line striking midway between the knee and ankle is awkward and, if her dresses must be long, prefers them ankle length.

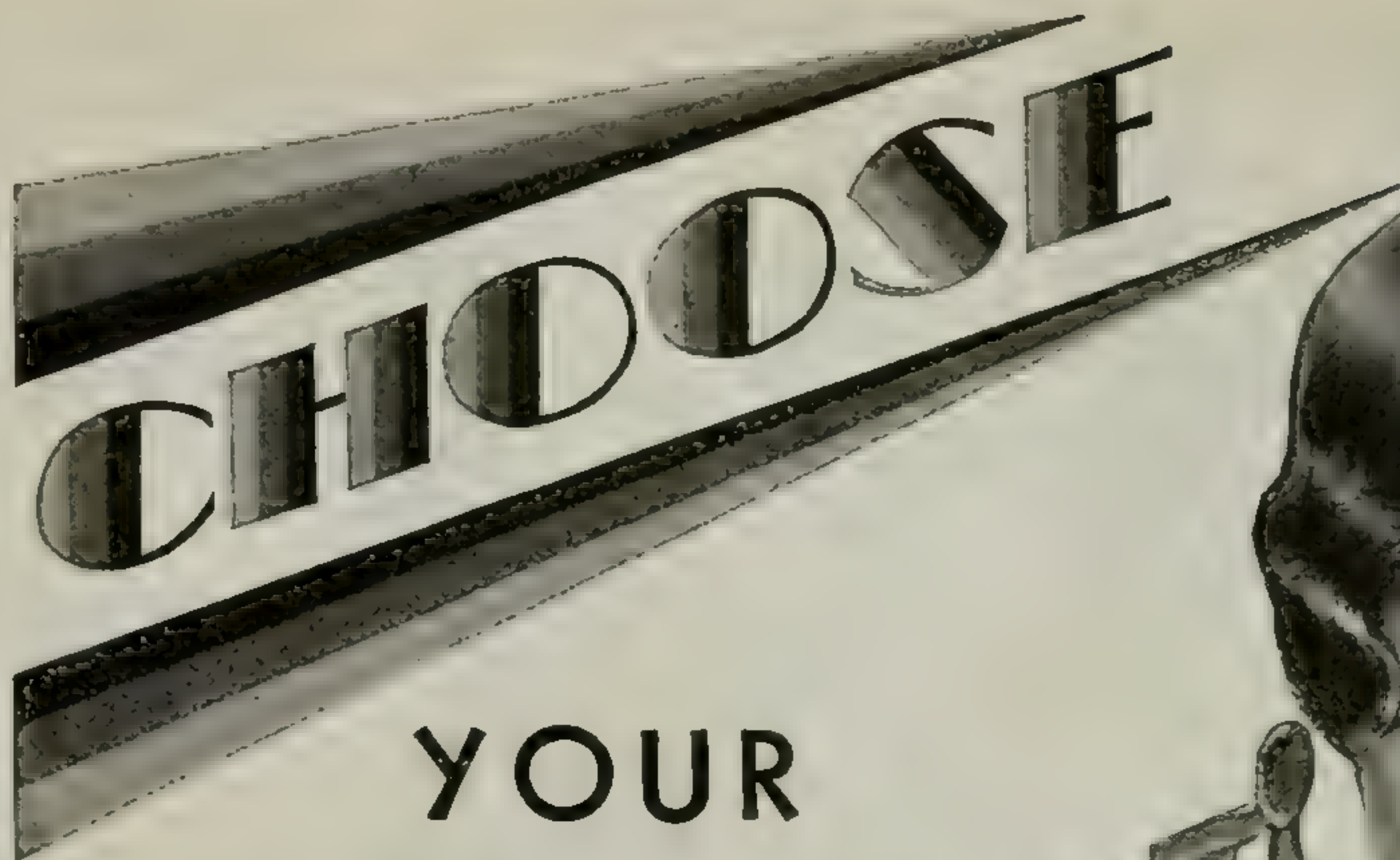
Billie believes that a coat of tan is beneficial to the health if acquired sanely. She herself was tanned this year. As for the stockingless fad, Billie can "take it or leave it alone." She hasn't worn hose for the past two years except when "dressed up," but she makes no promise about the future.

EVELYN BRENT had just returned from abroad when the long skirt question was put to her. "Of course, we'll wear them long!" said "Betty." "Europe and New York have shunned the short skirt with a suddenness that is startling. Paris decrees a five inch below the knee length for suits and tweed frocks, and for evening wear, trains and skirt sweep the floor."

Betty, who has one of Hollywood's prize coats of tan, says, "My tan fades naturally when I keep out of the sun, so I am now the right shade for my Winter costumes. The sun-tan mode did not hurt my skin, and I shall acquire another bronze next Summer."

The stockingless mode, according to Betty, will hold for beach and country club wear, but will be taboo for street or formal occasions.

DOROTHY MACKAILL likes long skirts for evening wear, but prefers the present abbreviated ones for sports. Afternoon dresses she likes short in front, long or medium on the sides and long in back. Dorothy has a stunning golden Honolulu sun-tan and means to



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For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summer-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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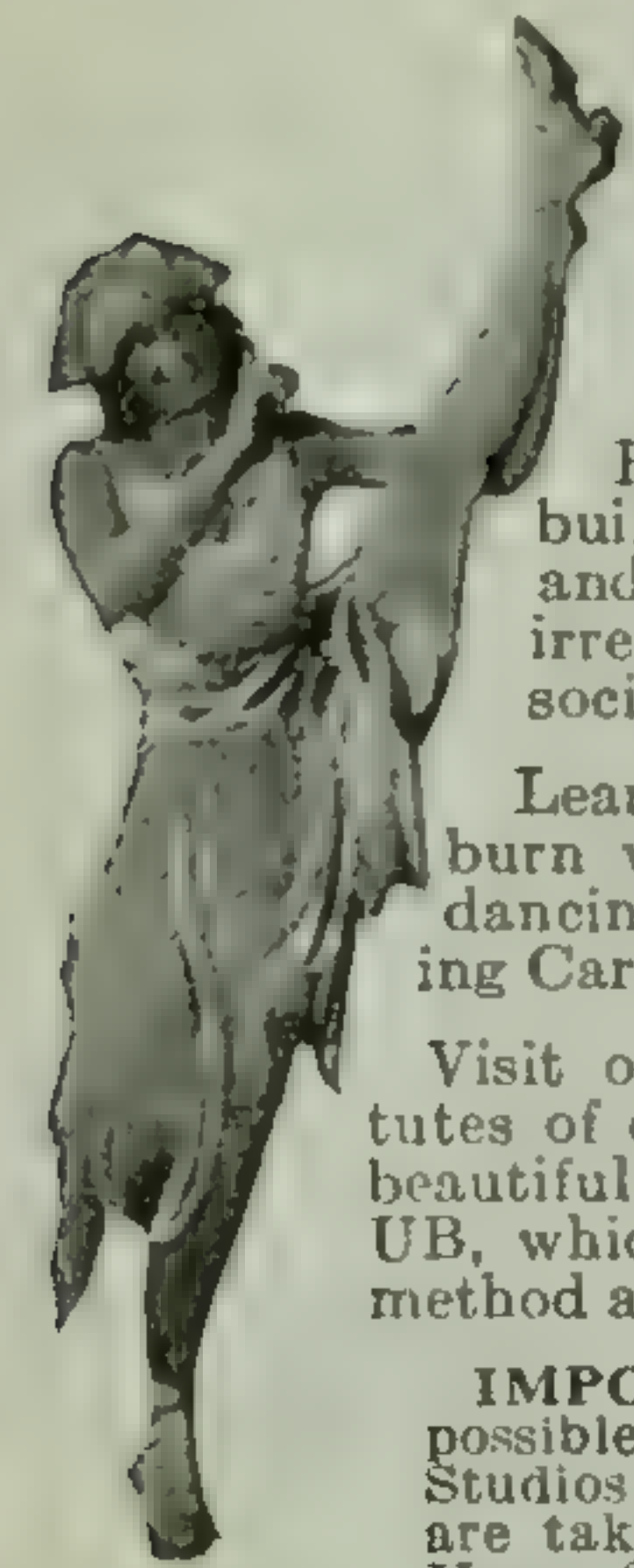
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acquire another next year—in Hawaii again, if possible. She does not like bare legs on herself and intends to wear stockings next Summer as she did last.

CARMEL MYERS, who has never looked handsomer in her life than she does at present, is delighted that long skirts are back, and thinks that we have seen the last of the plague of exposed knees which has swept the feminine world these past years. Carmel feels that the feminine anatomy will be much more attractive now that we shall see less of it. She believes that sun-tan is only a vogue, and says that with trailing, soft, feminine garments, white skins will also come back. That also rules out bare legs, which are only fetching when toasted.

JUNE COLLYER stopped dashing around New York with her attractive family long enough to wax enthusiastic over long skirts. She says that the modern girl has almost forgotten how to move gracefully, and that soft clinging gowns with trailing draperies will force her to learn. June thinks sun-tan and bare legs are passing fads.

SUE CAROL speaks up for the youngsters of the screen: "Oh, my goodness—I don't want to wear real long skirts! My mother sent me a new formal gown from Paris recently. It is just below the knee in front and sweeps the floor in back. I rather like that style. Covering the knees is all right—I like that—but not real long ones for every day—no!"

"I didn't go in for sun-tan last Summer but I picked up plenty in my outdoor activities, and probably will next year. And I expect to continue going without hose for informal sports wear and at the beach."

INA CLAIRE brought back with her from Paris some emphatic ideas as to fashions for the coming spring. She thinks that dresses for daytime wear will be about three inches longer than those worn in 1929, while very long skirts will be the vogue for evening wear. Fashions, she says, will be more feminine than they have been for several years. Richness will replace severity. She calls particular attention to the hats demanded by the new mode. If one wears an ultra-feminine afternoon frock it will no longer be possible to top it with a plain little felt hat. The hat will have to be of a soft feminine material and design also.

The new Mrs. Gilbert thinks it bad taste to eliminate stockings outside of the grounds of one's own home. The newer styles in street and afternoon clothes will almost automatically do away with this vogue apart from sports, she says. "Sun-tan will continue to be popular as long as it is fashionable to look healthy, but women will probably not make such desperate attempts to bronze their faces and bodies next summer. They will be content with the tan acquired in ordinary outdoor pursuits."

ALICE WHITE feels that her fans should decide whether she should wear longer skirts or not. She thinks they are awkward for street and afternoon dresses. However, her evening frocks have skirts down to the floor, and she thinks that she will like them when she is accustomed to them. Alice always tries to keep white (no pun intended) and never lets herself tan. As for stockings—she hasn't worn them for three years and doesn't intend to start.

CORINNE GRIFFITH was one of the first to startle Hollywood with an evening gown trailing to the ground. Not only the gowns which she brought back from Paris, but those which she has ordered from Hollywood couturiers have been made long for evening wear.

"But style or no style," says Corinne, "I shall continue to wear my sports clothes fairly short. Those of us who have to change gowns constantly during the day for pictures are entitled to comfort in the apparel we wear to and from our work. I believe the sun-tan craze will extend through the Fall and Winter seasons.



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Please Mention PHOTOPLAY

"A Summer tan used to be a Winter worry, but nowadays healthy brown faces and shoulders against white flannel and gaily colored jersey sports clothes or white satin evening gowns have proved exceedingly attractive. I have never been sold on the idea of evening ensembles without hose. To me a thin chiffon stocking makes a well turned ankle far more intriguing than the bare flesh. However, I believe socks will continue their popularity for beach wear."

LORETTA YOUNG is buying all her street and afternoon dresses with longer skirts, but doesn't think sports dresses will be worn long. Loretta admires sun-tan on others but hasn't had any luck acquiring one herself. She'll try again next year. Last Summer she wore socks with sports clothes, and with high heels, sheer hose or none at all. She expects to do the same next year.

MYRNA LOY, who has exhibited as many nationalities on the screen as Chaney has faces, prefers short skirts, but adds: "Of course, a screen actress would be foolish if she failed to follow the prevailing trend of fashion."

Myrna says a little tan more or less doesn't bother her since she is usually cast for dusky native girl parts. Although she herself prefers stockings "because they can be chosen to harmonize with one's costume," and although she feels that the longer skirts will increase the use of hose, she adds that the stockingless vogue is too firmly entrenched to disappear immediately.

PHYLLIS HAVER, now Mrs. William Seaman, agrees that long skirts are here to stay. She is bemoaning the fact that she bought so many things before the new styles came in.

"Frocks which are brand new—I haven't even had them on—are already as dated as pompadours," moans Phyllis. She thinks that sun-tan and bare legs will last. "They're so healthy," says the blonde Phyllis, who is very much of an outdoor girl. "And it isn't only in Hollywood that women have been converted. All over Europe I saw brown skins. At Antibes the women spent most of their time toasting themselves in the sun."

PATSY RUTH MILLER, modern and energetic young person that she is, is not enthusiastic about the new "clinging vine" styles. But Pat is always in the vanguard of fashion, and the formal and semi-formal gowns for her trousseau last fall were all long and most of them of uneven hem-line. Patsy was burned to a deep, rich bronze—the envy of her friends—last summer, but will probably not acquire such a decided tan next season. She favored the stockingless vogue, but with the arrival of a more feminine and dignified era in women's clothes, she has abandoned this fashion, too.

LOIS WILSON welcomes long skirts and feels that with longer lines, dresses will take on a grace heretofore lacking. She has a healthy tan, gained during a Summer at the beach—and plans to keep it. The stockingless fad, however, she believes to be decidedly on the wane and thinks it unsuited to any place other than one's own boudoir.

DOLORES COSTELLO enjoyed the freedom which short skirts gave, but thinks the new silhouette much more graceful. She wore frocks with uneven and fairly low hem-lines in all her pictures made late in 1929. Dolores feels that sun-tan is unsuited to her delicate blonde beauty, and has never taken up the fad. She did not fall in with the rage for bare legs either, and feels that this fad is destined to fade into obscurity.

MARY DUNCAN declares: "If ankle length skirts are to be worn this Winter, you will find me wearing them—even though short skirts are more comfortable. I have been wearing

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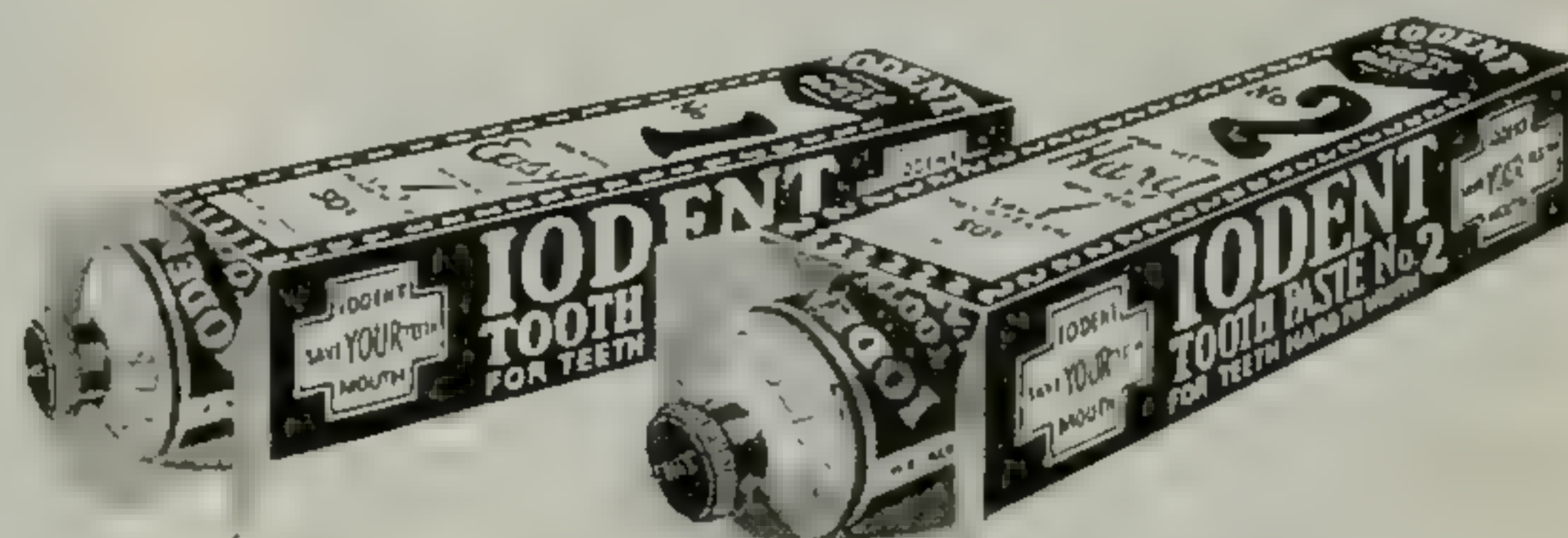
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the long uneven hem-line for formal affairs for some time now. I still have a good sun-tan left over from last Summer and I expect to add to it next Summer. For tennis and sports of the most informal kind I will go without hose. It is a comfortable style but should not be overdone."

ELEANOR BOARDMAN loves the new lines and plans to lengthen even her sports

clothes by several inches. She has a light coat of tan which she considers both healthy and becoming and hopes to keep. She will go without hose again next Summer.

FIFI DORSAY, the little French girl, doesn't want to wear long skirts for the street, but thinks them charming for evening. She will go without hose on informal occasions—provided everyone else does!

Is Jack Gilbert Through?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

none on the lot. His manager was included with a nice job and the right to handle Gilbert's affairs as well. An iron-bound document, without options!

But as the great financial powers of the studios battled for Gilbert's signature, another force was working.

Warner Brothers had used a trick device whereby the shadows of the screen stepped up and spoke words.

The device was crude and the wise guys shook their heads and said, "Oh, it can't last. It's just a novelty. There will always be silent pictures."

GILBERT returned to Hollywood with his contract in his pocket. He watched his bungalow grow on the lot. He was anxious to rid himself of the old agreement and start on the new. He was happier than he had been for some time.

Fox bought the controlling interest in M-G-M. All was saved. But the little talking device had been perfected.

The films had learned to speak and all the stars must speak, too.

Gilbert's voice!

What about Gilbert's voice?

What about the voice of the man who is virile as a steel mill, lusty as Walt Whitman, romantic as a June moon?

Gilbert's voice! You heard it in "His Glorious Night." It is high-pitched, tense, almost piping at times.

His friends have known for years that it

was completely unsuited to the strength and fire of the man.

Jack's great art is pantomime. Remember those remarkable closeups of intense eyes? Gilbert is always keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

It is the thing that made him the great actor he is. It was tremendous on the silent screen. He spoke through his eyes.

But any singer will tell you that the voice is right only when the body is relaxed. The voice, to be convincing, must flow calmly.

Gilbert was caught unprepared for the talkies.

While other stars were trotting to elocution teachers and voice specialists, Gilbert was flying to an obscure town in Nevada and getting married to Ina Claire.

HE had one more picture to make under the old contract, and he threw in another for good measure because he was happy and because he was a boy with a new wife, a new contract and the anticipation of a honeymoon in Europe.

"Redemption" was his first talking picture. It was a great mistake. He tried too hard. He was nervous in the new medium. He had been so sure of himself in the old.

All during this time, sitting across from Jack at the breakfast table, was a woman who could have taught him every nuance of line delivery. Ina Claire could have taught him to speak.

If you have ever tried to learn any-



Bruno

Ina Claire's own Hollywood home, after leaving the hilltop manor of Husband John Gilbert. Located in Beverly Hills, Ina's little home is stucco, glass and tile, in the best nouveau-Hollywood tradition. It isn't the House That Jack Built!

thing from your wife, anything that she knows better than you, you will understand.

"Redemption" was a sorry affair. It was temporarily shelved. But in the meantime Gilbert had to make a talking debut. He promised to do a picture before he went to Europe if it could be rushed through in four weeks. It was rushed. The result was "His Glorious Night." It was released while he was in Europe.

Almost before he stepped off the boat, upon his return, he asked:

"How's my picture? What do the critics think of my picture?" For Gilbert's career has dominated his life.

His friends had to tell him that his first talkie was not good. He could see the criticisms for himself.

He suffered anger, then shame, and then anger again.

WHAT went on in his mind was masked by a forced gaiety.

And the studio officials, bound to him irrevocably under the contract which had cinched a financial deal, heard bitterly the echoes that Gilbert's picture inspired. Gilbert's voice had failed in his first talking release. The fans were shocked when he spoke.

He rides into the driveway of his studio bungalow in the morning. The studio is bound to him under a contract that cannot be broken. He gives every outward appearance of a successful man, but his voice has failed, he has lost heavily on the stock market and he is separated from his wife.

They call it a temporary separation, but I cannot help but believe that it is the beginning of the end.

Gilbert has no talent for domesticity and Ina is a positive woman.

His career has gotten on his nerves and Gilbert must fight his battles alone. Garrulous as he is, he remains at heart a lonely soul, as all creative artists are.

Well, what is there left for him to do? No matter what happens he will earn a million dollars in the next two years. But it isn't money that counts with him. Gilbert could not retire. His art means more to him than wealth and fame. He would go insane if he were idle.

What then? He *must* learn to talk. But how?

If he could go away and have six months in a small stock company it would make him over. But John Gilbert could not do this for professional as well as personal reasons. Well, then, a teacher.

The actor, himself, takes first one side and then the other. One minute he is angry and considers himself the victim of a huge plot, the next minute he is sad for what he considers a failure, but dominating it all is this spirit:

"DAMN it! I'll show 'em. I'll show 'em I can talk. I'll get a human story. I'll play a real rôle and not that of a puppet. I'll make a come-back. I'll show 'em. They can't down me. They can't ruin me with one bad talking picture!"

He was caught unprepared. Hollywood said that Corinne Griffith couldn't talk, but she learned. Hollywood said that Gloria Swanson was through, but she isn't. Some folks in Hollywood persist that Gilbert is finished. You hear it from his enemies, of course, not from his friends.

Personally, I don't believe it. Or maybe it's because I won't. But I cannot believe that a man who has battled life single-handed, who has taken all the hard knocks right on the chin, will let a little thing like a talkie device down him.

I believe that Gilbert will come back strong, that he will wake up, start in earnest, make some vital gesture, hurl some new defiance and really equip himself for the microphone, the terror of Hollywood.

Gilbert is not through!

He'll learn. He'll equip himself. He'll show 'em. And more power to him!

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Thousands of women all over the country are continually writing to Helena Rubinstein, seeking her expert advice on the personal beauty problems that are so much a part of every woman's life. Write yourself to this world famous beauty specialist! Address inquiries to Helena Rubinstein Beauty Talks, 8 East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Yesterday I went ice skating. Today my lips are chapped, my hands are rough and my face is dry enough to crack. Can you help me?—Jane R., Boston. P. S. I. only want to buy one preparation.

Dear Jane R.—If you want but one preparation, then by all means choose my Valaze Pasteurized Cream! This unusual cream is wonderful for the face, the throat, the hands, the arms, the elbows. Then, if you wish, you can protect your lips with my exquisite Valaze lipstick which never dries the lips and will remain on for hours.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—The stage is certainly a strain on my complexion. I have noticed "whiteheads" as well as blackheads under my skin lately—and my face, away from the footlights, looks sallow and coarse. What shall I do?—M. B., N. Y.

Dear M. B.—Your complexion need not suffer, my dear! If you will wash every day with my Valaze Beauty Grains, all the hard skin substances and hidden impurities will be quickly removed. Then at night, apply my Valaze Acne Cream to purify your pores and magically clear your skin.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—I have three charming daughters who are fairly clamoring for "mother to step out". They laughingly accuse me of being old fashioned . . . So I have made up my mind to surprise them. Have you anything to aid a sadly drooping chin?—Mrs. J. H. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Dear Mrs. J. H. L.—One with so much spirit could scarcely be called old-fashioned! Start tonight by cleansing your face deeply with Water Lily

Cleansing Cream, my amazing rejuvenating cream. Then apply Valaze Contour Jelly, patting it well into the skin, pressing up on your eyes, lifting your chin. This will tighten the facial muscles . . . and will firmly round your contour. Write me of your progress, do!

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Trying to look presentable for business is such a nuisance. I powder my nose twenty times a day and still it is shiny! Have you a remedy? And oh, yes!—have you a rouge that "sticks"?—D. B., Pa.

Dear D. B.—First of all, try my Valaze Snow Lotion. This adheres marvelously and makes the loveliest of foundations for my Water Lily Powder. Keep a Water Lily compact in your desk drawer. The powder comes in enchanting colors, as clinging as you please. And the rouge is ever so flattering to your skin. Or if you want a rouge that will stay all day long, there's Valaze rouge en creme. Smooth it over your cheeks! Then add the same enchanting hue to your lips. You will be amazed at the transformation!

Cosmetic and scientific home treatment preparations of Helena Rubinstein are on sale at the better shops and at her salons. The values are really unusual: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Valaze Cubist Lipstick (1.00). Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00). Valaze Acne Cream (1.00). Water Lily Cleansing Cream (2.50). Valaze Contour Jelly (1.00). Valaze Snow Lotion (1.00). Water Lily Compacts: single (2.00), double (2.50). Valaze rouges en creme (1.00).

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
8 East 57th Street New York

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FASHIONS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

FAST COMPANY—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FAST LIFE—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FATHER AND SON—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

FLIGHT—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FLYING FOOL, THE—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and how! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FOUR DEVILS—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

GLAD RAG DOLL, THE—Warners.—Mostly hokum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. All Talkie. (Jan.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GREAT GABBO, THE—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant Philo Vance. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HALF MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

HANDCUFFED—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

HARD TO GET—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. All Talkie. (Jan.)



International

They call Olive Young "the Mary Pickford of China." She's studying talkie-making in Hollywood. And she was born in St. Joe, Mo., of Chinese parents. Does that make her a lady Elk?

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bulls-eye. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HONOR—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

HOOFEATS OF VENGEANCE—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

HURRICANE—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. All Talkie. (Jan.)

IDLE RICH, THE—M-G-M.—Literal translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

ILLUSION—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. All Talkie. (Jan.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. All Talkie. (Jan.)

IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American girl running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. All Talkie. (Jan.)

JEALOUSY—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

JOY STREET—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

KISS, THE—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

KITTY—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's blue-bloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

LAST PERFORMANCE, THE—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

LAUGHING AT DEATH—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

LIGHT FINGERS—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. All Talkie. (Jan.)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. All Talkie. (Jan.)

LOVE DOCTOR, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



JOHN FORD'S "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"

An Even Greater
TRIUMPH

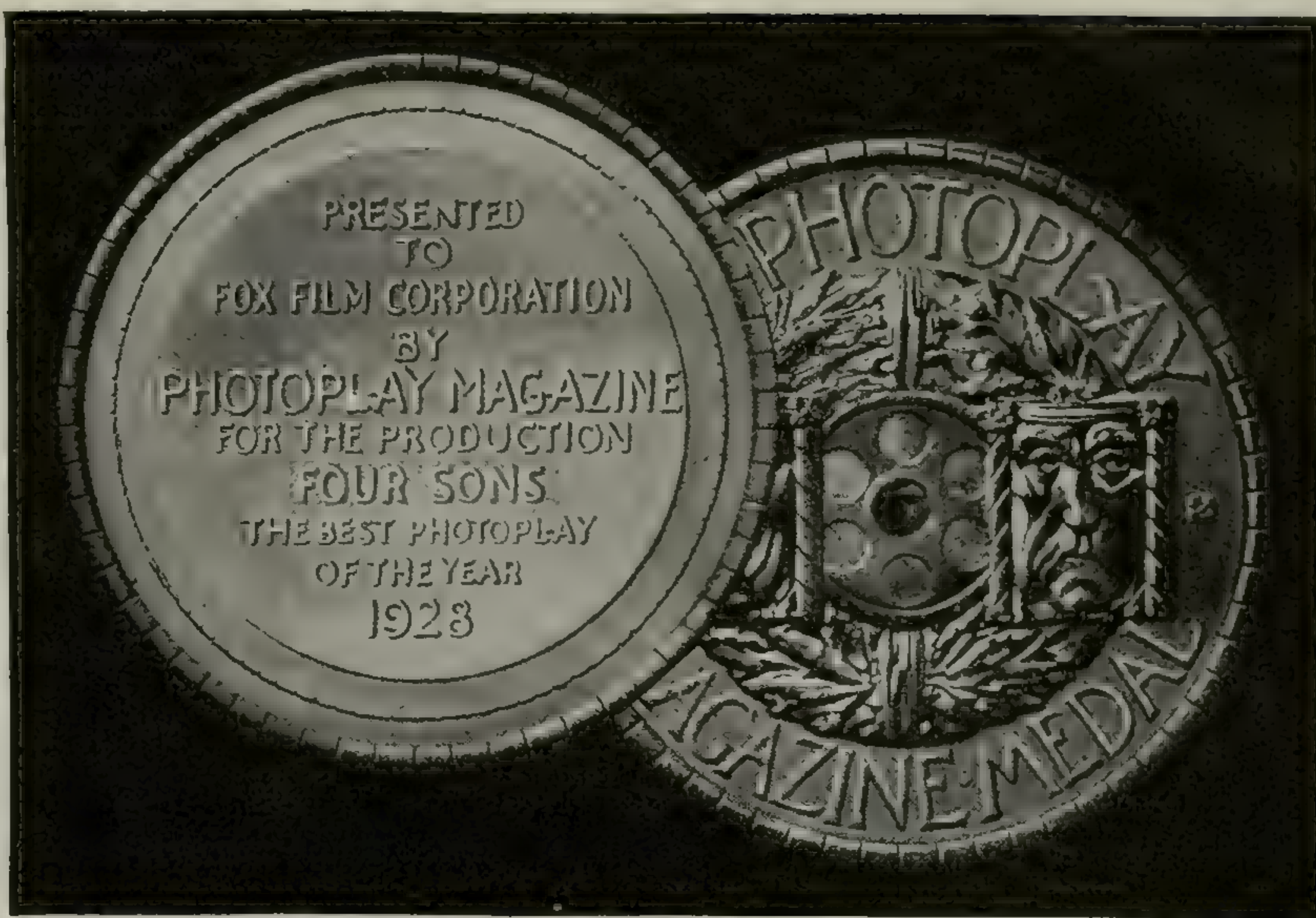


Sixteen men are caught in a disabled submarine. Faced with inevitable death, all their talk and thoughts center on the eternal subject—women. The amours of a thousand nights flash across memory's mirror. Then in the supreme, climactic moment, when one man must die to save the rest—woman is revealed as the motivating force that sends the hero to his sacrificial death.

But not a woman appears in the cast! This is a picture of *men* and their varying reactions to the elemental urge of the Universe, persisting even in the face of death itself!

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—without a doubt John Ford's finest achievement—will be remembered as one of the greatest pictures the screen has ever known. Don't miss this

FOX
MOVIETONE



AGAIN THE HONORS GO TO FOX

For the second time in two years, Fox has been awarded the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the finest motion picture of the year. This is the first time any producer has ever won this award twice in succession.

Awarded on the basis of an actual poll of its readers, Photoplay's Gold Medal is literally a symbol of the approval of a most important and critical portion of the great motion picture loving public.

Last year this significant award for the most distinguished picture of the year was won by Frank Borzage's Fox production, "7th Heaven".

And now another Fox picture—John Ford's outstanding artistic achievement, "Four Sons"—has received the award.

Although the winning of the Gold Medal for two successive years is an unprecedented achievement, the Fox organization is not resting on its laurels. The obligation to live up to the standard set in the past will continue to be its inspiration to still finer achievement in the future. Expect great things of Fox!



JOHN FORD

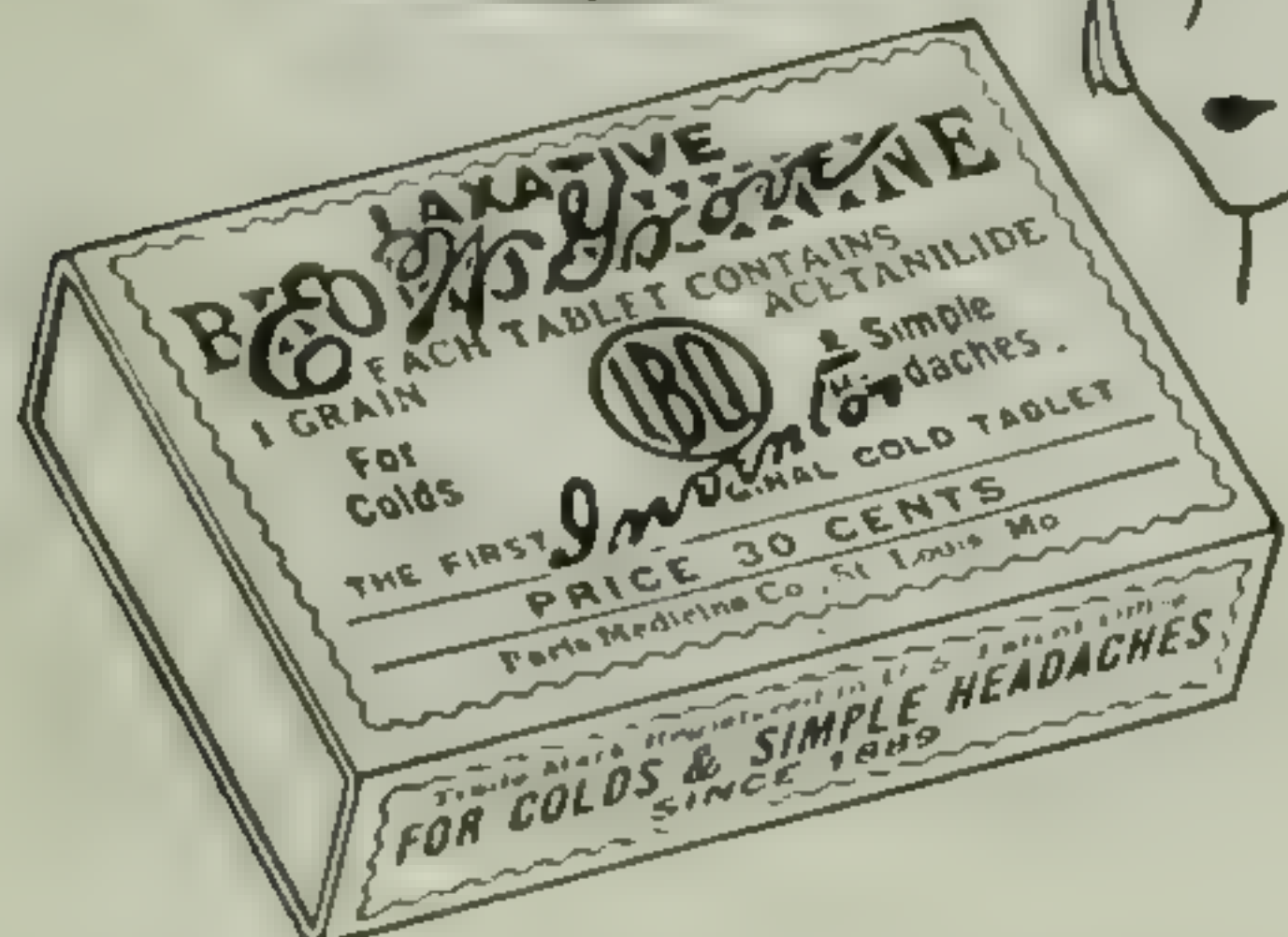
Director of this year's Gold Medal winner "Four Sons". He will also be long remembered for his direction of "The Iron Horse", "The Black Watch" and "Salute".



FRANK BORZAGE

Director of "7th Heaven" and "Humoresque", first Photoplay Gold Medal winner—not to overlook "Street Angel", "They Had to See Paris", and John McCormack's first singing and talking romance, now in production.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130]

LOVE TRAP, THE—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

LUCKY IN LOVE—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LUCKY LARKIN—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

MADONNA OF AVENUE A—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE—First National.—An old-fashioned rip-snorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MASQUERADE—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

MELODY LANE—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MIGHTY, THE—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS**—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham deluxe. Silent. (Sept.)

MOST IMMORAL LADY, A—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental deviltry. All Talkie. (Aug.)

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. All Talkie. (Jan.)

NEW BANKROLL, THE—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. All Talkie. (Dec.)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie debut. All Talkie. (Jan.)

OH, YEAH!—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **ON WITH THE SHOW**—Warners.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spectacle but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (Aug.)

OPPRESSED, THE—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordonil! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

★ **PHYSICIAN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

PICCADILLY—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

PLEASURE CRAZED—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **PRISONERS**—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

PROTECTION—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

RACKETEER, THE—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. All Talkie. (Jan.)

RICH PEOPLE—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

RIVER OF ROMANCE—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? All Talkie. (Jan.)

SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALUTE—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SAP, THE—Warners.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National Page 139
Fox Film Page 9 & 131
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Page 135
Paramount Page 4
Technicolor Page 2
Warner Bros. Page 143

SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

SEA FURY—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SENIOR AMERICANO—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SEVEN FACES—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SILVER KING, THE—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (Jan.)



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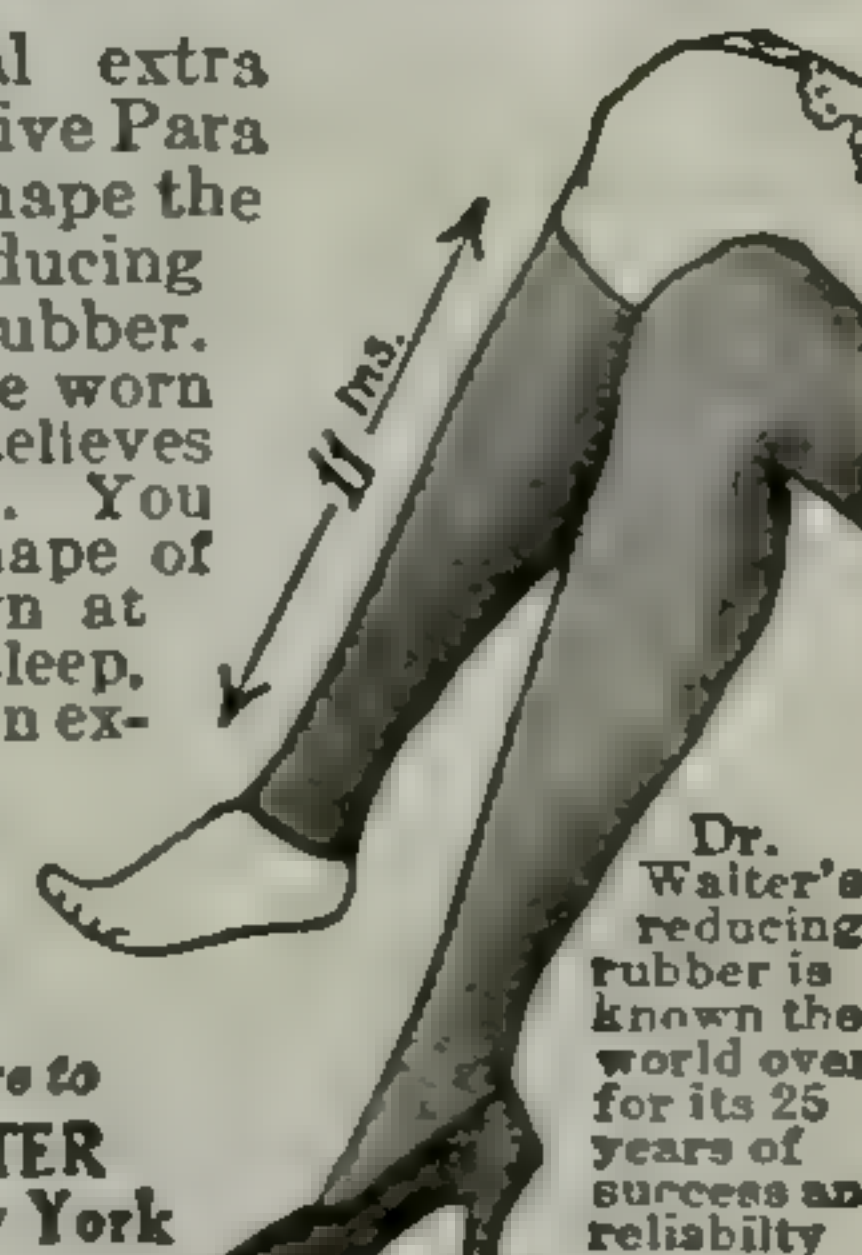
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SKIN DEEP—Warners.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SMILING IRISH EYES—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SOPHOMORE, THE—Pathe.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without necking or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SO THIS IS COLLEGE—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SPEEDWAY—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

STREET GIRL—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SWEETIE—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THIS MAD WORLD—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THREE LOVES—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as n-tive as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

THUNDER—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and floods, with Lon Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **THUNDERBOLT**—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

TIP-OFF, THE—Universal.—Crooks again! Silent. (Aug.)

TONIGHT AT TWELVE—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

TRIAL MARRIAGE—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

TWIN BEDS—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

TWO MEN AND A MAID—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

TWO SISTERS—Rayart.—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

UNHOLY NIGHT, THE—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

UNTAMED—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

UNTAMED JUSTICE—Biltmore Productions.—Enough animals—and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. All Talkie. (Jan.)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

VERY IDEA, THE—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WAGON MASTER, THE—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WELCOME DANGER—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

WHEEL OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in India. All Talkie. (Aug.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHY LEAVE HOME—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

WISE GIRL—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WOMAN FROM HELL, THE—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

WRECKER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)

THAT HAPPY PAIR!

Here's Bessie Love and Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame.

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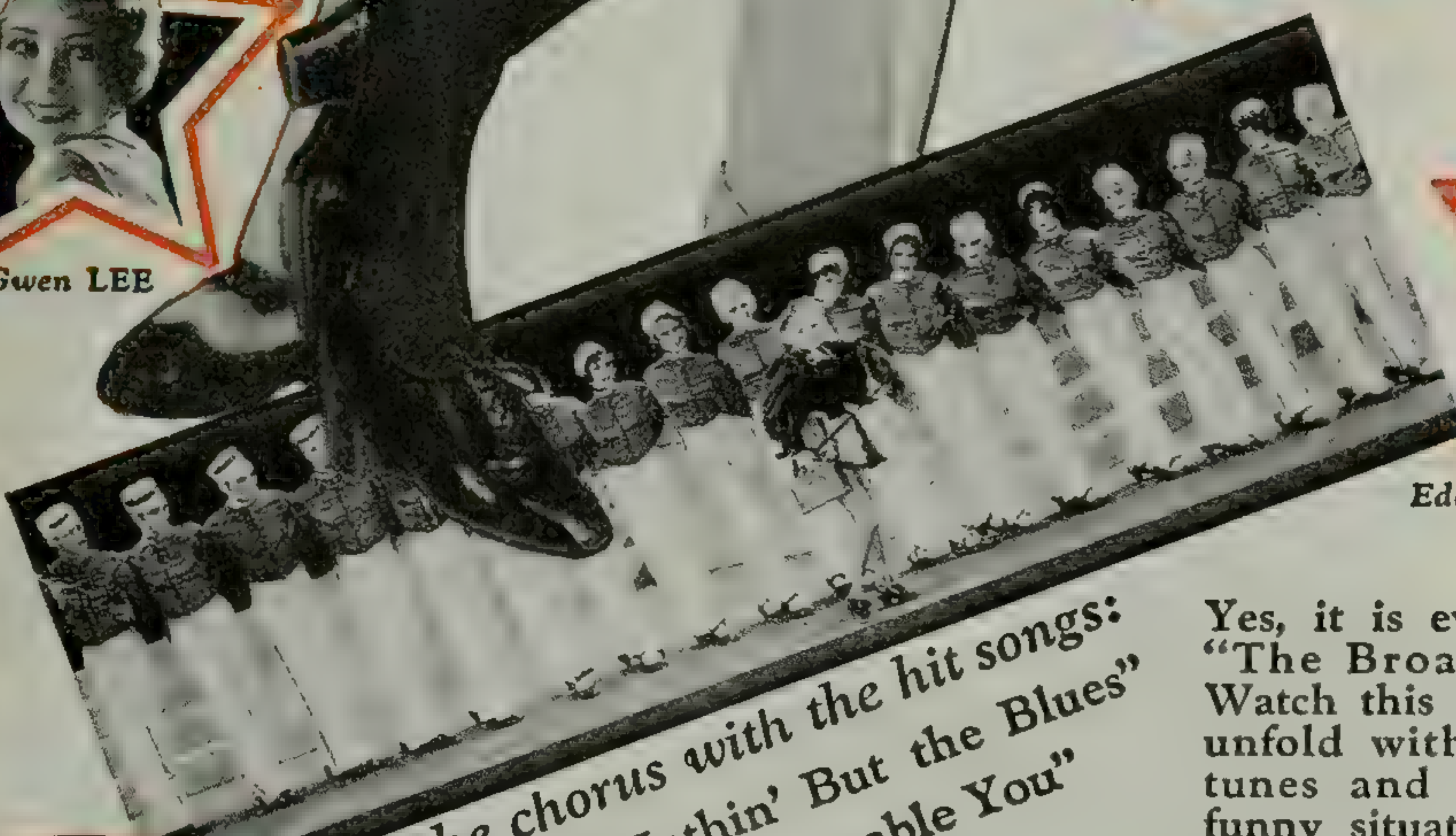
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

The Charm School

Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

The talkies have been received here with great enthusiasm. Instead of learning English with an old English spinster with big spectacles on, we learn it now with lovely and smart teachers. And the class is so pleasant that the teacher lets us talk during it and we can even flirt with the neighbor if she is a charming girl.

ALOYSIO DE LALLES.

Those Gloomy Germans

Berlin, Germany.

Sometimes I have a misunderstanding with one of my professors or the landlady. (I'm an American student studying in Berlin.) I've found a marvelous way of putting things right. I go to the movies, forget my troubles, come out feeling gay and ready to compromise with professor or landlady.

But I didn't find the remedy so quickly. Not that I didn't go to the movies—I went often enough, but I used to come out feeling pretty low. How, you ask then, does the same medium, the movies, which used to make me feel so rotten, put me into such good spirits now? Here's the answer. I used to see Ger-

man films, which, nine times out of ten, end so sadly that they make you feel gloomy and depressed. Now I see American pictures, which, nine times out of ten, end so happily that they make you feel bright and gay.

JACQUELINE GOODMAN.

Cleaner and Funnier

Jersey City, N. J.

The good screen comedian's power to entertain does not end with our departure from the theater, but its exhilarating effect sweetens our dispositions for several days thereafter. A healthy laugh at clean comedy is good for the body and soul. *Clean comedy*, I said.

MRS. ADELAIDE SPRECKER.

Likes 'Em Grown-up

Louisville, Ky.

I am presenting only a bouquet this time for I wish to speak of a real artist—Ruth Chatterton. If I may slip in just one thorn for the dancing feet of Clara and Alice to tread on, I shall say that after the Bow and White inanities, Miss Chatterton is a godsend. The movies have been playing too much to the adolescent mind. We want more of the sort of



That ever-truthful camera told a little white one here. A resourceful cameraman grafted separate pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong on to one another. Result: Bob makes Samson look like an amateur

thing Miss Chatterton does so superbly—really interesting and worthwhile plays—not just vague stories and innumerable close-ups of pretty figures.

BEULAH CHILDERS.

Likes 'Em Young

Columbus, Ohio.

Ten years ago there were absolutely no pictures showing the life of the young American girl. Today I am twenty-three years old, but ten years ago I was trying to make myself into an older woman. How unhappy were those days when I tried to wear the serene expression of Dorothy Dalton, living the life of a woman in one of those melodramas, of which the screen program consisted.

But what a contrast has come today! Younger players have been starred, in plays which have appeal for the modern girl. We can be natural, chic, and popular, if we use Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Anita Page, June Collyer and others as examples—for don't we all ape the movies?

MARGARET MOG.

Bringing Up the Boy Friend

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have been going with a very nice young man, well mannered and gentlemanly, but who, owing to a very little education, made many and noticeable mistakes in grammar. How to correct him without hurting his pride?

Then the talkies came along and solved my problem! We went to see "Bulldog Drummond." I remarked about the excellent English used. Then came "Charming Sinners," "The Idle Rich," "Dynamite" and others, all containing dialogue with impeccable grammar, and yet not seeming stilted or affected. I made it a point always to point out the excellent diction of this character or that one. And, believe it or not, after these several months the "ain'ts" and "I seens," etc., have disappeared from my friend's speech, and the improvements are still going on! Thus the talkies solved my problem.

H. P. DOUGHTY.

A Razz-berry

Oswego, N. Y.

This is decidedly a "Brickbat," for I deeply resent Miss Barbara Berry's letter in the November issue.

Why shouldn't the natives of Chillicothe, Ohio (wherever that is), wish to talk as correctly as those on the Lido or points East?

I never knew until talking pictures came here how perfectly flat "been" sounds pronounced like a Big Ben alarm clock and how much more pleasing neither and either are as they are pronounced the English way.

As a rule we Americans talk harshly, and talking movies are teaching us "the voice with a smile."

I go to the movies for education, not degradation, and I hope the producers will make a great many more pictures like "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and less like "The Cock Eyed World."

ELSIE D. STEVENS.

A Modern Grandmother

Thomaston, Conn.

I want to hand a bouquet to the modern grandmother as we see her in "Love Over Night." She is such a jolly good sport and seems to enjoy a bit of adventure fully as much as her granddaughter does.

This new grandma may be a bit slangy and smoke cigarettes, but many a grandmother has smoked a pipe and taken a pinch of snuff, so where's the difference?

Let's hope that some of the grandmothers that see this picture may take a lesson from this new grandmother and be real pals to their granddaughters instead of telling them of the things that never happened in their day.

MRS. A. H. FENN.



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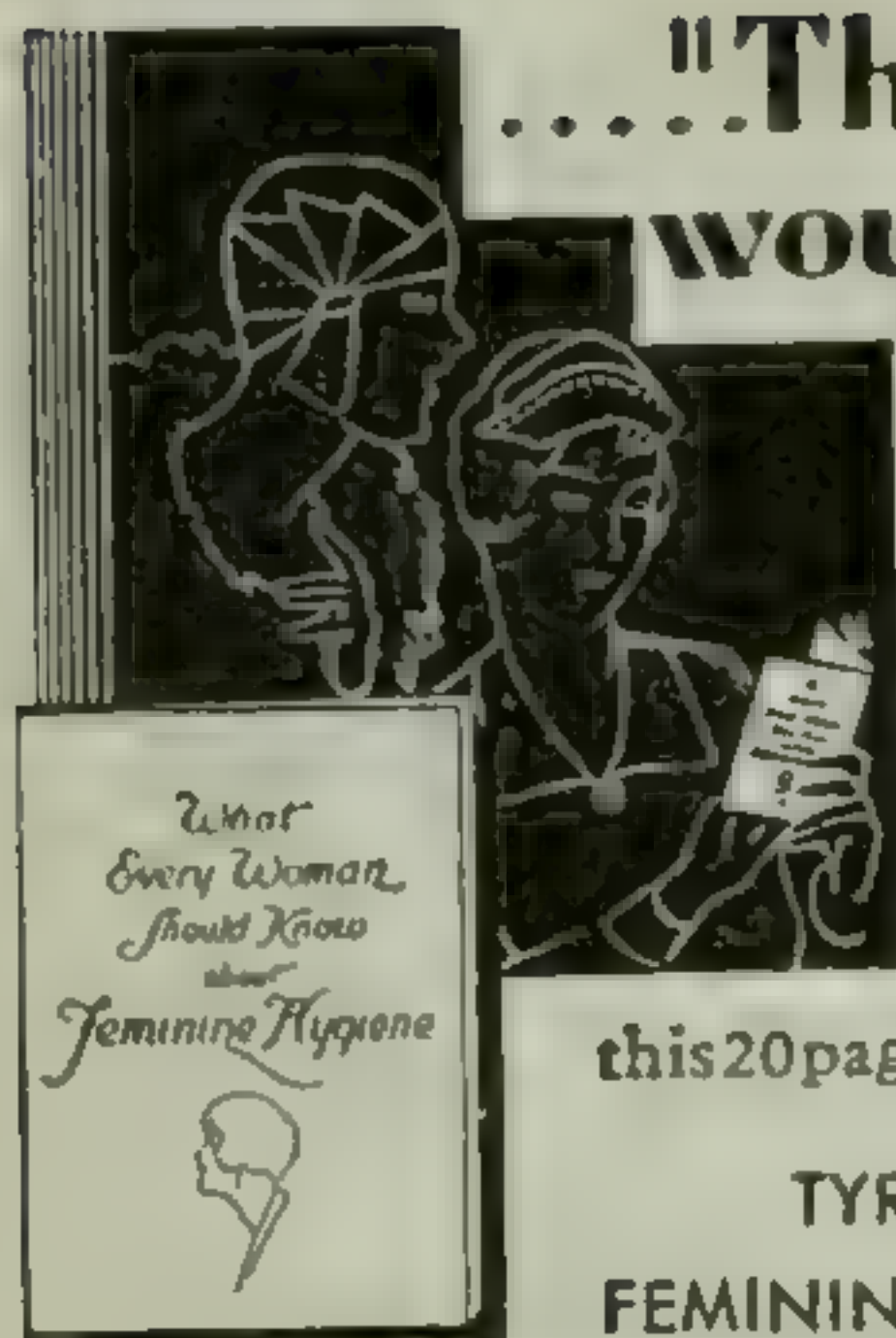
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Keep 'Em Away from Damita!

Pickensville, Ala.

I was always confronted with the problem of getting my little girls interested in the performance of their necessary daily tasks, until one day returning from a "Billie Dove" picture the elder girl said, "I would give anything to look like Billie Dove."

So I told them of the daily care and work of the stars to keep their beauty, health and position.

Consequently, they have acquired a sense of orderliness in their rooms, neatness and taste in dress and master their lessons, music, etc., thoroughly with pleasure, holding the thought that some day they may be famous and lovely like Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian or Billie Dove!

MRS. O'BALEY.

Minding Their Pros and Cons

IRENE LIEBERT, of Manitowoc, Wis., is hereby appointed valedictorian of the Brickbat and Bouquet graduating class on the strength of the following phrase: "A silent picture is cunningly devised and graced with sibylline promise; whereas: the talkies are gruffly straightforward." We don't know what it means, but it sounds swell.

Cecil B. De Mille has a lot to answer for. LOUISE LYDIA LYBARGER, of Newark, N. J., who used to be a devotee of "jazz pictures," went to see "The King of Kings" and promptly lost interest in saxophones and other hollow symbols of this fleshly life.

LUCILE MOORE, of Terre Haute, Ind., is running a temperature over Jack Oakie. She wants to be marked down as a Jack Oakie fan for "always and forever." We'll enter you on the waiting list, Lucile.

At last—a histrionic yardstick—a means of measuring dramatic talent! MABEL HARRIS, of Nicholasville, Ky., offers this: "I despise moustaches. I like Ronald Colman in spite of his, which convinces me, at least, that he is an actor."

MRS. H. S. SCHANCK, of Jamaica, L. I., is strongly in favor of the personal appearance of an actor or actress along with his or her current

picture. She says Leatrice Joy got a wonderful reception when she appeared in Brooklyn.

WARD HUTCHINSON, of Paris, France, thinking no doubt of the comebacks staged by such seasoned troupers as Bessie Love, Lila Lee, Betty Compson and others, remarks: "The talkies seem to have 'discovered' more old actors than new ones."

London, in the person of H. F. HOMER, refutes the old allegation that Englishmen have no humor by telling us that Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton comedies are always held over at London theaters "by popular demand." He sends a specially big bouquet to Messrs. Laurel and Hardy.

SPENCE MENDENHALL, of Salt Lake City, Utah, will probably be lynched by outraged Garbo and Crawford fans, but since this is a symposium we'll have to let him have his say. Here it is: "You can keep all your sallow-eyed, hollow-cheeked, flat-chested, anaemic-looking women like Greta Garbo, Josephine Dunn and Joan Crawford, but give me Clara Bow—the most human person on the screen and America's greatest actress." Meadows, wrap up Clara Bow for the gentleman.

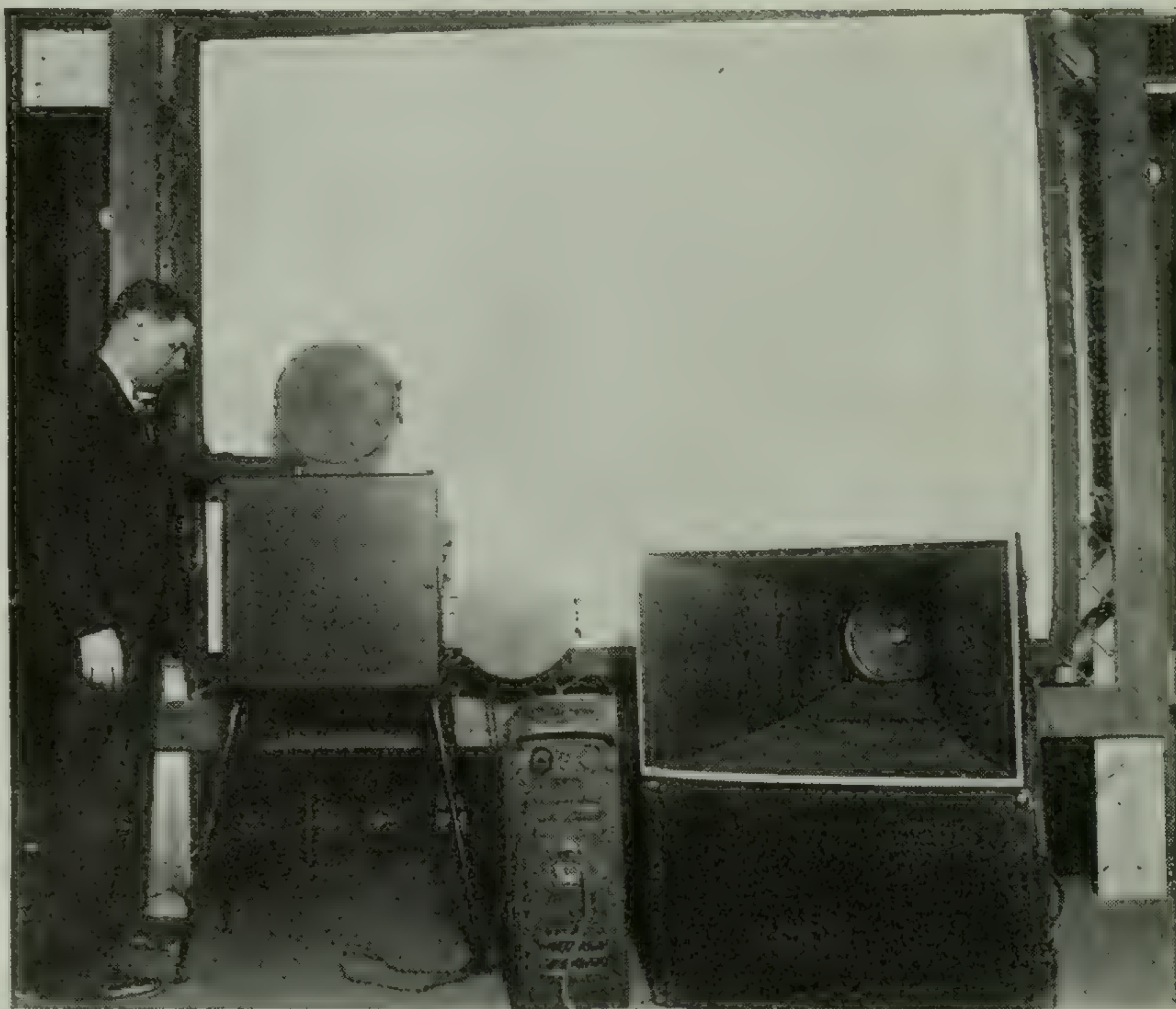
A young lady who prefers to remain anonymous says: "I'd like to tell every girl that I've followed PHOTOPLAY's tips on the fashions and I'm always dressed up to the moment." We-e-ll! (business of rubbing hands and expanding chest).

ASTRID SOLBERG, who is languishing away up in Molde, Norway, likes American pictures "because they do not overdo the characters and the play the way so many European films do." (Bet Astrid's a blonde.)

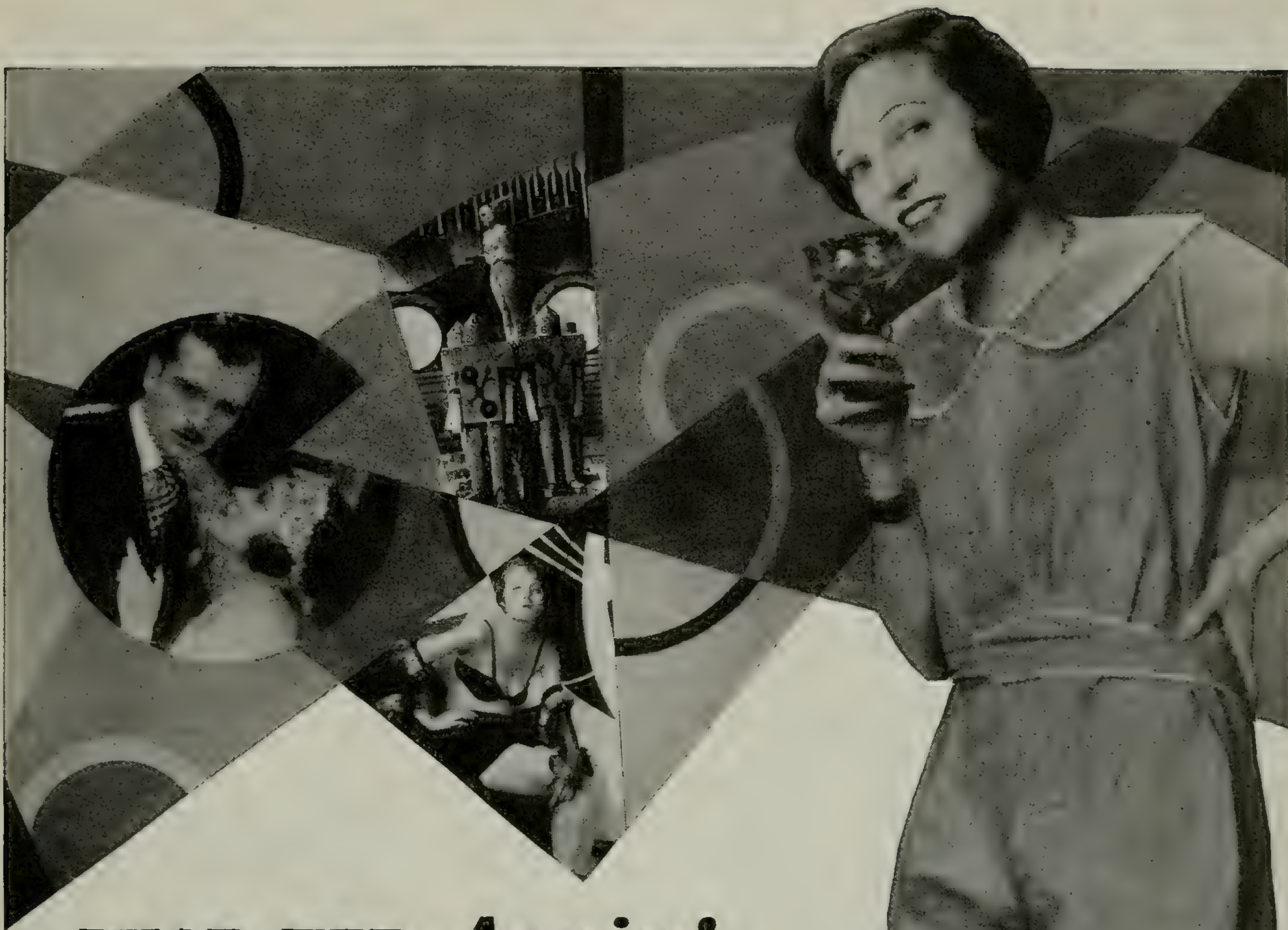
C. PHILLIPS, of Nutley, N. J., is pretty much upset to hear of Leslie Fenton's exodus from the films. She thinks he's a swell actor.

As if the old Hollywood guard weren't losing enough sleep over microphone troubles already! —PAUL PETRUCCELLI, the old meanie, suggests that PHOTOPLAY establish an "English Box" so that readers can send in errors spoken on the talking screen.

NEWELL HOWARD, of Salisbury, Md., merits an editorial salaam. He is embarking on his tenth year as a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY.



Portable talkies! The above device will bring talking pictures to the school, church, hospital, lecture hall and home—and it can be set up anywhere in less than fifteen minutes. It is a new portable projector and it is going to be a big item in future educational methods



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ACQUITTED"—COLUMBIA.—Adapted by Keene Thompson. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Dr. Bradford, Lloyd Hughes; Marian, Margaret Livingston; Egan, Sam Hardy; McManus, Charles West; Tony, George Rigas; Nelson, Charles Wilson; Smith, Otto Hoffman.

"BARNUM WAS RIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Philip Bartholomae and John Meehan. Adapted by Arthur Ripley and Ewart Adamson. Directed by Del Lord. The cast: Freddie Farrell, Glenn Tryon; Miriam Locke, Merna Kennedy; Samuel Locke, Otis Harlan; Standish, Basil Radford; Martin, Clarence Burton; Harrison, Lew Kelly; Phoebe O'Dare, Isabelle Keith; Sarah, Gertrude Sutton.

"BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by S. S. Van Dine. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Nick Grinde and David Burton. The cast: Philo Vance, Basil Rathbone; Belle Dillard, Leila Hyams; Sigurd Arnesson, Roland Young; Professor Bertrand Dillard, Alec B. Francis; Adolph Drukker, George Marion; Mrs. Otto Drukker, Zella Sears; Grete Menzel, Bodil Rosing; John E. Sprigg, Carroll Nye; John Pardee, Charles Quartermaine; Ernest Heath, James Donlan; Pyne, Sydney Bracey; John F. X. Markham, Clarence Geldert; Raymond Sperling, Delmer Daves; Beedle, Nellie Bly Baker.

"CAMEO KIRBY"—FOX.—From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Adapted by Marion Orth. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Cameo Kirby, J. Harold Murray; Adele Randall, Norma Terris; Jack Moreau, Douglas Gilmore; Col. Randall, Robert Edeson; Anatole, Charles Morton; Croup, Stepin Fetchit; Larkin Bunce, John Hyams; Claire Devezac, Mme. Daumery; Lea, Myrna Loy; Poulette, Beulah Hall Jones; George, George MacFarlane.

"DANCE HALL"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Viña Delmar. Scenario by Jane Murfin and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Gracie Nolan, Olive Borden; Tommy Flynn, Arthur Lake; Mrs. Flynn, Margaret Seddon; Ted Smith, Ralph Emerson; Bremmer, Joseph Cawthorn; Bee, Helen Kaiser; Ernie, Lee Moran; Truck Driver, Tom O'Brien.

"DANGEROUS FEMALES"—PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE.—From the story by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Directed by William Watson. The cast: Sarah Bascom, Marie Dressler; Tibby Bram, Polly Moran; The Man, Frank Rice.

"DANGEROUS PARADISE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Victory" by Joseph Conrad. Adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: Alma, Nancy Carroll; Heyst, Richard Arlen; Schomberg, Warner Oland; Mr. Jones, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Ricardo, Francis MacDonald; Pedro, George Kotsonaros; Mrs. Schomberg, Dorothea Wolbert; Zangiaco, Clarence H. Wilson; Mrs. Zangiaco, Evelyn Selbie; Wang, Willie Fung; Mrs. Wang, Wong Wing; Myrtle, Lillian Worth.

"DEVIL MAY CARE"—M-G-M.—From the French drama "La Bataille Des Dames" by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouve. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Armand, Ramon Novarro; Leonie, Dorothy Jordan; Louise, Marion Harris; Degrignon, John Miljan; Napoleon, William Humphrey; Groom, George Davis; Gaston, Clifford Bruce.

"DUDE WRANGLER, THE"—MRS. WALLACE REID PROD.—From the story by Caroline Lockhart. Adapted by Robert Lee. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Helen Dana, Lina Basquette; Wally McCann, George Duryea; Pinky Frapp, Clyde Cook; Mr. Canby, Francis X. Bushman; Mattie Gannett, Ethel Wales; Mercy Eyer, Virginia Sale; Mrs. Apple, Alice Davenport; Mrs. Budlong, Julia Swayne Gordon; Mrs. Platt, Aileen Carlyle; Sam Wong, Sojin; Aunt Mary, Margaret Seddon; Mr. Penrose, Louis Payne.

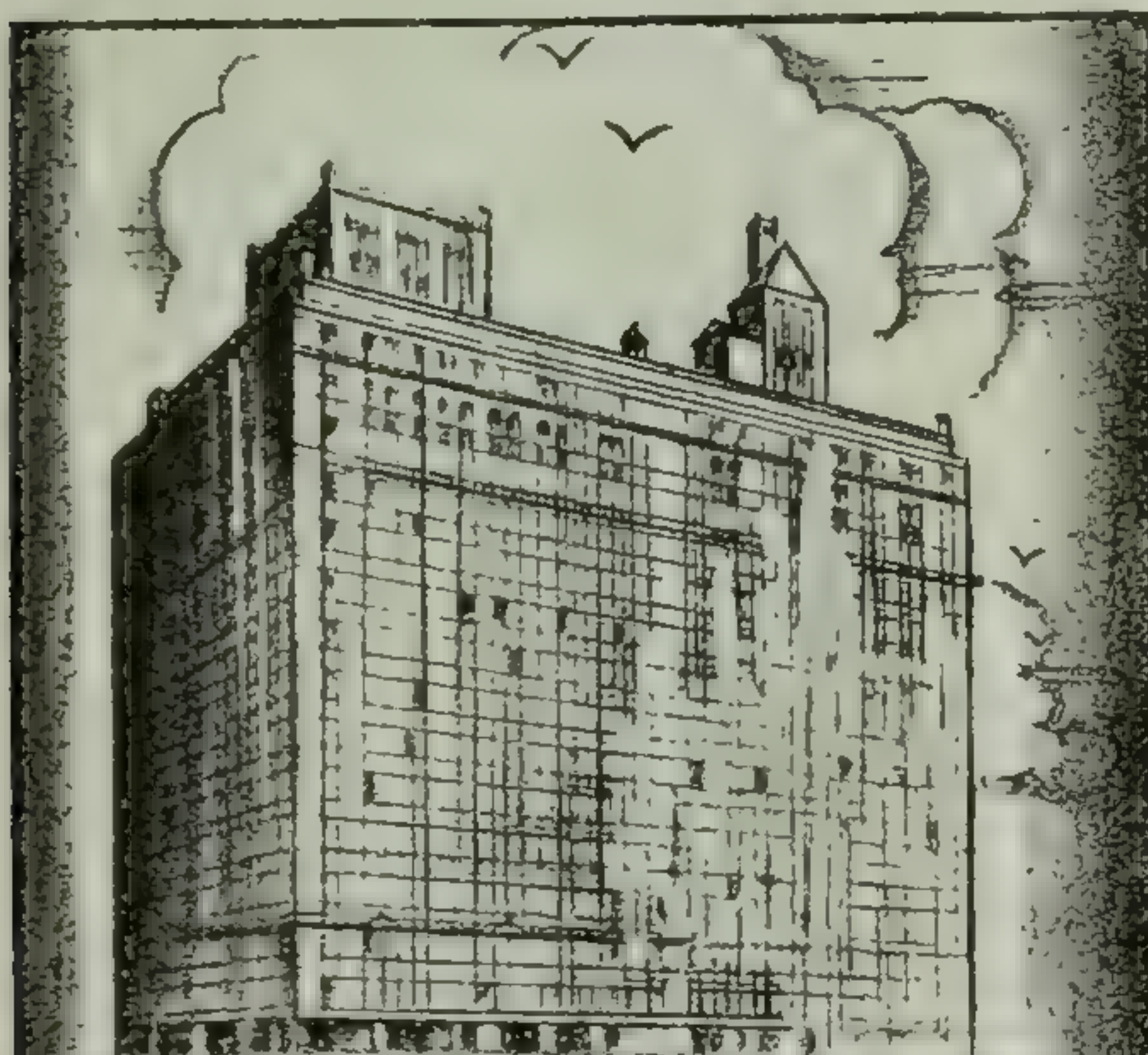
"FORWARD PASS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harvey Gates. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: Marty Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Patsy Carlyle, Loretta Young; Coach Wilson, Bert Rome; Assl. Coach Kane, Lane Chandler; "Honey" Smith, Guinn Williams; Ed Kirby, Allan Lane; Maizie, Marion Byron; Dot, Phyllis Crane.

"GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "Eva The Fifth" by John Kenyon Nicholson and John Golden. Adapted by Edgar Selwyn. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: Hattie Harlley, Bessie Love; Mal Thorne, Raymond Hackett; Dave Amazon, Edward Nugent; Connie Bard, Mary Doran; Newton Wampler, Jed Prouty; Ed Bondell, Ford Sterling; Oriole, Nanci Price; Lorna Montrose, Lucy Beaumont; Leon Montrose, Richard Carlyle; Grace Steeple, Alice Moe; Tracy Boone, Frank Nelson; Ernest Beaumont, Jack McDonald; Mrs. Truxton, Ethel Wales; Jeff Morgan, John F. Morrissey.

"GRAND PARADE, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: Molly, Helen Twelvetrees; Kelly, Fred Scott; Rand, Richard Carle; Polly, Marie Astaire; Calamity, Russell Powell; Sullivan, Bud Jamieson; Jones, Jimmy Adams; Madam Stinch, Lillian Leighton; Call Boy, Spec O'Donnell; Sam, Sam Blum; Dougherty, Tom Malone; The Drunk, Jimmy Aubrey.

"HEARTS IN EXILE"—WARNERS.—From the play by John Oxenham. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Vera Ivanova, Dolores Costello; Paul Pavloff, Grant Withers; Baron Serge Palma, James Kirkwood; Dimitri Ivanova, George Fawcett; Governor, David Torrence; Anna Raskova, Olive Tell; Orderly, Tom Dugan; Marya, Rose Dione; Rat Catcher, William Irving.

"HIT THE DECK"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Vincent Youmans. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: Looloo, Polly Walker; Bilge, Jack Oakie; Mat, Roger Gray; Bat, Franker Wood; Bunny, Harry Sweet; Lavinia, Marguerite Padula; Toddy, June Clyde; Clarence, George Obey; Mrs. Payne, Ethel Clayton; Lieutenant



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Allen, Wallace MacDonald; Dan, Nate Slott; Dinty Andy Clark; The Admiral, Dell Henderson; Lieutenant Jim Smith, Charles Sullivan.

"HOT FOR PARIS"—FOX.—From the story by Raoul Walsh. Adapted by Charles J. McGuirk. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: John Patrick Duke, Victor McLaglen; Fifi Dupre, Fifi Dorsay; Axel Olson, El Brendel; Polly, Polly Moran; Mr. Pratt, Lennox Pawle; Papa Gouset, August Tollaie; Ship Captain, George Fawcett; Charlot Gouset, Charles Judels; Ship's Cook, Eddie Dillon; Fifi's Mother, Rosita Marstini; Fifi's Father, Agostino Borgato; Babelle Dupre, Yola D'Avril; Mimi, Anita Murray; Monsieur Furrier, Dave Valles.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by William James Hurbut. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by Alexander Corda. The cast: Mildred Harker, Corinne Griffith; Ted Willing, Ralph Forbes; Walter Harker, John Loder; "Pink," Eve Southern; Florette, Rita LeRoy; Gertie, Jean Bary; Joyce, Betty Boyd; Maisie, May Boley; Pearl, Virginia Bruce; Judge, Charles Mailes; Lewis Conroy, Freeman Wood; Lawyer for Harker, Ray Largay; Lawyer for Mildred, Joe Bernard; 1st Maid, Anne Schaeffer; 2nd Maid, Clarissa Selwynne; Baby, Patsy Page; Barber, Andre Beranger; Head Waiter, Douglas Gerard; Paymaster, Tenen Holtz; Butler, Wilfred Noy; Bert Miller, Tyler Brooke; Maid, Alice Moe.

"LOCKED DOOR, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "The Sign on the Door" by Channing Pollock. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Frank Devereaux, Rod La Rocque; Ann Carter, Barbara Stanwyck; Lawrence Reagan, William Boyd; Helen Reagan, Betty Bronson; The Waiter, Harry Stubbs; District Attorney, Harry Mestayer; Hotel Proprietor, Mack Swain; Telephone Girl, ZaSu Pitts; The Valet, George Bunny.

"LOST ZEPPELIN, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford. Dialogue by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sroman. The cast: Commander Hall, Conway Tearle; Mrs. Hall, Virginia Valli; Tom Armstrong, Ricardo Cortez; Lieutenant Wallace, Duke Martin; Nancy, Kathryn McGuire; Mr. Wilson, Winter Hall.

"LOVE COMES ALONG"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Conchita" by Edward Knoblock. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: Peggy, Bebe Daniels; Johnny, Lloyd Hughes; Sangredo, Montague Love; Happy, Ned Sparks; Brownie, Lionel Belmore; Carlotta, Alma Tell; Bianca, Evelyn Selbie; Gomez, Sam Appel.

"OFFICER O'BRIEN"—PATHE.—From the story by Thomas Buckingham. Adapted by Thomas Buckingham. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Bill O'Brien, William Boyd; J. P. O'Brien, Ernest Torrence; Ruth Dale, Dorothy Sebastian; Limo, Clyde Cook; Johnny Dale, Russell Gleason; Capt. Antrim, Paul Hurst; Tony, Arthur Houseman; Mike Patello, Ralf Harolde.

"PAINTED FACES"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Frances Hyland. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: Beppo, Joe E. Brown; Nancy, Helen Foster; Buddy Barton, Barton Hepburn; Babe Barnes, Dorothy Gulliver; Roderick, Lester Cole; Cafe Proprietor, Sojin; State Manager, Jack Richardson; Jurymen, Howard Truesdell, Baldy Belmont, Jerry Drew, Walter Jerry, Russ Dudley, Purnell Pratt, Clinton Lyle; Jurywomen, Alma Bennett, Mabel Julienne Scott, Florence Midgley, May Wallace.

"PANDORA'S BOX"—NERO.—Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: Lulu, Louise Brooks; Dr. Schoen, Fritz Kortner; Alva Schoen, Franz Lederer; Countess G, Alice Roberts; Schligolch, Carl Goetz; Rodrigo, Kraft-Raschig.

"POINTED HEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Brackett. Adapted by Florence Ryerson and John V. A. Weaver. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Robert Courlland, William Powell; Lora Nixon, Fay Wray; Dot Nixon, Helen Kane; Dash Nixon, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Donald Ogden, Phillips Holmes; Kay Wilcox, Adrienne Dore; Joe Clark, Eugene Pallette.

"SACRED FLAME, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: Mrs. Taylor, Pauline Frederick; Col. Maurice Taylor, Conrad Nagel; Major Liconda, William Court-enay; Stella, Lila Lee; Colin Taylor, Walter Byron; Dr. Harvester, Alec B. Francis; Nurse Wayland, Dale Fuller.

"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" by Sir James M. Barrie. Adapted by Dan Tothoroh and John Farrow. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Kenneth Dowe, Gary Cooper; Sarah Ann Dowe, Beryl Mercer; Emma Mickelham, Daisy Belmore; Amelia Twymley, Nora Cecil; Mrs. Haggerty, Tempe Pigott; Mr. Willings, Arthur Hoyt; Colonel, Arthur Metcalfe.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: William Magee, Richard Dix; Mary Norton, Miriam Seegar; Hal Bentley, Crauford Kent; Myra Thornhill, Margaret Livingston; Peters, Joseph Allen; Thomas Hayden, Lucien Littlefield; Mayor

The TONIC which Doctors prescribe for themselves

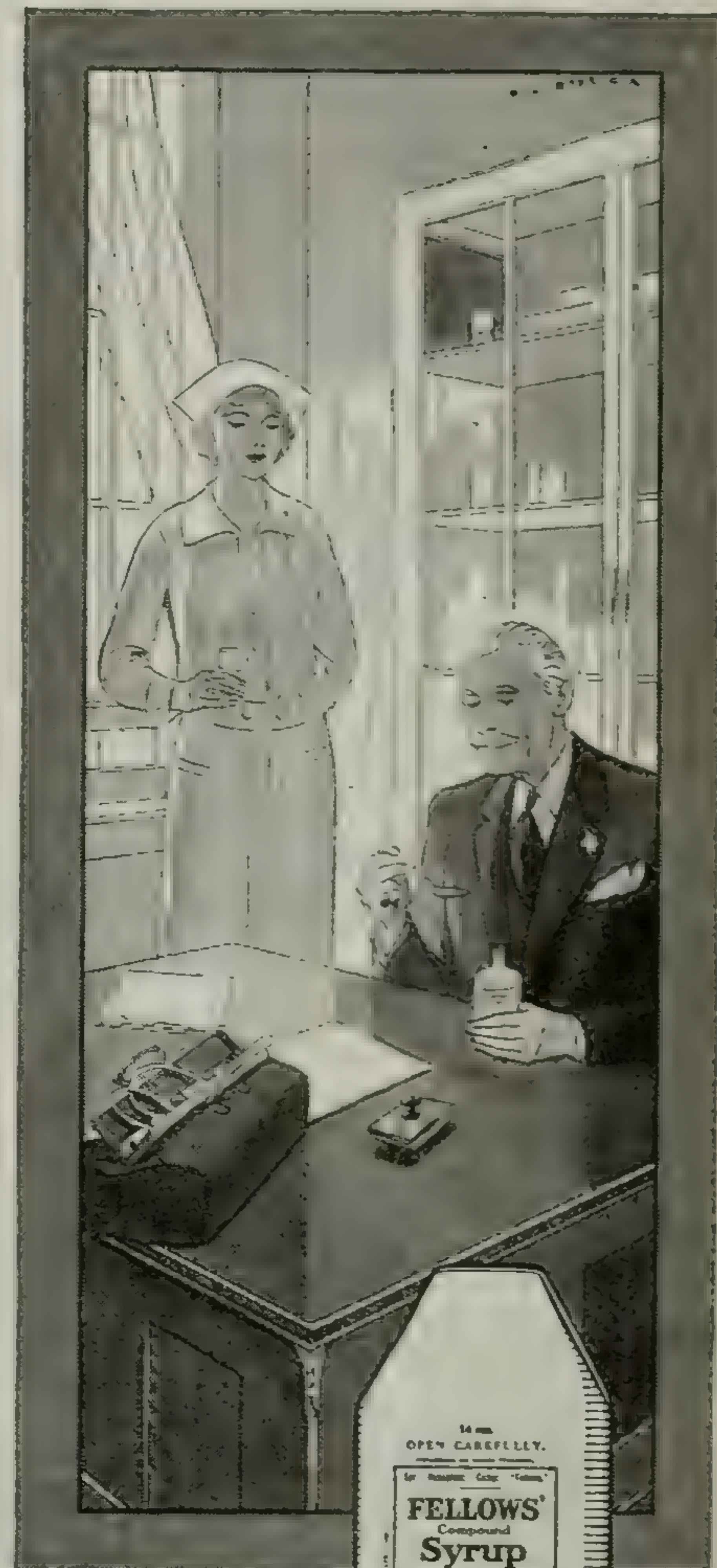
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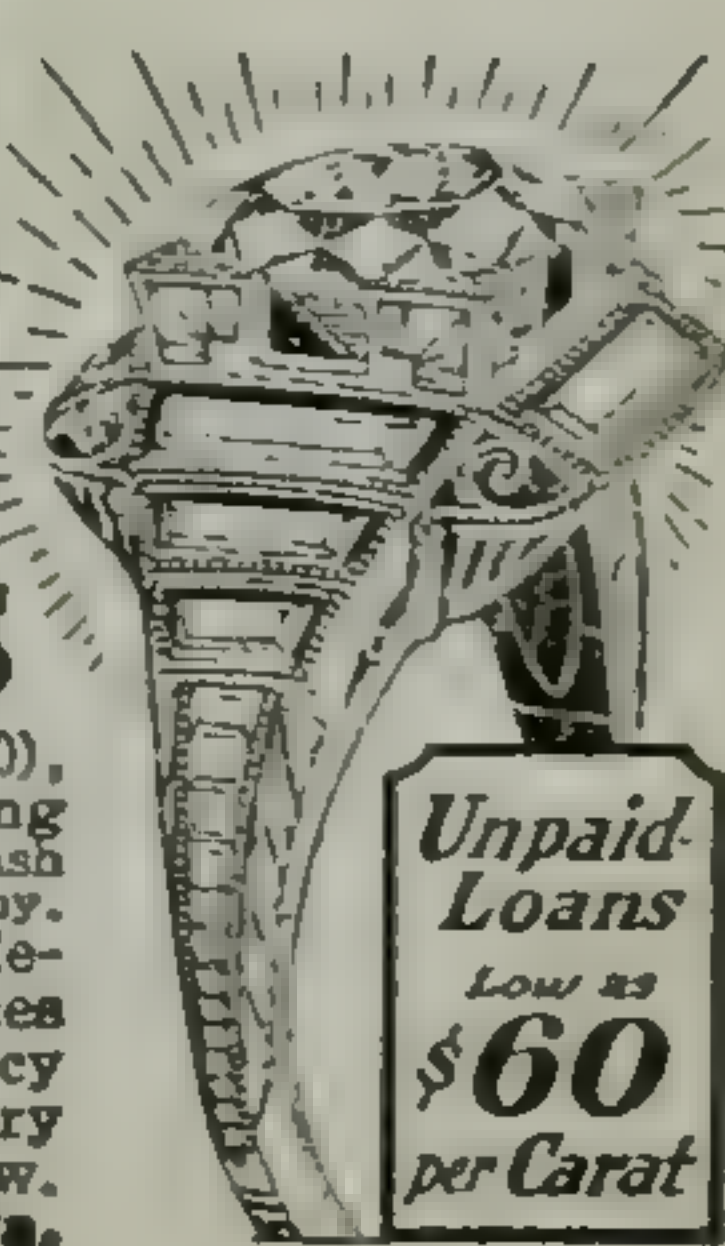
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"SHOW OF SHOWS"—WARNERS.—Directed by John Adolfi. Dances directed by Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell. The cast: John Barrymore, Frank Fay, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Alice White, Nick Lucas, Georges Carpentier, Winnie Lightner, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, Grant Withers, Loretta Young, Ben Turpin, Lupino Lane, Jack Mulhall, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Patsy Ruth Miller, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, Marian Nixon, Sally O'Neil, Chester Morris, Monte Blue, Noah Beery, Lloyd Hamilton, Alice Day, Viola Dana, Bert Roach, H. B. Warner, William Courtenay, Rin Tin Tin, Lois Wilson, Alexander Gray, Chester Conklin, Hobart Bosworth, Lee Moran, Tully Marshall, Bull Montana, Helene Costello, Molly O'Day, Marceline Day, William Collier, Jr., Jacqueline Logan, Edna Murphy, William Bakewell, Pauline Garon, Sally Eilers, Sally Blane, Alberta Vaughan, Armida, Shirley Mason, Carmel Myers, Marion Byron, Johnny Arthur, Sojin, Ruth Clifford, Heinie Conklin, Ethlyn Clair, Albert Gran, Frances Lee, Gertrude Olmsted, Anthony Bushell, Adamae Vaughan, Anders Randolph, Wheeler Oakman, Otto Matiesen, Philo McCullough, Kalla Pasha, Jimmy Clemens, E. J. Ratcliffe, Sid Silvers, Lola Vendrill, Harriette Lake, Williams Adagio Dancers.

"SKY HAWK, THE"—FOX.—From the story "Chap Called Bardell" by Llewellyn Hughes, Adapt-

ed by Llewellyn Hughes. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: Joan Allen, Helen Chandler; Jack Bardell, John Garrick; Major Nelson, Gilbert Emery; Lord Bardell, Lennox Pawle; Judge Allen, Lumsden Hare; Peggy Phillips, Joyce Compton; Tom Berry, Billy Bevan; Minnie, Daphne Pollard; Butler, Percy Challenger.

"SONG OF LOVE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard Green, Henry McCarthy and Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Anna Gibson, Belle Baker; Tom Gibson, Ralph Graves; Buddy Gibson, David Durand; Mazie, Eunice Quedens; Acrobat, Arthur Houseman; Traveling Salesman, Charles Wilson.

"THEIR OWN DESIRE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Sarita Fuller. Screen play by Frances Marion. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Lally, Norma Shearer; Harriet, Belle Bennett; Marlett, Lewis Stone; Jack, Robert Montgomery; Beth, Helene Millard; Aunt Caroline, Cecil Cunningham; Uncle Nale, Henry Hebert; Suzanne, Mary Doran; Mildred, June Nash.

"WALL STREET"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Paul Gangelen and Jack Kirkland. Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: Roller McCray, Ralph Ince; Anne Tabor, Aileen Pringle; Walter Tabor, Phillip Strange; Willard, Sam De Grasse; Savage, Ernest Hilliard; Richard Tabor, Freddie Burke Frederick; Andy Cairn, Jimmie Finlayson.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

L. L., BETHLEHEM, PENNA.—The most recent appearance of Lila Lee is in "Love, Live and Laugh," the George Jessel picture. Lila and James Kirkwood have been divorced for some time. Yep, that Lee gal is one of the best both on and off the screen.

MURIEL E. WILLIAMS, TEMPE, ARIZ.—Mona Ray took the part of *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Olive Tell played *Gertrude Rice* in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Jannings is now 43, and he made "The Way of All Flesh" two years ago. I'll let you do your own subtraction.

K. M. B., NEENAH, WIS.—George Baxter, the *André* of "Marianne," was born in Paris. His father is a writer and his mother was an actress. Baxter is a recruit from the stage and "Marianne" marks his first screen appearance. Walter O'Keefe, song-writer-sheik, beaus Jeanette Loff around Hollywood.

V. SIMMONS, ALLANDALE, ONT.—The little girl who played *Sally* in "Sally of the Sawdust" was Carol Dempster, a Griffith discovery. The late Gladys Brockwell played the sister in "Seventh Heaven." Here are some nice dry statistics for you: Lily Damita: 5 feet, 1½ inches, 112 pounds; Betty Compson: 5 feet, 2 inches, 115 pounds; Audrey Ferris: 5 feet, 2 inches, 104 pounds; Jeanette Loff: 5 feet, 2 inches, 103 pounds.

MILICENT LANDIS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Thaddie in "Masked Emotions" was played by David Sharpe. Novarro is 30 years old and his next picture is fliply titled "Devil May Care." Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were married in 1923 and divorced in 1924.

MARY ANN, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—That Robert Montgomery lad seems to be setting feminine hearts a-fluttering. He was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904, is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Buddy "Galahad" Rogers is 6 feet tall.

JOSEPHINE DUNN, EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I.—Yes, your namesake played in "Melody Lane" and Josephine Dunn is her own name. If you look like her, too, I may drop over some time. Mary Brian is 21 years old and has blue eyes. Dorothy Mackaill is 25, 5 feet, 5, 112 pounds and blonde.

LOUISE DELORES JOHNSON, EVERETT, WASH.—Arthur Lake played in a picture called "The Air Circus." Is that the one you mean? Nope,

Kay Francis and Walter Huston haven't appeared together since "Gentlemen of the Press."

E. A. OF JERSEY CITY.—Sue Carol is 21 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Lola Lane is the same height and weighs 120 pounds. Dixie Lee hasn't broken down and told me all these little personal things yet, but when she does I'll let you know.

D. W., MIAMI, FLA.—So many young ladies like yourself are getting agitated about Stanley Smith, who heroed in "Sweetie," that the old Answer Man put on his disguise and went out after information. Young Smith was a boy soprano in Kansas City. Later he went to Hollywood High School, where he was discovered singing in one of those school operettas by Lenore Ulric. He played in "Kiki" with her, was signed for the talkies by Pathe, and borrowed for "Sweetie" by Paramount. And that's that.

NELL CARSON.—Nancy Carroll is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. The little daughter of King Vidor and Florence Vidor Heifetz is 10 years old. Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck are still legally linked.

BLONDIE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Roland Drew, whose old friends have to think twice to remember that he isn't Walter Goss any more, is 28 years old and unmarried. Johnny Mack Brown's wife is a non-professional. Betty Boyd is 21, Madge Bellamy, 26, and Jeanette Loff 23 years old.

E. M. B., CAVOUR, S. D.—Jason Robards is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, 37 years old and married to Agnes Lynch. Nice chap, Jason.

R. C. P., RICHMOND, VA.—My spies tell me that little Lois Moran has gotten very grown-up and is going places and doing things these days. Lois was born in Pittsburgh, March 11, 1909, is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue grey eyes.

AUBREY, ATLANTA, GA.—The old Answer Man (oh, not so awfully old) is one of those who hope Leslie Fenton will weary of the Balearic Isles and come back to his friends and his public. Leslie was born in Liverpool, Eng., March 12, 1903. He's 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and grey-blue eyes and is married to Marie Astaire.

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